# THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. LXXXVIII, No. 8 New York, February 20, 1926 Whole Number 1870

## TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

## CHURCH DISCORD ON PROHIBITION

"MOMENTOUS," "SENSATIONAL," "significant," according to various editorial epithets, was the statement from the Episcopal Church Temperance Society on the desirability of modifying the Volstead Law; and a mere glance at the newspapers any day since Dr. Empringham made his announcement would be sufficient to show that he started everybody talking again about Prohibition. Naturally the recognition of the importance of this statement varies directly with the dislike of the Volstead Law on the part of the commenting newspaper. For instance, the New York *World* sees here, in this report following so soon upon the Federal Council report acknowledging the difficulties in the way of enforcement, "impressive proof that the tide of opinion has turned against Prohibition." Similarly, the New Haven *Register* finds evidence of "the widespread character of the revolt." Prohibitionists now must realize, we read in the Baltimore *Sun*, "that the opposition to Volsteadism is not composed of lawless foreigners, of bootleggers, of rum-lovers, of the irreligious or of the downright wicked," but includes representatives of "pure Americanism, social respectability, loyalty to law and morality." And the Brooklyn *Citizen* even goes so far as to predict that many dry members of Congress can be relied upon to change their votes. On the other hand, the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, a "dry" paper, insists that the vast body of church-going folk of whatever creed will ascribe to the Empringham report "only the slender importance that attaches to the conclusions of a superficial examination conducted by amateur investigators." The Raleigh *News and Observer* dismisses it all with the remark that "the clerical dud made a little noise, but did no damage except to those who advertised it as a real bomb." After all, reflects the New York *Evening Post*, this is merely "a straw in the winds and counterwinds of a perennial and possibly unending controversy; more than the liberal reports made by the Episcopalian Society and the Federal Churches of Christ will be needed before Congress pulls any teeth from the Volstead Law."

HE STARTED ALL THE TALK

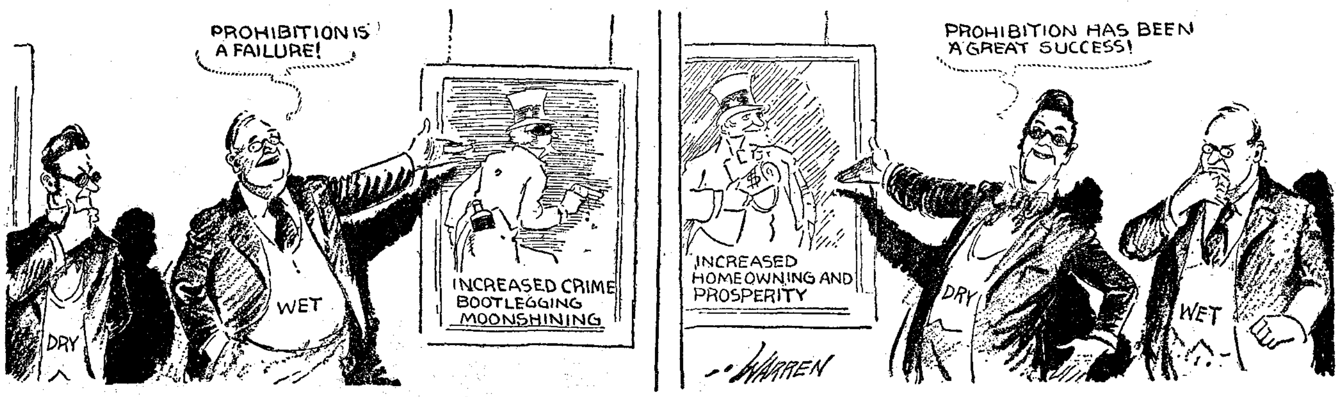
Dr. James Empringham, whose investigations as National Secretary of the Episcopal Church Temperance Society stirred leaders of his own and other Churches to express their views of Prohibition and the Volstead Law.

But whatever the result of Dr. Empringham's statement, there is no doubt, as the Savannah *News* remarks, "that he has become the center of a whirlwind of talk and argument." First, such headlines as "Episcopal Churchmen Want Beer" promptly brought from Bishops and other denominational spokesmen definite, if conflicting, opinions of their Church's real stand. Then representatives of other denominations, including Cardinals of the Catholic Church, felt moved to pronouncements upon Prohibition, all of which collectively form a most interesting restatement of opinion within the churches upon modification of the Volstead Law in particular, and Prohibition in general.

First of all, there is the statement of the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. James Empringham, a former official of the Anti-Saloon League, is its National Secretary. According to his statement, reported in the New York *Times*, "a referendum recently taken of the members of the Church Temperance Society showed an overwhelming preponderance in favor of a modification of the Volstead Law." It seems that Dr. Empringham not only took this referendum, but personally studied the results of Prohibition in recent months in many cities and many States. As part of this investigation a debate was staged before the Churchman's Association in New York. The story leaked to the papers, says Dr. Empringham, and tho he preferred to say nothing until the publication of a forthcoming complete report, he consented to make a statement which defined the present attitude of the predominating element in the society, as follows:

> "1. We are in favor of a modification of the Volstead Law to permit the sale of beer and wine because the effect of Prohibition has been to put an end to scientific temperance teaching.
> "2. It has resulted in increased drinking among young people.
> "3. It has discouraged the consumption of wine and beer and increased the demand for distilled liquors, which to-day are mostly poisonous.
> "4. It has brought about disrespect for all laws.
> "5. It is class legislation discriminating in favor of the rich.
> "6. In our survey we found intemperance increased."

Leaders in the Protestant Episcopal Church were quick to state their attitude, pro and con. The New York *Times* sent letters out to Episcopalian Bishops to which it received five replies favoring


PROHIBITION IS A FAILURE!
DRY
WET
INCREASED CRIME BOOTLEGGING MOONSHINING
INCREASED HOMEOWNING AND PROSPERITY
WARREN
PROHIBITION HAS BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS!
DRY
WET

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION

—Warren in the Cleveland *News.*

modification of the Volstead Law and eighteen against modification. One of the strongest statements in favor of modification comes from a Bishop who does not appear in the *Times* list, the Rev. Dr. Charles Fiske of the Diocese of Central New York. Bishop Fiske says in part:

> "I have come to the conclusion that the Volstead Law has resulted in worse drinking conditions among young people than we had before; that it has increased enormously among them the use of strong distilled liquors, often poisonous and dangerous; that it has corrupted officials, has brought about an increased disrespect for law, and is class legislation discriminating against workmen in industrial cities; worst of all, discriminating in favor of the rich, who can get what they want, and against the poor. To me the sad thing in the present situation is that ten years ago, by patient preaching, we had made wonderful progress toward temperance, and now we are losing ground."

Bishop Webb of Milwaukee and Bishop Alexander Mann of Pittsburgh also ranged themselves with the five Bishops quoted in *The Times*, namely: Bishop Frederick B. Howden, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Bishop Cameron Mann, Orlando, Florida; Bishop George Herbert Kinsolving, Austin, Texas; Bishop A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vermont; Bishop John C. White, Springfield, Illinois.

Declaring against any modification of the Volstead Law at this time come Bishops Morrison of Iowa, Reese of Georgia, C. P. Anderson of Chicago, Stevens of Los Angeles, Slattery of Massachusetts, and Manning of New York, as well as the following, whose statements appear in letters to the New York *Times:* Bishop William T. Capers, Dallas, Texas; Bishop J. P. Tyler, Fargo, North Dakota; Bishop W. Blair Roberts, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Bishop S. M. Griswold, Chicago, Illinois; Bishop John C. Ward, Erie, Pennsylvania; Missionary Bishop William P. Remington, Pendleton, Oregon; Bishop Benjamin Brewster, Portland, Maine; Bishop E. Cecil Seaman, Amarillo, Texas; Bishop Walter Taylor Sumner, Portland, Oregon; Bishop R. H. Mize, Topeka, Kansas; Bishop R. H. Weller, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; Bishop Lewis W. Burton, Lexington, Kentucky; Bishop Edwin S. Lines, Newark, New Jersey; Bishop George A. Beecher, Hastings, Nebraska; Bishop J. M. Francis, Indianapolis, Indiana; Bishop James E. Freeman, Washington, D. C.; Bishop J. H. Darlington, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Bishop James Wise, Topeka, Kansas.

In view of the importance of the New York diocese and of the prevailing wet sentiment of the city, Dr. Manning's succinct statement of his position in a sermon in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine deserves quotation in part. After stating that the Church Temperance Society has no official standing, the Bishop referred to resolutions in favor of enforcement passed by national and diocesan conventions. Bishop Manning does not hold that "to drink wine or any other intoxicant in moderation is itself a sin," but he does believe "that the Prohibition Law, properly enforced, will make us a healthier and better people"; and that "these laws can be and ought to be enforced, and are being more and more enforced." In the country as a whole, he says:

> "By a great part of our people we see this law respected and obeyed. We see its observance in the country as a whole increasing, and not decreasing. We see the lives and homes of our wage-earners and our plain people immeasurably benefited by it. We see in many places jails closed because they are no longer needed. We see in such a situation as the present coal strike the entire absence of disturbance and disorder as a result largely of the Prohibition laws. There is not the slightest likelihood that the country will ever repeal the Prohibition laws."

Bishop Manning does not believe that the Volstead Law should be modified at this time, altho in his opinion, "when its modification is desired by the sincere friends as well as by the enemies of Prohibition, some modification of it may and probably will be made." He thinks that the return to the sale of wines and beers "would increase and not reduce the present evils and would make any enforcement of the law impossible." Certain other points made by the Bishop may be quoted in brief as follows:

> "This law is not a wrong, or evil, or impious one, such as we should be justified in refusing to obey. If we are ever to resist the law in the name of personal liberty, I hope it will be in a higher cause than the right to buy and drink intoxicating liquors.
>
> "Those who disapprove this law have the right to say so, and to work in lawful ways for its modification or repeal, but no citizen of our land has the right to disobey this law or to encourage others to do so, and no one can do this without reflection upon himself and injury to the life of our country."

Turning to representatives of other Protestant denominations, we find indorsement of Bishop Manning's stand against modification coming from groups of Baptist and Reformed Church clergy; from the director of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, who insists that the outstanding leaders of his denomination are solidly in favor of enforcing the law rather than modifying it; from Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church and from the Board of Education of the same denomination. More importance may attach to the brief statement made by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America:

> "I am in favor of enforcing the law as it stands and asking every loyal-hearted citizen to support it. We have never tried Prohibition yet. I refuse to consent to dismiss it until it has been fairly tried."

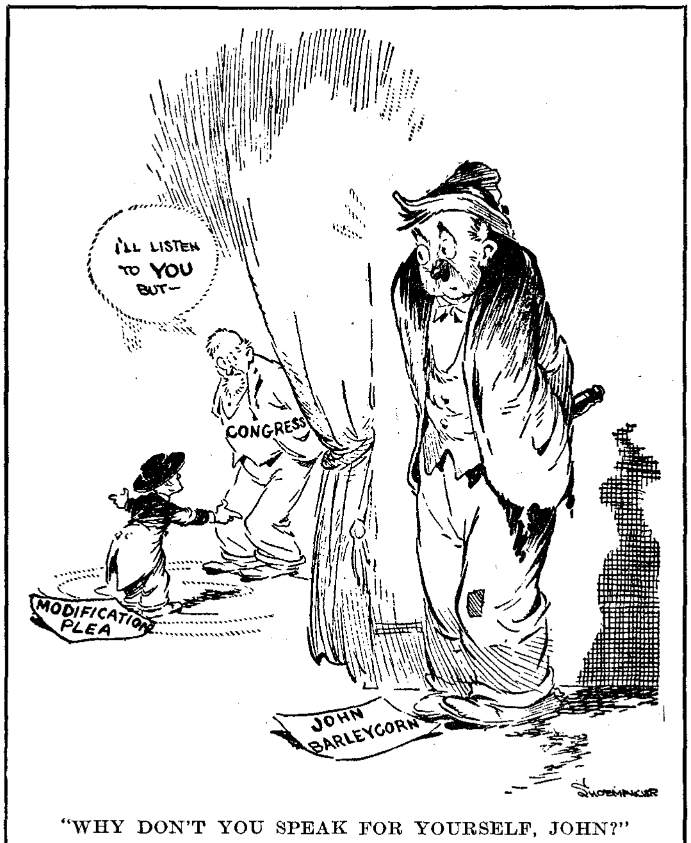
Naturally, organizations committed to Prohibition like the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Morals take this opportunity to restate their adherence to the Prohibition Law as it stands. And on the other hand, organizations formed for the purpose of modifying the Volstead Law have issued statements giving them emphatic expression to the views of their members. But infinitely more important in the opinion of the press are statements made by two of the American Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, who without committing themselves definitely on the issue of Volstead Law modification give for the first time what may be considered an official statement of the attitude of their Church. Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, on his return from a visit to Rome, said in an interview that his Church "has always stood for temperance," but that:

> "Extreme measures lack the spirit and the guidance of reason. If immorality flows out of intemperance, it must be prohibited, but there is no reason why you should put Prohibition on 100,000,000 people to punish the intemperance of individuals."

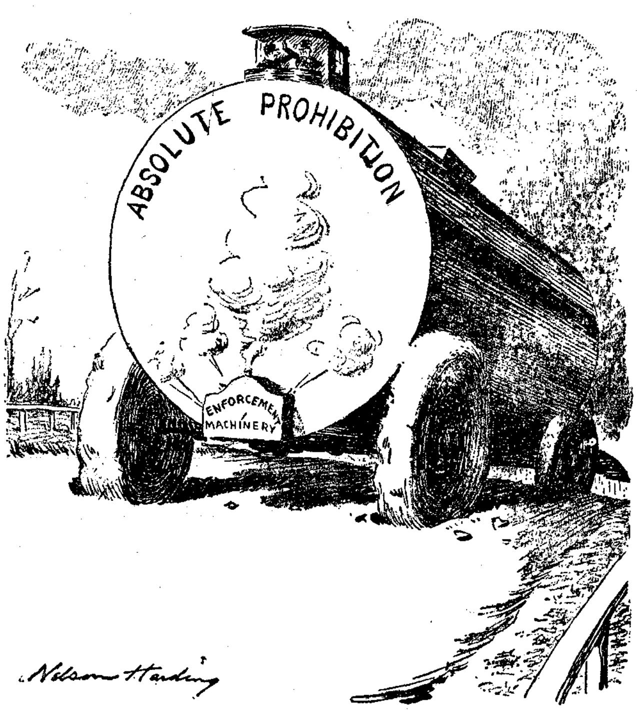
Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who is ranking Cardinal of his denomination in America, stated his position officially by characterizing as identical with his own views and as "enunciating genuine Catholic doctrine" an article in the London *Tablet*, from which he quoted:

> "From the days when St. Paul warned the Ephesians not to be drunk with wine, the church's pastors have dealt faithfully with this ugly vice, but—and here is the real principle—'*Ahusus non tollit usum*' (The abuse of a thing does not destroy its use). Ale, wine and their like are not in themselves evil. They have their lawful uses.
>
> "But compulsory universal Prohibition is a different thing. For compulsory Prohibition in general is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic tradition. Moreover, it is grossly untrue to say that pathology and dietetics have brought in a verdict of guilty against the immemorial beverages of the Old World.
>
> "Altho it has been made clear a thousand times that we will work with our separated brethren as temperance men, but not as the tools of those whose confessed policy is world-wide Prohibition by instalments, disloyal attempts are still being made to entangle us."

In Congress, writes Frederick William Wile in the Philadelphia *Record*, it is the consensus of opinion that when the Empringham statement was published the "Episcopalians started something not destined soon to die either out or down." As a New York *Times* correspondent notes: "Wets, who up to this time have been talking a lot but making little progress in Congress, seized upon the temperance society report as a 'comforting instance' of their contention that public opinion was being aroused to a point where there soon would be an overwhelming demand for modification of the Volstead Law, and called attention also to the recent report of the Federal Council of Churches, which the wets interpreted as a declaration that Prohibition was a failure." There is no mistake, says Clinton W. Gilbert, in the New York *Evening Post:* "2.75 per cent. beer is now before the country." In Congress, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "feeling that public sentiment rapidly is changing in respect to the liquor question, Representatives and Senators are beginning to dig up subdued courage and buried convictions in connection with this problem." As the anti-Prohibition Brooklyn *Citizen* puts it:



"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?"
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.

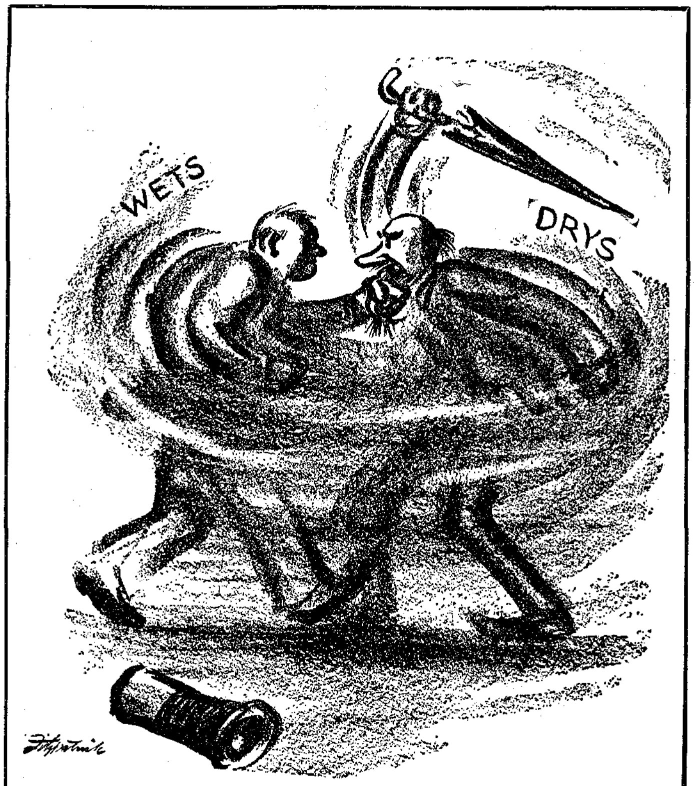


IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THE WAGON MAY
BE TOO BIG FOR THE ENGINE
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

> "The members of Congress of both parties who have in the past meekly followed the dictation of the Anti-Saloon League of America against, in many cases, their own personal convictions, can be relied upon to change their votes in view of the reaction in church and business circles against the most tyrannical and absurd law ever placed on the statute books of this country."

But in the news columns of the "dry" *Christian Science Monitor*, we read that while the wets are now ready to make a concerted onslaught on the Volstead Law—

> "Two obstacles to a real triumph on their part are the Administration and Congress. Can they successfully storm the citadel of the Capitol, where Senators and Representatives in overwhelming numbers have been elected on dry platforms and have given pledges to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment? An election is staring many of them in the face. In the campaign ahead Prohibition is going to be a great issue. Members of Congress will exercise caution therefore about abandoning their stand at this time.
>
> "Mr. Coolidge's scant utterances on the subject are all on the side of Prohibition. His Administration is committed to enforcement of the law. To abandon this at a moment of stress would be a confession of weakness which would not be in keeping with his character of previous acts.
>
> "While the wets are continuing their tactics of endeavoring to throw the proponents of law and order into confusion the Administration is continuing its plans to make enforcement of the law effective, and has begun its effort in Congress to secure a



SIXTH YEAR OF THE MILLENNIUM

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

complete reorganization of the Federal Prohibition enforcement machinery."

The votes that will be taken in connection with enforcement, writes Maurice Judd in a New York *Sun* dispatch from Washington, "will not be on serious matters affecting the general issue of Prohibition":

"One will be on the Administration reorganization bill which gives the Secretary of the Treasury greater powers and increases certain salaries, but there is little objection to this. Another will be on the Cramton bill to put the Prohibition unit under the civil service, and the issue here will be more one of patronage than of Prohibition. A real issue might be presented were the House or Senate to vote on one of the numerous pending beer bills, but the drys will see to it that none of these bills gets out of committee and that there is no chance for a showdown.

"If there were to be a showdown the drys would win easily and they know it, but they do not like to parade continued votes against the Volstead Law before their constituents. Their idea is to let sleeping dogs lie. They want as little discussion of the question of modification as possible because of their realization of the trend toward a change in sentiment which may assume greater proportions as the time goes on."

In the dispatch already quoted Mr. Frederick William Wile tells readers of the Philadelphia *Record* that the practical thing in the situation, as all in Washington concede, "is the point always emphasized by Wayne B. Wheeler—that the Sixty-ninth Congress is numerically dryer than its predecessor." In other words—

"Church temperance societies may propose, but Congress, as at present constituted, would undoubtedly block anything savoring of vital modification of the Volstead Law. About all that can be said at this writing is that the wets have made a touchdown, but are still a long, long way from winning the game."

The publication of the Episcopal Church Temperance Society report following the publication a few months ago of the Federal Council's report on Prohibition furnishes the editor of the Chicago *Daily News* with "one more reason why Congress should cause to be made an unprejudiced scientific survey of the proper requirements of a law enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution." The New York *Herald Tribune* agrees that there should be made some "exhaustive and impartial investigation of conditions." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* agrees that "one of the reasons why the American people are so in the dark with regard to the effects of Prohibition, is because practically the only statistical information on this subject to-day derives from researchers who are not in search of the truth, but in search of confirmation of their views." *The Christian Science Monitor* knows of no organization, "unless it be the United States Census Bureau, which possesses the facilities for making a really trustworthy investigation into the economic, social, and moral results of Prohibition." It says:

"For the secretary of a church society to visit a few cities and conduct a questionnaire produces conclusions as grotesque as those of the blind men who went to see the elephant and pronounced him very like a tree, a snake or a fan, according to the portion of the beast's anatomy handled.

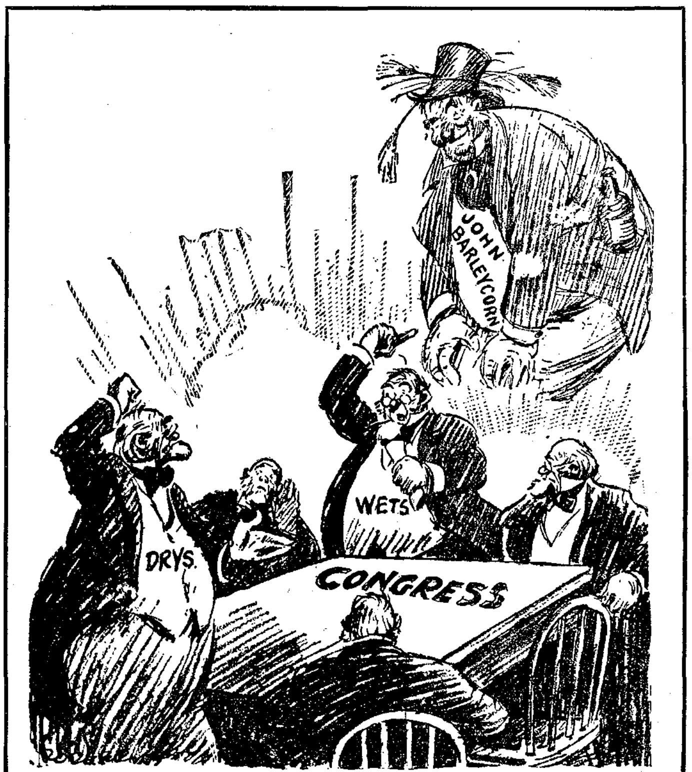
"It is possible that the Rockefeller or Carnegie Foundation by a liberal use of its resources might create a body of capable investigators and conduct an inquiry that would be conclusive. We know of no public service that would be of more value. But for the individual, or for the society of slender means, the field of inquiry is too great."

The significance of the Empringham statement as an index of feeling among church people is minimized by "dry" and magnified by "wet" journals. To the "dry" Wichita *Beacon*, for instance:

"It is self-evident that the churches are not going to let down the bars or permit the entrance of a wedge. There is not the slightest chance that the church people of America will follow the lead of the Rev. Empringham or others who believe as he does."

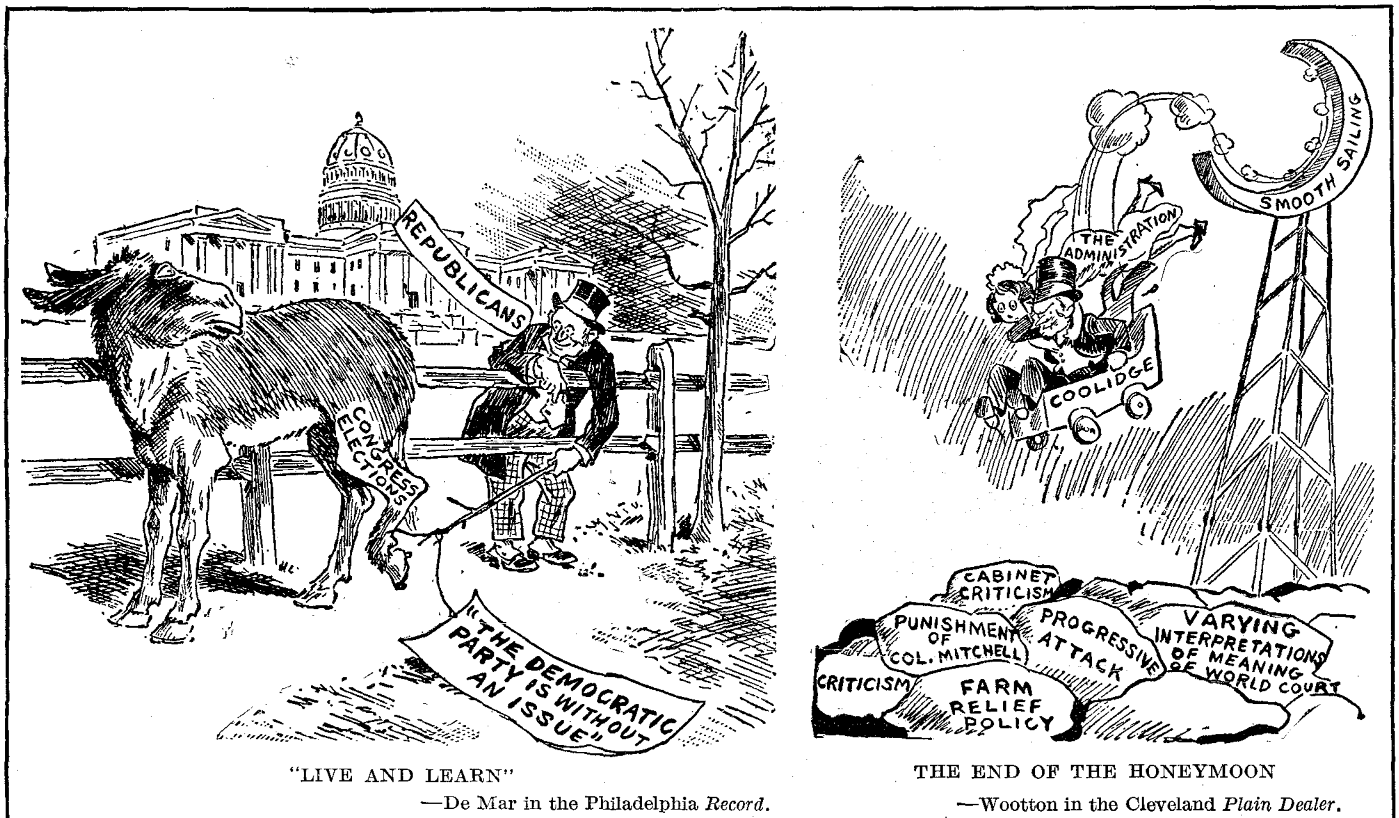
And on the wet side we find the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* arguing that:

"The continuing conversion of large bodies of men and women who sincerely supported Prohibition as an instrument of temperance, but who have found that it is a wretched substitute for moral suasion, justifies all that *The Post-Dispatch* and other opponents of Prohibition have said from the beginning."



A RESTLESS SPIRIT

—Rodger in the San Francisco *Bulletin.*



"LIVE AND LEARN"
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record.*

THE END OF THE HONEYMOON
—Wootton in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

SLAMS AT THE REPUBLICANS

# OPENING THE POLITICAL DONNYBROOK

THE "WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN," who talks twice a week to the newspaper correspondents stationed at Washington, but who must only be quoted in the third person, recently exprest the hope that the people, reading certain criticisms of the Administration, would not take these attacks too seriously, but would remember that November with its Congressional elections is drawing nearer and that political strategy accounts for many things. The "White House spokesman," who speaks so authoritatively for President Coolidge, is described as "a thin, wiry, somewhat sharp-featured gentleman of middle age, with a high forehead and sober mien"—a man, in fact, who could not more closely resemble the President if he were his twin brother. His effort to discount, through the Washington correspondents, the attacks of Mr. Coolidge's Congressional critics, drew an immediate burst of return fire from Democratic Senators, who suggested that for the President to accuse Congress of partizan motives was like the pot calling the kettle black. Moreover, declared Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, it is "unbecoming the dignity of the President of the United States for the Chief Executive to utilize the vast publicity machinery at his disposal to stigmatize Congress."

Thus, declares John Edwin Nevin in the Washington *Post,* "has the 1926 Congressional campaign been suddenly and without warning injected into the very center of the legislative and political stage." "Democratic complaisance with the Administration program will cease with the adoption of the Tax Bill in the Senate," says Charles Michelson in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World;* and he continues:

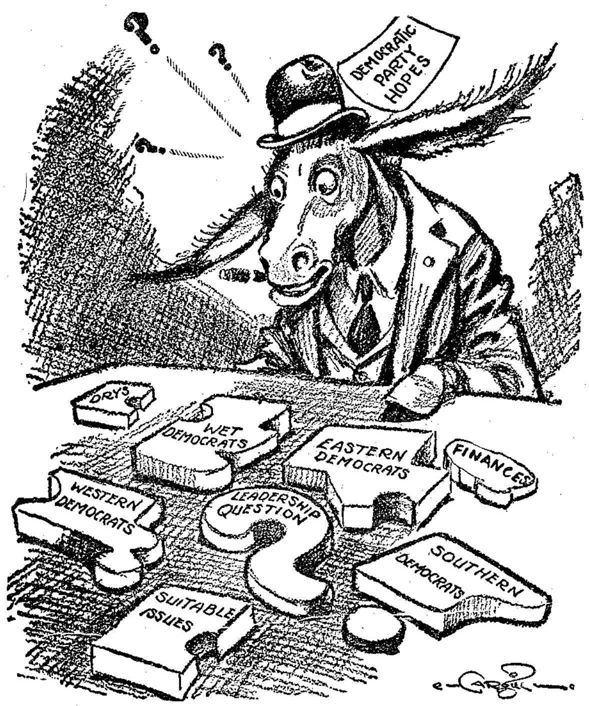
> "The coming hostilities are due in part, so the minority Senators say, to too many sarcastic inquiries from their people at home whether the party is so poor in issues that it has to trail the Republican leader, but are more particularly the consequence of the recent conferences among the Congressional leaders and Franklin D. Roosevelt which decided that if they were to win the coming elections, it was time they began to fight.
>
> "It has been decided that the first step in the campaign is to drive President Coolidge from behind the convenient cover of 'the White House spokesman,' and the almost equally good alternative of having Administration Senators announce what the President wishes, and to bring him out in the open and thus be responsible for what he advocates or disapproves."

The President is the target of the Democratic attacks, explains David Lawrence in his Washington correspondence for the Chicago *Daily News,* because the opposition realizes that "he is the strongest factor in the Republican party to-day, and that as he is weakened so is his party." And Frederic William Wile, in a Washington dispatch to *The Christian Science Monitor,* describes the situation as follows:

> "Politicians of both parties have their ears to the ground listening for the effects of recent criticisms of President Coolidge in Congress, especially in the Senate. As the Republicans will wage the 1926 Congressional campaign mainly on the issue of 'loyalty to Coolidge,' leaders on both sides are anxious to observe the extent, if any, to which the President's strength in the country has been affected.
>
> "The importance of ascertaining how attack-proof Calvin Coolidge is, becomes the greater in view of the growing belief at Washington that he will be a candidate to succeed himself in 1928. It must, therefore, be the strategy, alike of Republicans who do not favor his renomination and of Democrats who will have to defeat him, if he is renominated, to pull the President from off the pedestal, which, by common consent he now occupies."

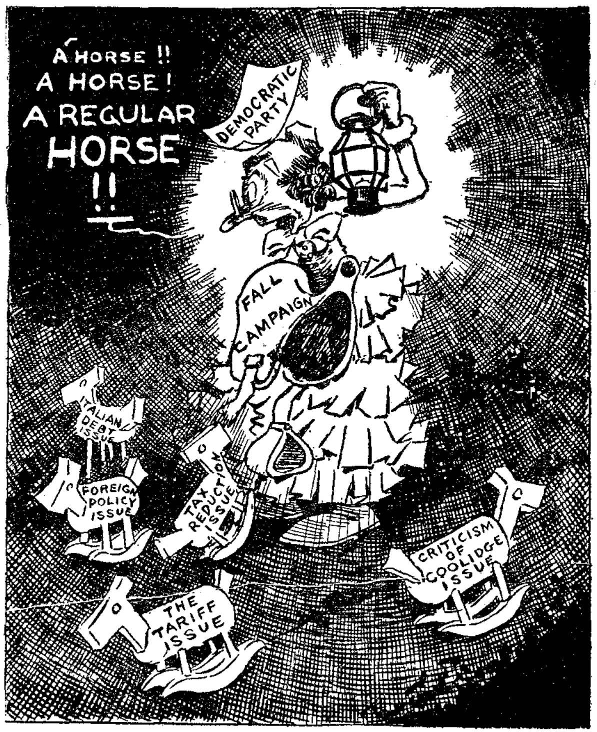
Nevertheless "the political campaign of 1926 is off to a handsome start," remarks the independent Newark *News,* which regards as an historical event the fact that "for the first time the opposition has drawn the President's fire." The Democrats are concerned about the November elections for Congressmen and Senators this year, explains the independent Utica *Press,* because "they feel that they should capture Congress as a preliminary to the Presidential Campaign in 1928." And in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* we read:

> "The Administration is now undergoing the severest test so far faced, it is declared, and unless the apparent feeling against the party disappears, some of its keener analysts fear loss of the



THE CUSSWORD PUZZLE

—Cargill in the Central Press Association.



Copyrighted, 1926, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Company

THE DEMOCRATIC BATTLE-CRY

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

SLAMS AT THE DEMOCRATS

Senate and the election of a House only nominally Republican. Such a condition in Congress in 1927, it is feared, would work against President Coolidge and might bring on a vigorous contest in 1928 for the Republican nomination for President.

"There are thirty-three Senators to be elected this year to take the places of twenty-six Republicans and seven Democrats. For the Republicans to keep control they must maintain these proportions."

Democratic editors find much to criticize in the words of "the White House spokesman." "It is no answer to critics to say that their criticism is inspired by political motives," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "After the partizan abuse that Wilson endured in silence, the criticism that seems to have aroused Coolidge is mild indeed," says the Pittsburgh *Post*, while we read in the New York *Evening World* that:

> "It is something of a novelty to find a President making attacks on the Legislative Branch of the Government, and smacks not a little of the quaint philosophy of Mussolini. But, since the President wishes it understood that he will speak for himself and defend the actions of himself and his subordinates in the Administration, there are a number of subjects on which the public would be very glad to hear him.
>
> "Does he approve the action of the Federal Trade Commission in refusing to submit its evidence of guilt against the Mellon Aluminum Company to the Department of Justice?
>
> "Does he sanction the failure of that Department to make a serious investigation into the serious charges of lawlessness against this Mellon corporation?
>
> "Did he have anything to do with the action of the Attorney-General, who is his intimate personal friend and personal appointee, in issuing a whitewash report for the Mellon company at midnight?
>
> "As a lawyer does he approve of the issuance of a report, whitewash or otherwise, three weeks before the completion of an investigation?
>
> "Does he really recommend to the confidence of the people an Attorney-General who, under the examination of Senator Walsh, confessed his abysmal ignorance of the important proceedings of his department?"

Republican papers, on the other hand, interpret Democratic criticisms as evidence that "the White House spokesman" scored a point. "The issue is now joined between the Federal Administration and its critics," remarks the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, which goes on to say:

> "The President ridiculed the charge that his Administration is protecting trusts, and admonished the public that this is the open season in politics, and that the people at large should not take too seriously Senate speeches which imply that the Administration is not heartily and honestly engaged in enforcing all laws, including anti-trust and Prohibition.
>
> "It is a safe forecast that, outside of the political areas, Mr. Coolidge's statement will receive hearty and implicit credence. It will take more than the slanders and innuendos of politicians to shake the public confidence in the President."

The country, agrees the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, will continue to "keep cool with Coolidge." "Mr. Coolidge was not talking politics; he was telling the truth," declares the Topeka *State Journal*. "The country at large has implicit faith in Calvin Coolidge," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and in the New York *Evening Post* we read:

> "Pat Harrison, Senator from Mississippi, feels Democracy has been outraged. But the facts are too much for the Senator. There has been a gorgeous plenty of politics on the Democratic side of Capitol Hill since January 1. Senator Simmons has played politics with taxation. Senator Walsh, the Senate mole, digs and tunnels his partizan way through another of his investigations. Senator Norris, radical Republican, hopes to make trouble for the White House by manhandling the tariff board.
>
> "This sniping from Democratic and Radical rifle-pits grows steadily heavier. The reason is plain: Democracy needs an issue as badly as a lost 'desert rat' in Death Valley needs water. The Democrats are out scouring the woods, shelling the brush and gunning for an issue.
>
> "Washington knows the why and wherefore of these attacks. The White House knows, and both parties understand. There is nothing unusual about them. They are due at this time in the political season. They are a part of the great game of governing. They are a part of the profession of practical politics.
>
> "Unchecked, these assaults make trouble for the Administration. Lacking defenders in the Senate, the President undertakes his own defense. The White House tells the exact truth about the situation. Calling Calvin Coolidge a 'politician' and a master hand at the game hardly serves as a Democratic reply to the warning he has given the country."

## THE RAIL WAGE ISSUE AGAIN

AS RAILROAD EARNINGS are always an important index of national prosperity, then measured by this yardstick, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, 1925 was by far the most prosperous year in American history. But it is too soon, perhaps, for railroad stockholders to throw away their patched trousers and old shoes, for the unionized railway workers already have filed demands for an increase in wages amounting, according to railway executives' figures, to half a billion dollars. The appearance of this wage demand almost simultaneously with the Watson-Parker railroad bill, designed, says the Topeka *State Journal*, "to abolish the Railroad Labor Board," is said to be commanding serious attention in official and business circles.

Despite the inroads on their revenues made by automobiles and motor-trucks, the principal railroads of the country earned $1,136,973,477 net in 1925, or approximately $150,000,000 more than in 1924. But this total, points out the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is still short of the 'fair return'—5.75 per cent.—contemplated by the Transportation Act. It is only 4.83 per cent. on the investment, as calculated by the companies." In the opinion of the Boston *Herald:*

> "The railways of the nation have a right to point with pride to their performance for the year 1925. In spite of their having reached a higher average of operating efficiency than ever before in their history, they suffered a loss in passenger traffic as measured in revenue passenger miles. The total for 1925 is put down at 35.9 billion passenger miles, which is a falling off of 0.6 per cent. from 1924, of 5.5 per cent. from 1923, and of 23 per cent. from 1920.
>
> "What makes the last railway year so remarkable is that it represents the culmination of a definite campaign begun in 1923 to employ every means to improve service. The roads have expended huge sums in these three years to enlarge their facilities, to reduce the percentages of bad-order cars and locomotives, to improve their labor relationships, to gain the good-will of the public, and to devise new methods. They surpassed their own expectations in the achievement of last year. That achievement was due to cooperation within the railway organizations and to cooperation between the roads and the public. The roads now are asking for further cooperation by the public, which they ought to have."

Fourteen roads showed a deficit, we are told, altho the principal roads carried more freight than in any previous year—an average of a million cars were loaded each week. This fact, and the stronger financial condition in which the roads find themselves, believes the New York *World*, "has undoubtedly influenced the trainmen in their recent demand for higher wages." The roads have until March 2 to reply to the demands. In a New York *Times* article we learn that—

> "The contention of the employees is that the railroads are earning more now than ever before and the profits are larger per employee. The carriers answer this statement with the argument that the increased earnings come as the result of additional investment in roadbed and equipment, and that the railroad stockholder is still far from a fair return on the capital he has supplied.
>
> "The proportion of gross operating revenues absorbed by the pay-rolls, it is said, remains higher than in any of the pre-war years, despite the investment of $7,000,000,000 additional in railroad property since 1913. Railroad men said yesterday that the wage demands would cut the 1925 income in half and result in bankruptcy for many of the weaker roads which had not fully recovered from Federal control. The demands could not be granted, they said, without a general increase in rates and a special advance in Western territory."

The railroad brotherhoods, notes the New York *Evening Post*, will ask that the wages of 1920, the highest ever paid anywhere at any time in railroad history, be restored. In some instances, it is said, they will ask wages higher than those of 1920. To quote the Dallas *News:*

> "The argument made for the demand of 1920 was that the increases then asked were necessary to offset the increase that had taken place in the cost of living. That argument, of course, is not now available to the employees. The cost of living has declined since 1920, and sufficiently to make the present wage scales more remunerative than were those of 1920."

Furthermore, declares the Louisville *Times*, "a general restoration of war wages could not result otherwise than in further inflation of prices," and the Boston *Post* recalls that "in only two years of the last ten have the railroads of the country earned as much as half a billion after paying their fixt charges." The head of the Bureau of Railway Statistics is reported by the Chicago *Tribune* as saying that "the average pay of rail employees is now 115 per cent. greater than in 1913, while the retail price of food is 65 per cent. higher, the cost of living 74 per cent. higher, and the average receipts per ton mile for the carriers are 51 per cent. greater." In the opinion of the New York *Times:*

> "The increase of rates in 1920 was both justice to the men and a necessity of the situation. The men had been underpaid in relation to other wage-earners and to the cost of living. To-day the situation is changed. Railway workers have improved their position at the expense of the shippers and the owners of the railways. Wages have absorbed practically all the enormous increase of gross earnings due to higher rates and greater traffic. Dividends have stood practically still. It is true that the railways have increased their net earnings. But it is no longer possible to raise wages and reduce rates by considering them separately. Nor should it be possible to raise them both by agreements without considering the effect on the universal paymaster—the public."

The wage demands of the railway brotherhoods, to the Topeka *State Journal*, "have much the appearance of a gesture designed to aid in the elimination of the Railroad Labor Board." There will be talk of a strike, predicts the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "there may even be a strike, altho the level-headed members of these organizations must realize that this would spell disaster, not alone for the country, but for them individually." According to the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

> "Only a few days ago, it was announced from Washington that rail managers and men had come to an understanding to ask Congress to do away with the Labor Board, so that they might settle their own differences by arbitration machinery upon which they had agreed. It is hardly to be expected that Congress will make any haste to abolish the Board if it appears that a likely first succeeding step is to be a raise of wages to 1920 rates and a corresponding increase of rail rates all along the line."

There also remains the public to be considered, observes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The public is represented on the Labor Board. But the Watson-Parker bill, it seems, would abolish the Labor Board without giving to the President or his emergency board any power to summon witnesses or to bring about a real public investigation and settlement. Nor, maintains the Topeka *State Journal*, "would it stay any strike while a dispute is under investigation." As the Cincinnati *Enquirer* points out:

> "The Watson-Parker bill would substitute a system of private arbitration from which the public is excluded, if it should be passed without amendments, leaving trainmen and conductors free to use their demands as a strike threat, just as was done during the administration of President Wilson, when the Adamson Law was enacted as an alternative to a nation-wide strike. Not the public interest was considered then by the demanding organizations, but the selfish interests of men banded together to enforce demands without reference to consequences.
>
> "The National Association of Manufacturers is opposing the Watson-Parker bill because it destroys the present protection of the Railroad Labor Board, and is demanding that the bill be amended so as to protect the public interest. These amendments are opposed by both the railroads and the organized railway employees.
>
> "The matter is one that should enlist the most careful consideration at the hands of Congress, with a view to the protection of the public's interest."

## NO MORE "QUOTA" HEARTACHES

FOR ONCE IT ISN'T EFFICIENCY or economy that our Congressional lawmakers are aiming at, but simple humanity and kindness. "We should not be forgetful of the obligations of a common humanity," said President Coolidge in his last annual message; and if there are those among us deprived "of the comfort and society of those bound to them by close family ties," through the workings of the immigration law with its strict quota requirements, "such modifications should be adopted as will afford relief." And so we have both Houses of Congress considering a measure to do that very thing. The suggested Wadsworth-Perlman bill, says Senator Wadsworth, who is sponsoring it in the upper House, "would put a little human kindness and gratitude into our present immigration legislation." And it is this thought which seems to pervade the well-nigh unanimous press support of this measure. The bill, as one of the Washington dispatches explains, "would put in non-quota status the husbands, fathers, and mothers of American citizens, and wives, husbands, and unmarried minor children of aliens who have declared their intention to become citizens. Under existing law non-quota status is given only to wives and unmarried children, under eighteen, of American citizens." The bill, as the Washington *Post* notes, "also exempts from the quota regulations all veterans of the American forces who served in the World War and who after being honorably discharged remained in Europe instead of returning directly to the United States, no matter where they were born." This legislation has the backing, in principle, of the Secretary of Labor, the head of the Immigration Bureau and the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, Mr. Henry H. Curran, who is quoted as saying:

P. & A. photograph

HE WAS AN IMMIGRANT HIMSELF

And so Representative Nathan D. Perlman, of New York, born in Poland, is sponsoring a bill designed to "take the heartache out of the immigration law."

> "Some of these wives and children of immigrants already here can not come over to join the husband and father in America for several years to come. The father, who came alone to make a little home for his family to come to later was, in many cases, caught hopelessly by the radical and abrupt reduction in the size of some of the quotas. I believe such families should be reunited on our side of the ocean and at once.
>
> "Of course, the father who has come since July 1, 1924, has done so with his eyes open and requires no relief. That is true also of all such who arrive in the future. There are not many such, nor will there be.
>
> "It is no help to the cause of restriction of immigration to allow a plain injustice to continue. As a matter of ordinary dollars and cents, most of these 'fireside relatives' are being supported abroad by American money, sent over there by immigrants now in America. I would suggest that we might better spend the money here in the United States, rather than in Europe."

Various groups of citizens in New York are urging favorable action on the Wadsworth-Perlman bill. In a letter to the Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, Alfred W. Anthony, of the Federal Council of Churches, says:

> "I base my conviction that the bill should pass chiefly upon humanitarian motives. All good citizenship and all good government rest upon the integrity of the home.
>
> "It is an injustice to two countries to have two fragments of a domestic unit broken and one fragment, detached and alone, kept in either country."

And a prominent New York City Congressman, Mr. Ogden M. Mills, argues that "to admit men to the blessings and promise of American life but to deny them the society and companionship of their family is to present to them as individuals altogether too cruel an alternative, while from the standpoint of the State it would seem to be the height of unwisdom to admit a man to the privileges and rights of citizenship and at the same time to deny him the surroundings which would help make him a good citizen." Support of the bill is asked by the New York *Times* "for common humanity's sake," and the Springfield *Republican* observes:

> "From the point of view of cold-blooded economics the proposed changes might conceivably work to the disadvantage of the country by limiting the proportion among the immigrants of persons of the more productive ages. From the humanitarian point of view the advantage is all on the side of the Wadsworth-Perlman proposal."

Most of the "heartache" was taken out, the New York *World* reminds us, when the present measure "supplanted the previous crude legislation." But, continues *The World*, there is still some "heartache" to be eliminated, "for the cruel separation of families" remains to be dealt with:

> "This separation was inevitable under the drastic restrictions of the Act. We allow Greece only eight immigrants a month, Esthonia only ten, Hungary only thirty-six, Jugo-Slavia only fifty-five, and even Italy only 3,845 a year. Many a father on this side suddenly found that he could not bring in his wife and children, for whom he had been saving transportation money dollar by dollar. Many a son is left without aged parents. A survey of ports of northern Europe last November revealed at least 6,000 persons, mostly women and children, in a particularly unhappy situation. Their bread-winners were in America; they had no home to go back to, having sold their means of livelihood or left their country against its regulations."

The clause in the bill admitting foreigners who served in the World War is defended by Senator Wadsworth as follows:

> "I know of the case of one man who fought in our Army for two years and won distinction in the Argonne. To-day he is selling pencils outside the American consulate in a city in southeastern Europe because he has not been able to get inside the quota from this country and return to the United States. He enlisted in our Army when he lived in this country, altho under no obligation to do so. The bill I am advocating would allow him to become the good American citizen he is entitled to be. There are many more like him."

Several papers, while favoring the measure for humanitarian reasons, feel just a bit anxious about letting down the bars too far to admit various classes of aliens. Congress, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, might be prevailed upon to pass this particular measure, but with the understanding that no more special concessions are to be granted, for, "regardless of the merits or demerits of restriction, few would care to see it become another law more honored in the breach than the observance."

## A "BREAD TRUST" WITH A SOUL

THE GIGANTIC BAKING MERGER "with a soul" recently announced by William B. Ward, of New York, will have a chance to bare its soul, predicts the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, now that the Department of Justice has filed suit to prevent and restrain, through the Ward Food Products Corporation, a combination in the baking industry. Previous to this action under the anti-trust laws, this "$2,000,000,000 merger," as it is called, has been the target of Senators La Follette, Norris, and King in the Senate, and Representative La Guardia in the House, who attacked it as a monopoly, with power to control the price of the farmer's wheat and the consumer's bread. In addition, Senator King demands an investigation of the Department of Justice, with special consideration of its attitude toward all trusts. The reason we are told by the New York *World*, is that close on the heels of the Ward merger came stories of the formation of a holding company that will link together various chains of grocery stores. In fact, remarks the Boston *Globe*, this appears to be the golden age of mergers.

P. & A. photograph

"IT IS NOT CHARITY"

"I do not like that word. It is help. Give the poor help, yet let them be independent," says William B. Ward, head of the $2,000,000,000 food-products corporation recently formed, and which the Government is attempting to dissolve.

The American people, says *The Globe*, spend $22,000,000,000 annually for food. But the income of the National Food Products Corporation—the grocery-stores merger—will be derived, it is reported, not from the sale of food products, but from the dividends of stocks owned, from profits on purchase and sale of securities of concerns engaged in the food trade, and from underwriting and other activities. Already it has acquired substantial amounts of the capital stock of a dozen or more companies operating more than two thousand stores in twenty States. There does not, however, seem to be the same anxiety in the press concerning the "food trust" as there is regarding the "bread trust." "The latter plan," observes the Boston *Herald*, "contemplates such an intermixture of philanthropy and business as we have not seen before." The corporations concerned are said to have 157 bakeries, stretching across the country from coast to coast and capable of producing 10 per cent. of the nation's bread requirements.

The striking feature of the Ward merger is that, for the first time in history, a great business organization has been formed with a charter specifically stating that its board of directors may divert part of its profits to charity. In fact, this philanthropy may be carried out before dividends on the common stock are paid. Mr. Ward is said to want recreation centers not only in the cities and towns in which the plants constituting the new corporation are situated, but in every community. In the New York *Times* he is quoted as saying: "There is no doubt in my mind that when an individual or a corporation starts out with the idea of service, success is bound to come. The best example of that is Henry Ford." The following unusual provisions, says the Chicago *Tribune*, are therefore to be found in the incorporation papers:

> "First, altho the 20,000,000 shares of stock have no par value, sales prices specified for preferred stock and the amount of taxes paid—$40,700—give the corporation a potential capitalization of $2,000,000,000 and make it, theoretically, one of the largest combinations in the world.
>
> "Second, the gigantic merging of scores of bakeries which is expected to result, a merger already characterized by Representative Sabath of Illinois as a bread trust, will be possest of what its sponsors term a soul."

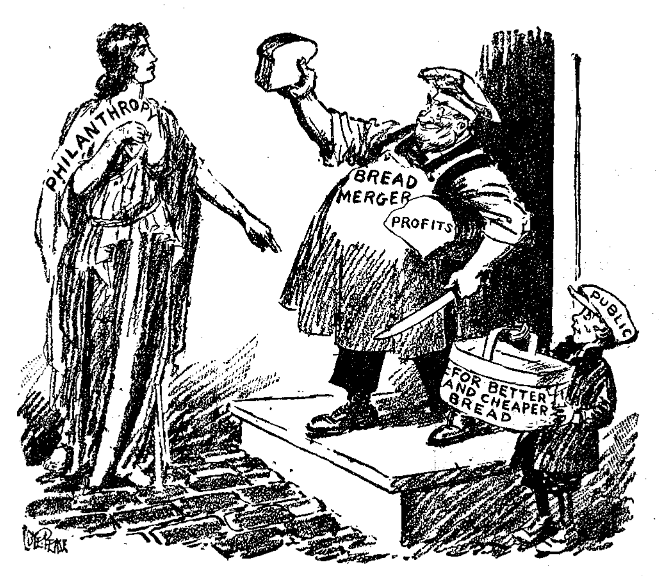
According to another dispatch from Baltimore, where the Ward Food Products Corporation was formed, to the Chicago *Tribune:*

> "The total amount of authorized capital stock is 20,000,000 shares, without par value, of which 10,000,000 are 7 per cent. cumulative preferred and 10,000,000 common. The charter provides that whenever the full dividend upon the preferred stock has been paid, the Board of Directors should set aside out of the surplus or net profits such sums as it may deem proper.
>
> "These sums, it is set forth, shall be used for the advancement of the right of every child to be born well, to grow to maturity physically and mentally fit for American citizenship and, generally, for the advancement of the health and welfare of the American people. Dividends upon the common stock may then be declared out of the remainder of the surplus or net profits."

The Ward Corporation, says an article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "was planned in the belief that the high cost of food results from the expense of distribution, and that this expense can be materially decreased. If so, the saving will be passed on to the consumer. The firm, which will be similar in organization to the General Motors Corporation, will be a holding corporation for firms manufacturing such staple commodities as yeast, flour, bakery products, cereals, and dairy products." Of the philanthropy clauses in the incorporation papers, Mr. Ward says in a New York *World* interview:

> "Our plan is not new except in size. Human welfare depends on wholesome basic food at fair prices. The more service, the more profits; the more profits, the cheaper the production and the cheaper the cost to the consumer.
>
> "Why shouldn't the man who delivers milk also deliver bread, flour, salt, yeast, and such basic foods at the same time, and let the reduction in delivery cost be passed on to the customer? The more a community is given the more it returns.
>
> "It is not charity that I propose. I do not like that word. It is help. Give the poor help, yet let them be independent.
>
> "To the direct question, 'How much do you expect to go from this corporation's profits to philanthropy?" Mr. Ward replied:
>
> "No one can tell. It depends somewhat on the profits and the profits will depend on the amount of business. It will rest with the directors. My hope is that eventually there will be endowment funds in every community. Good citizenship comes from well-reared children—yet this country is far behind other poorer countries in bringing children into the world properly."

The linking of philanthropy with the merger of the great bread-making companies of the nation, however, brings out many sharp editorial jabs. "The charity feature, it is suspected, whether rightly or wrongly, is designed as a cover for practises which without it would be intolerable, and in any case appear to be forbidden by Federal law," remarks the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, while the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* believes this "attempt to gloss the situation over has injured their case, rather than helped it. The 'bread trust' should stand or fall on its merits." To the Newark *News* "the Ward notion is fundamentally



WHY NOT PUT IT IN THE BASKET?

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

unsound. If combination and economy make bread-baking less costly, what is saved after a fair profit should go into reducing the price of bread." This is also the view of *The Wall Street Journal*, Wichita *Eagle*, Rochester *Herald*, Grand Rapids *Press*, and Indianapolis *News*. "Hospitals and recreation centers should not be built for the public by paternalistic industrial corporations; they should be built by the people themselves," maintains the New York *World*, while the Grand Rapids *Herald* repeats the warning: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts." The Philadelphia *Record* then reminds us that—

> "This 'food products corporation' is a merger of large interests producing the ingredients of bread, and engaged in the manufacture and distribution of that necessary of life. It is described briefly as a 'bread trust,' embodying the idea of bringing under concentrated control the most essential factor in the food supply of the nation, from production of the raw materials to the placing of the loaf upon the table of the consumer.
>
> "Any effective scheme for controlling a vital part of the food resources of a people would present vast and tempting possibilities of profit and power. At the same time, such a proposal is so repugnant to prevailing conceptions of economic justice and freedom that its mere suggestion awakens popular prejudice and opposition. The promoters of this particular plan apparently feel that they have forestalled criticism, or at least weakened its force, by writing into it certain vague but impressive aims of benevolence. To this, however, sharp rejoinders have already been heard. Apparently the American people are not ready to welcome a bread trust, even a bread trust with a soul."

One of these "sharp rejoinders" came from the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York, the local body of the American Federation of Labor, which recently voted to begin a campaign to defeat the Ward merger. The Housewives' League of Baltimore and the Housewives' Alliance have also declared that they will carry the fight against the "bread trust" to President Coolidge, if necessary, to defeat the combination. Finally, says a statement by Basil M. Manly, Director of the People's Legislative Service, of Washington:

> "The sinister purposes of the conspiracy are indicated by the transparent camouflage of philanthropy with which it is cloaked. If it were an honest commercial enterprise there would be no reason for this maudlin pretense of charity. And it is nothing but pretense. Not one penny is pledged for any philanthropic purpose. Not a nickel is definitely set aside."

On the other hand, it is claimed for the Ward Corporation that it isn't doing anything wild or revolutionary; that the provision for philanthropy simply legalizes what many great corporations are doing without express authority from the stockholders. To the Buffalo *Express* the danger of a bread trust is remote. The reasons are thus given by the Springfield *Union:*

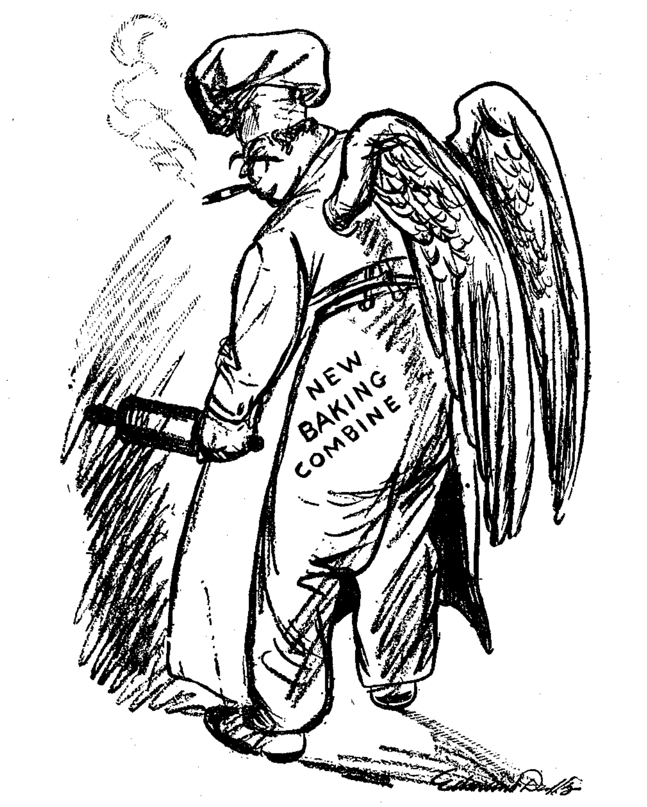
> "Were it possible to form a combination in bread-making that would corner the product and raise prices to the public such a trust would be the most villainous conceivable, but there is no chance whatever to corner the product. Bread can be made in any kitchen in the country, and the main reason why it is not made in every kitchen is because it can be made more economically in large quantities."

A kind word is also forthcoming from the Brooklyn *Citizen*, which says of mergers in general and the Ward combination in particular:

> "The great baking companies have made it possible to do away with home baking and with the unsanitary, filthy small bakeries of yesteryear. Every loaf of bread, the product of the big baking companies, is enclosed in sanitary paper. The factories are models of cleanliness. The wages of the bakers are double what they were. The price of ten cents a loaf is cheaper than what it would cost the housewife to bake a similar loaf.
>
> "*The Citizen* has no sympathy with the demagogic outcry against 'big business.' It knows from experience that politicians who indulge in this kind of activity are merely seeking votes."

"If the new combine can make bread cheaply and sell it cheaply, it deserves to succeed," declares the Baltimore *Evening Sun;* "if it can't, it will fail, and deservedly." And the Baltimore paper's morning namesake agrees that—

> "Considered solely as a merger of bakeries, and apart from the philanthropic purposes stated in the papers of incorporation, there seems to be no ground for alarm. The American people have lost much of their fear of huge combinations. They do not regard them as necessarily inimical to their welfare, for they have learned that it is possible for great aggregations of capital, devoted to mass production, to put on the market essential commodities in better condition and at lower prices than might have been expected from numerous small, competitive concerns.
>
> "Mr. Ward's trust can not corner the wheat that is produced in this land; that is, he can not do so for more than a short period. If he can not control the supply of wheat, he can not control the supply of flour. And if he can not control the supply of flour, he can not control the supply of bread. The people need not, therefore, fear gouging on a wholesale scale."



ARE THE WINGS DEMOUNTABLE?

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

# TOPICS IN BRIEF

*(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")*

It looks somehow as if the rubber investigation was losing its snap.—*Wichita Eagle.*

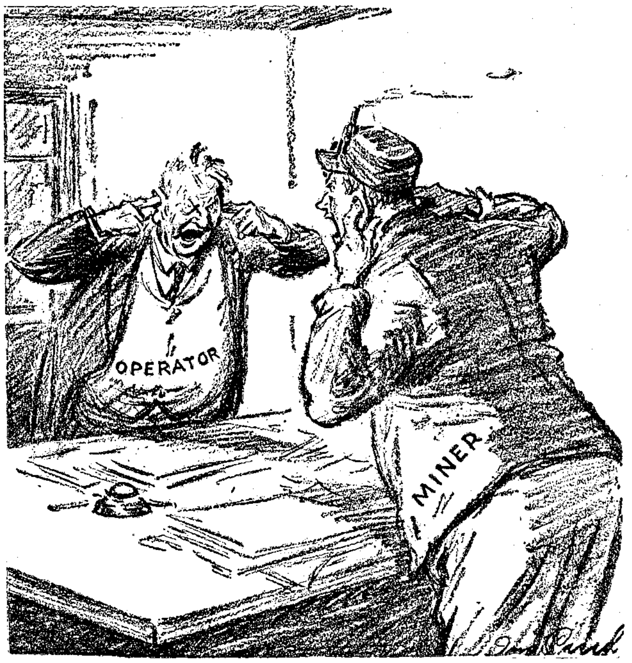
It's an even break. If Prohibition isn't effective, neither is home brew.—*North Adams Herald.*

As a rule when a man is generous to a fault, it's his own fault he's generous to.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One thing that made the powerful preachers of other days was receptive listeners.—*Shreveport Journal.*

Perhaps we need substitutes for miners and operators instead of substitutes for coal.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Report that Soviet is imposing death for dishonesty in Government sounds like suicide.—*Wall Street Journal.*



Copyrighted, 1926, by the Press Publishing Company

COAL CONFERENCES

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

A chemist says the first alcohol ever distilled was Arabian, which may explain those nights.—*Detroit News.*

If it is true the Prince of Wales has taken to chewing gum, he should put a little of it on his saddle.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It takes very little ingenuity to figure out why children no longer are tied to their mothers' apron strings.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The city that is building a skating-rink "to seat 14,000 people" must have a lot of poor skaters in its citizenry.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Perhaps if the janitor turned off the heat at one of these frequent coal conferences, the public would get results.—*Troy Record.*

Great Britain has joined America in radically scaling the Italian debt—sustained, no doubt, by the thought that "to him who halves shall be given."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Scientists bid us take nature as our living model. Suits us fine. We'll rise in the morning when the temperature does.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Capt. Roald Amundsen impresses us as a man who was fortunate in not being around when Dr. Cook was selling oil stock.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Maybe if we would work up the elastic in American political platforms we wouldn't have to worry about the British rubber trust.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Women are going into the diplomatic service. Perhaps their interest was aroused when the peace conference convened in the Hall of Mirrors.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It promises to be an eventful year—Borah and Reed plan to take the Court to the country and Wheeler and Andrews plan to take the country to court.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

There may be some dissatisfaction over the use of soft coal for heating in the large cities of the East, but on the whole every one is pretty well sooted.—*New York American.*

The Swedish princess who is being backed as the future Mrs. Prince of Wales because of her ability as a cook could cinch the job if she'd take a course in bone setting.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Senator Reed of Missouri threatens to deliver a speech in opposition to the World Court once a week until Congress adjourns. This ought greatly to expedite public business.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Hard-coal strikers are having the panic they anticipated all to themselves.—*Wall Street Journal.*

How pleasant the world would be if only the right people had an inferiority complex.—*Boston Post.*

It usually takes five years for a tree to produce nuts, but this isn't true of a family tree.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Altho the Prince of Wales is fond of riding, he is not greatly attached to the horse.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

What France seems to need is a colonial policy that doesn't operate by pulling a trigger.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

America has no caste system, but you can guess a man's standing by the laws he breaks.—*New Bedford Times.*

Among those who have lately landed on English soil, let us not forget the Prince of Wales.—*American Lumberman.*

Still, it wasn't on account of the things Rupert Hughes mentions that the Washington Monument was built.—*Detroit News.*

The first condition precedent to open anthracite mines would seem to be open anthracite minds. — *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A California woman wants a divorce because he threw eggs at her. The conjugal yolk became intolerable.—*Dallas News.*

A lecturer says somewhat cryptically that "Those who had the right kind of home training still maintain a belief in hell."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mrs. Jack Dempsey says she has no objection to Jack's fighting. And this, so far as the public knows, is the first disagreement in the Dempsey household.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A Chicago judge says most of those who get divorces love one another. If only that were true of those who get married.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

It seems to be the rule that those citizens who insist that the old-fashioned winters were harder have grandsons who shovel off the walk.—*Detroit News.*

We read a complaint from importers yesterday that the United States is losing its interest in Mahjong. We hope Texas is tired of Majim.—*San Benito (Texas) Light.*

"Yes, Sir, She's My Baby," played in New York by a jazz band, has been heard by radio in London. What hath God wrought!—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

If the anthracite industry does not hurry and settle its labor difficulties, all of its business will go up in smoke—from bituminous fires.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Maybe we will get so mad about what makes the tires of automobiles cost so much that we will forget what makes their aluminum bodies cost so much.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Even the mighty fail to penetrate everywhere. One newspaper recently referred to one of them as "Dr. Nicholas Murray, butler of Columbia University."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Egyptian authorities are giving attention to the preservation of the sphinx. It would be a pleasant international courtesy if they would keep the White House physician informed of their methods.—*Chicago Daily News.*

# FOREIGN - COMMENT

## THE "NOBLE FORGERS" OF THE "AWAKENING MAGYARS"

A COUNTERFEIT GANG caught by the police ordinarily interests the public for about a day, but Hungary's "noble forgers" excite the interest of all Europe because of a "royalist conspiracy" alleged to be tied up with the forgeries of ten thousand 1,000-franc notes. Altogether twenty-four persons are accused of having part in the plot, but as the Budapest opposition newspaper *Vilag*, which was suspended for eight days, points out, fourteen Chauvinist societies are connected with the forgeries. The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* relates that the franc notes were to be distributed all over the European continent, and couriers "kindly provided" with diplomatic passports by Mr. Nadossy, Budapest's Chief of Police, had been sent to Warsaw, Lodz, Copenhagen, Brussels, Antwerp, Stockholm, Vienna, Milan, and Belgrade. Some of the couriers were arrested in Amsterdam, when offering the forged notes, and Prince Windisch-Graetz's secretary sent the others a wire reading: "Aunt ill, come home." The Prince himself was arrested and also Mr. Nadossy, Chief of Police, and Bishop Zadravec, Chaplain to the Awakening Magyars. According to the Vienna correspondent of the London *Observer*, the press that represents the organization known as the "Awakening Magyars," glorifies the forgers and proclaims them as national heroes, who must be liberated, while the representative of France, it urges, must be removed by force. This correspondent goes on to say:

From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

PRINCE LUDWIG WINDISCH-GRAETZ

Accused as one of the leaders in the Hungarian "franc-note monarchist conspiracy."

"Two causes of this dark affair are indicated in the press. The first is that since the Awakening Magyars (or Hakenkreuzlers), and all the other groups which assist them, had but little money left, and wanted to make the Hapsburg Archduke Albrecht King of Hungary, the financial sinews of war had to be renewed at all costs. The second is that the Awakening Magyars, in order to finance the various irredentist movements in all the former Magyar provinces which now belong to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania, had to raise large sums of new money one way or another.

"It is now alleged that for years Czech, Jugo-Slav, and Roumanian notes have been falsified by the Cartographic Institute at Budapest, which is under the supervision of the Government, which defrays half the expenses for its maintenance. There is a special military department there for 'the foreign service,' the purpose of which, it is said, is the launching of propaganda work for the strengthening of divers irredentist movements. The issuing of false money also was meant to undermine the respective currencies of those States.

"The Monarchists and Legitimists in Hungary have obviously not yet dropt their favorite idea of 'playing at kings.' Since the child Otto and Archduke Albrecht are both Hapsburgs, it seemed to the Royalists pretty much the same if they could have either the one or the other, and as Albrecht was available, they thought they must have him on the throne as soon as possible. It would have been one of the new monarch's first duties to try and regain the lost provinces. But for the strong pressure made by the French Government, and probably also because of the statement made by Dr. Benes, the forgeries would have been hushed up, just as many other preceding crimes have been.

"There can be no doubt whatever that at last a stop must be put to the Awakening Magyars' methods of criminal procedure, intimidation, corruption and oppression on all sides. It is a most urgent necessity for Hungary that an end should be made of all the innumerable less secret political organizations, rallied round the 'Awakening Magyars,' who are a veritable cancer for that country."

The "Awakening Magyars" is the chief and most powerful of several secret societies that exist in Hungary, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*. All such associations, he avers, have what are usually called Fascist tendencies, and all aim at a war of revenge, which will restore to Hungary her lost territories. This correspondent advises us further that:

"There was at one time a close connection between the Hungarian and the German Fascists, or 'Voelkische.' Lately, however, there has been a rapprochement between the 'Awakening Magyars' and the Italian Fascists, which is not surprizing, since they are united in a common hatred of France, and there is no clash between their respective territorial ambitions. Austrian and Italian interests are opposed, but the Hungarian Chauvinists are hostile to Austria. More surprizing is the close connection between the Fascist movements in Hungary and Roumania, for the chief aim of all Hungarian 'revanchards' is the recovery of Transylvania.

"The 'Awakening Magyars' include in their ranks leading politicians, civil servants, and Army officers. The movement was at first primarily an anti-Semitic one, and its anti-Semitism is as strong as ever, altho combined with other aims. The 'Awakening Magyars' have in the past been guilty of horrible outrages against the Jews. During the last two years their methods have been less violent and more secret, and they have become more and more powerful. They are now the real governing force in Hungary, and, as Mr. Gauvain said the other day in the *Journal des Débats*, the nominal Government is only a façade."

The conditions in Hungary favor illicit organizations and general unsettlement, in the judgment of this writer, who declares that the present régime is anomalous and has no authority. There is no constitution, he tells us, and the respective powers of the various authorities are not defined. Admiral Horthy is supposed to be the Regent of an absent king, we are reminded, but nobody knows who is the absent king, and there are violent dissensions among the monarchists. We read then:

"The Legitimists, of whom Count Apponyi is the leader, of course support the claims of Prince Otto, son of the late Emperor Charles. Another party advocates the elevation to the throne of the Archduke Joseph, who belongs to the so-called Hungarian branch of the Hapsburgs and has always lived in Hungary. Lately the supporters of the Archduke Albert have gained ground. When I was in Hungary nearly two years ago there was a party in favor of offering the throne to a member of the English Royal Family!

"The existing régime was set up at a difficult moment and was never intended to be permanent. The Allies recognized it on the express condition that it should be merely provisional and that a plebiscite should be held to decide the permanent form of government. This condition has not been fulfilled, and the Allies have never insisted on its fulfilment. Whether Hungary is a monarchy or a republic is not our business, but it is to the interest of Europe that she should have a settled form of government of some kind.

What it should be is a matter for the Hungarian people, who have never been consulted.

"The character of the Magyars, or at least of the upper classes, has, I fear, a good deal to do with the present situation. They are charming people to meet, but they somehow remind one of comic opera. They have a histrionic temperament, and I never met people more destitute of a sense of realities."

In the case of the "Awakening Magyars," this writer tells us, the lack of a sense of realities approaches lunacy. Hungary is now a little country with some 6,000,000 inhabitants, he notes, and it needs to concentrate all its energies on peaceful development, but it seems that all the people are doing is to conspire and think of nothing but revenge, and the restoration of past glories. The Magyar is described as "an arrogant person," who has been accustomed to dominate other peoples and "can not support the idea that the power of domination has been taken from him." Moreover—

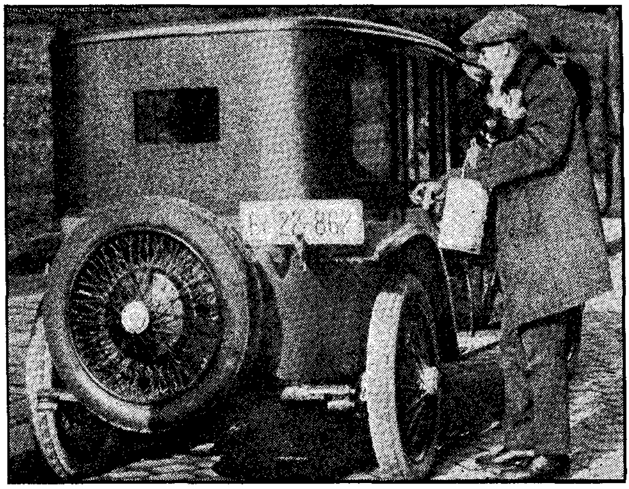
"The Magyar, when he is not a peasant, strongly objects to work of any kind. Under the old régime, the eldest son was usually a landowner, and the younger sons were officers, or diplomatists, or government officials. It is true, as a Jewish banker in Budapest admitted to me, that the Jews have too much influence in Hungary, but, as he also said, it is not their fault. But for the Jews, Hungary would have no commerce or industry, and probably no towns. In Budapest Jews predominate not only in banking and business, but also in the liberal professions. Even the painters are mostly Jews.

"The reason is that the Magyars think it beneath their dignity as gentlemen to enter a profession or business. Since the opportunities formerly open to them are now very much limited, they take to political conspiracy, or some equally dubious means of gaining a livelihood. Young men in Budapest cynically declared that they had joined the 'Awakening Magyars' simply in order to live comfortably without working. How far demoralization and lack of scruple have gone is shown by the affair of the forged bank-notes.

"Graft is rampant. A business man in Budapest told me that, having a difficulty in importing the goods in which he dealt, the importation of which was then severely restricted, he put an 'Awakening Magyar' on the board of his company. He then got all the permissions to import that he needed, but the compensation demanded by the 'awakening' director for his services was so exorbitant that the game was not worth the candle.

"If the present scandal leads to the break-up of the 'Awakening Magyars,' and to the establishment of a settled régime of some sort in Hungary, it will have been a godsend. One of the leading Hungarian Legitimists said to me the last time I saw him, that altho he wished and hoped for the restoration of the monarchy, he would prefer a republic to the present régime. I was not surprized to hear it."

In defense of Hungary's good name, we have a statement by the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, given in an interview to the Budapest correspondent of the London *Times*, to whom he said that the legal proceedings brought against the alleged forgers would be public in the fullest sense of the word. This correspondent goes on to report the Hungarian Premier as having said that:



DINING OUT TO-NIGHT

The chauffeur of Prince Louis Windisch-Graetz taking his master's dinner to him in prison, where he is confined for his alleged complicity in the franc-note conspiracy to give Hungary a king.

GATHERING THEM IN

Accused Hungarians being led to prison at Budapest after the discovery of the plot to flood Europe with bogus francs in order to establish a monarchy.

"The whole world will be able to see of what each man is accused, what interpretations can be put on the action of this man or that, and what are the ramifications of the plot, if any. Here the Prime Minister uttered a warning in regard to the interests of those persons whose names have been wantonly dragged into the case. After the trial, he said, action will be taken in the defense of these persons' interests.

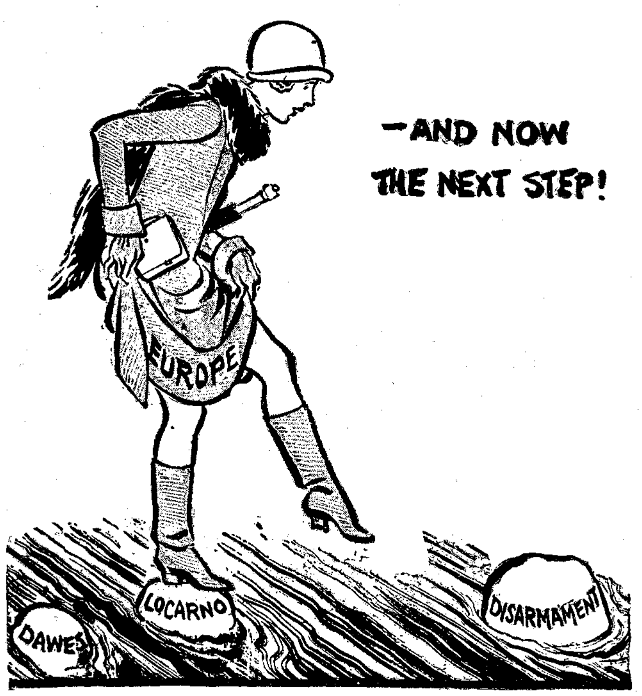
"The collaboration of the French police and the officials of the Bank of France with the Hungarian authorities was permitted within the limits of the law in its widest interpretation. The Hungarian Government felt that the Bank of France had substantial interests at stake, and it was acting as far as it possibly could according to Hungarian laws in assisting their officials to obtain the information they required. An expert lawyer was advising the French, and so far no representation had been made to him that the Hungarians were not fulfilling their obligations. He understood that the fact that the paper on which the forged notes were printed and some of the machines came from Germany aroused uneasy suspicions in the minds of the French, but he laughed at the idea of a great Hungarian-German plot. After all, 30,000,000 francs [about £230,000 at present rates] was not a sum of money which could provide the sinews for any far-reaching plot of an internal character much less for an international conspiracy."

Dealing with the oft-repeated assertion that the "Awakening Magyars" were at the back of the counterfeiting plot, this informant tells us that Count Bethlen said that nothing had yet been discovered which implicated "that party as a party." It was probable, it was admitted, that many of those arrested were members of that organization, but—

"He thought that the conclusion which many people had drawn was reached on account of the similarity of the mentality of those accused of this crime and those who a few years ago committed various other crimes. He saw the origin of the affair, as he had before stated, in the exhausted, sick mentality which springs from the many sufferings of the country and in the difficult circumstances in which so many people find themselves. People who before had plenty and now had nothing and who tried in desperation to find some way out took even to crime. Count Bethlen greatly deplored the state of mind which led many people to try to find some new and startling development in the case every day, and was most emphatic in reprobation of those Hungarians and others who pandered to this condition."

## THE LEAGUE'S RECORD FOR 1925

THE REJECTION OF THE PROTOCOL at the Geneva Assembly will be memorable in the history of the League of Nations during the year 1925, we are told, as well as other achievements, among which are the Treaties of Locarno, the Mosul decision and the settlement of the Greco-Bulgarian dispute. The Protocol, it will be remembered, was designed to prevent war through the united action of the nations signatory to it, against any nation that should be an aggressor. A former British delegate to the League, the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, reviewing the League's work in the Manchester *Guardian*, reminds us on the subject of the rejection of the Protocol, that the British Foreign Secretary "excommunicated with bell, book, and candle the scheme which had been rapturously acclaimed by the Assembly in the previous year." To many of the delegates who had been fascinated with the "glittering vision of a secure and sempiternal peace," this was a terrible backsliding. And we read:



THE NEXT STEP

—*The Star* (London).

"Yet to the realist politicians it was intelligible enough. Neither the British Government, nor Parliament, nor public, nor Empire would face the risks and responsibilities which the Protocol was understood to entail. A powerful voice from South Africa vehemently applauds this decision of the Conservative Government of Great Britain to reverse the work of their predecessors. General Smuts recalls the fact that the principle of the Protocol was discust, but, despite much French support, decisively defeated in the League of National Committee which drafted the Covenant in Paris. 'Not coercion,' it was then decided, 'but consultation, definite organized machinery of consultation, was to be the watchword and method of the new order.' To this ideal the League now returns."

Another notable event in the League's story for 1925, we read further, was the signing of the Treaties of Locarno, which are credited not only with marking the beginning of a feeling of ease between France and Germany, but also as corroborating the League in many important ways. The signatory Powers—Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy—agreed to submit all disputes relating to the Rhineland agreement to the League of Nations, it is recalled, and Germany consents to go to arbitration on her Eastern disputes. We read then:

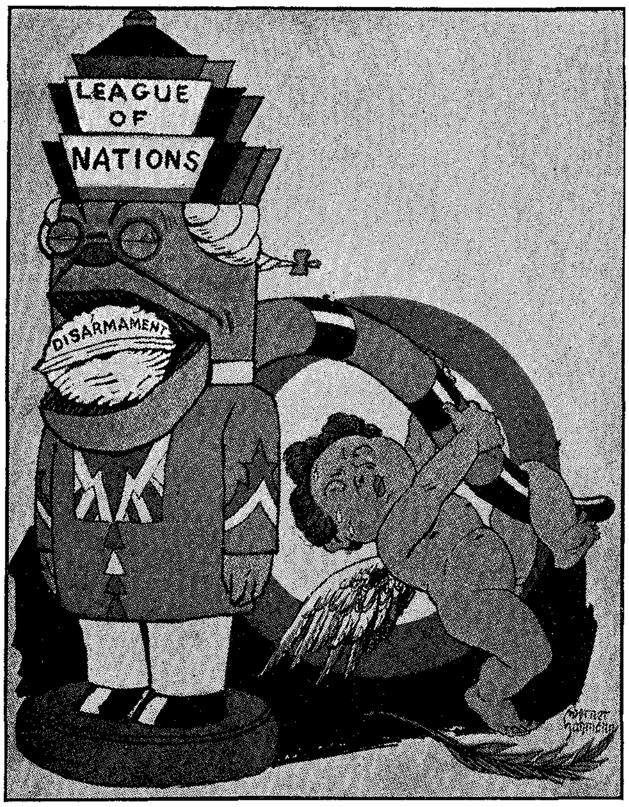
"The execution of the Rhineland pact is placed under the League. The terms of the pact will be enforced by the League. But it is even more important that as an integral part of the settlement Germany undertakes to enter the League and to assume without modification or abridgement the responsibilities attaching to membership which are contained in the Covenant.

"Thus one of the great obstacles to the general acceptance of the League as an organ of conciliation disappears. It will henceforth no longer be possible to regard this group of nations as the servile instrument of the Entente. The equal and honorable entry of Germany into the circle of the League Powers will deprive that allegation of the last slender vestige of plausibility.

"The Rhineland Agreement, providing as it does that sense of security for the frontiers which France has always told Europe is a necessary preliminary to the reduction of her military establishments, has naturally revived the question of disarmament. On December 3 a special committee met at Geneva to prepare the groundwork for the discussion of 'arbitration, security, and disarmament' at the thirty-seventh session of the League Council. And since it is widely and properly held in Europe that 'the acid test' of Locarno will be disarmament, the Council of the League has already issued an invitation to non-member States to join with the members of the League in a discussion of the subject. Next year, then, we may see a world conference on the reduction of armaments by land and sea undertaken with better prospects of success."

But here, this writer points out, arises an obvious difficulty in the fact that no scheme of land disarmament in Europe is conceivable without the concurrence of Russia, and he adds:

"It would seem that the events of the past year, and more particularly the Pact of Locarno, have hardened her against the League and all its works. And it must be conceded that her suspicions receive not a little nutriment from a good deal of writing in the French press ascribing Britain's enthusiasm for Locarno to her desire to raise a counterweight to the Soviet power all over the world. Our French publicists are really too brilliant. The British motion in all this business has been far more simple, far less Machiavellian, if our friends on the Continent would only believe it."



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS NUTCRACKER

PEACE ANGEL: "It can crack every nut except disarmament."

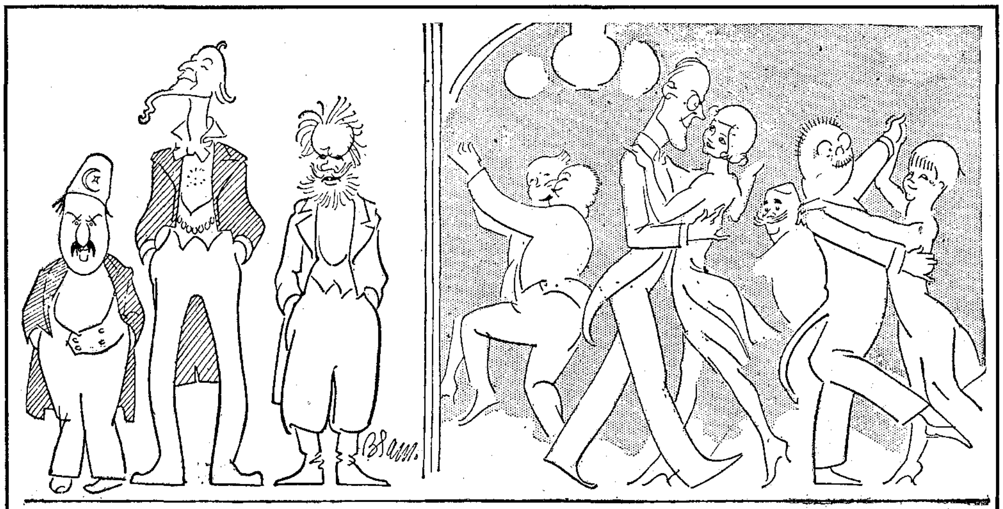
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

From the lowest and least ideal standpoint, that of strict material advantage, declares this contributor to *The Guardian*, Great Britain has everything to lose from war, everything to gain from peace. Her policy is, perforce, identical with the policy of the League, which is peace, he avers, and "there is no other explanation of Locarno; there is no stronger guaranty of the League." Turning to the subject of the League's aid in restoring the financial situation in Austria and Hungary, he reminds us that since its inception the intervention of the League has been successively invoked by these two countries, and he adds:

> "No one will dispute the proposition that in the financial restoration of these two shattered republics the League has performed a service to Europe which no other agency could have undertaken to render with an equal prospect of success.
>
> "These activities are important, but it was not principally that it might codify law or promote hygiene or restore the finances of shattered nations that the League of Nations was established. Its primary function was to act as an organ of conciliation or arbitration in international disputes. This function it has performed on two occasions during the past year. Last October a dispute arose on the Greco-Bulgarian frontier. The emergency was handled with admirable promptitude. The speed and efficiency with which this incident was dealt with recalls the equally satisfactory termination, at the instance of the League, of the dispute between Serbia and Albania in 1921.
>
> "The other controversy with respect to which the League's intervention was invited was far more difficult. Was Mosul to go to Irak or to Turkey, and if so where was the frontier to be drawn? It was a big question, for the possession of Mosul is both on strategic and economic grounds so vital to Irak that it may be said without exaggeration, 'No Mosul, no Irak.'
>
> "No frontier award is ever palatable to both parties, and the Mosul award of the League is hotly denounced in Angora and Moscow.
>
> "In Britain it has been accepted by Parliament with some grumblings at the thought of the additional responsibility which may be involved, but on the whole with a remarkable absence of overt opposition, for the Labor party, who might have opposed the extension of the Irak mandate, shrank from an attack upon the League of Nations."

With regard to the proposed Disarmament Conference, we learn from the press that the preparatory commission will meet on a date to be fixt by the March session of the League Council, but that it will not be later than May 15. The first meeting of this commission was postponed, says the Geneva correspondent of the New York *Times*, by the collective application of the French, Italian, Japanese, Czecho-Slovak and Uruguayan governments, and it is further related:

> "Altho no reasons were given by the five States for the desired postponement of the conference, the request was dictated by the Russian and German situation. The condition of Germany's entrance into the League depends entirely upon the fulfilment of her disarmament obligations, and altho Britain lacked the courage openly to take her place in the ranks, there is a unanimous sentiment among the Allied nations against discussing disarmament with Germany on an equal footing until her slate is clean and the conditions of the Treaty of Versailles have been executed. Contrary action might not only have endangered the conference but have delayed the promised entry of Germany into the League.
>
> "As to Russia, negotiations continue between Berne and Moscow through the good offices of Paris and it is evident that Paris is hopeful of a successful outcome, which is designed to bring the Russians to Geneva."



AN ENGLISH JIBE

The wall-flowers and the dancers at the League of Nations ball.

—*The Bystander* (London).

## CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S VIEW OF RUSSIA

BLAZING A TRAIL in European relations is said to be somewhat of a talent with Czecho-Slovakia, whose commander-in-chief, President Masaryk, and Foreign Minister, Benes, occupy such a noticeable position as the chief representatives of one of the new States of Europe. The latest indication of Czecho-Slovakia's initiative, it is said, is its attitude on the question of *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia, which is considered to be one of the problems of the day. According to the Prague *Central European Observer*, for some time past demands have been made from certain quarters for a revision of the Czecho-Slovak Republic's relations with Russia. But, we are told, the voices calling for such revision have been timid, because it was felt that the time was not yet ripe. Now, it is claimed, the situation has so developed that the Czecho-Slovak Government must occupy itself with the question, and we read:

> "Practically all the Czecho-Slovak parties, with the exception of the small group of National Democrats, are in favor of *de jure* recognition of Russia. It should, however, be emphasized that none of the parties, in according this recognition, dreams of approving all that happened during and subsequent to the revolution, or to give approval to the Bolshevik régime. The call for recognition of Russia is merely an expression of the conviction that the existing Soviet régime is established for at any rate a considerable period and that the Soviet Government is a permanently established Russian government. It is argued, correctly enough, that formal recognition *de jure* will make no change in the existing political relations of Czecho-Slovakia with Russia."

It should not be forgotten, this Prague weekly goes on to say, that mere formalities play but a minor rôle in view of the fact that the economic situation of Czecho-Slovakia calls for a renewal of normal relations with Russia, and we read:

> "Czecho-Slovakia can not afford to adopt the stand-off attitude of the United States in this matter, nor has she the same reasons for such an attitude, for between Russia and Czecho-Slovakia there are no such unsettled burning questions as between Russia and the West. Besides this, economic cooperation with Russia would mean a further step to peaceful consolidation of eastern Europe and to a restoration of the economic equilibrium of the whole Continent, the lack of which is so felt in every country."

Incidentally, we learn from the *Russian Review* (Washington), that according to the latest reorganization the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics consists of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, the White Russian Soviet Socialist Republic, the Transcaucasian Federation of Socialist Soviet Republics, the Uzbec Soviet Socialist Republic, and the Turkoman Soviet Socialist Republic.

# THE TURCO-SOVIET SLAP AT THE LEAGUE

THE UNITED STATES OF ASIA comes into seeming, at least, it is said, with the treaty signed between Russia and Turkey, which is considered not only a reprisal for the Locarno Treaties, according to some Russian and Turkish journals, but also a distinct gesture of their distrust of the League of Nations. An official organ of the Russian Soviet Government, the Moscow *Isviestia,* declares that the Russo-Turkish Treaty is "an anti-Locarno act in that it has been concluded to promote peace, but not war," and "with its conclusion all imaginable Locarno combinations in the Near East are frustrated." It is the judgment of this newspaper that the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and the Republic of Turkey "do not want to be dragged into any combination directed against either one of them, be it political, military, economic or financial," and we read:

> "Such is the real meaning of this treaty. It puts an end to all provocative rumors concerning imaginary understandings concluded by the Soviet Union against Turkey, and vice versa. It also excludes the possibility of all so-called Locarno arrangements in the Near East, inasmuch as no such arrangements can be made unless Turkey participates in them.
>
> "Thus, outside the League of Nations, in spite of the League of Nations, and against the will of the League of Nations, which sanctions international banditry and the oppression of weak States by strong ones, the peoples of the Soviet Union and of the East, inspired solely by peaceful aspirations and innocent of any aggressive schemes, are regulating their mutual relations in the interests of culture and progress. This should be a lesson to all peoples who believe that international relations can be regulated in any other way than the way of anti-Locarno."

As epitomized in a London weekly, the main points of the Russo-Turkish Treaty provide that:

> "1. In the event of a military movement against one of the contracting parties by one of several other Powers, the second contracting party shall remain neutral with regard to the first.
>
> "2. Each of the contracting parties shall bind itself to abstain from attacking the other, or joining in any alliance or political, financial, or economic agreement, or any hostile action, directed against the other.
>
> "3. Each party shall preserve 'complete liberty of action, in so far as this concerns its relations with other Powers outside the limits of the obligations' laid down in the present treaty."

An anti-Bolshevik Russian language newspaper, *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris), does not believe that the intentions of Turkey and Soviet Russia are utterly peaceful, and it observes:

> "The Turco-Soviet Treaty is a direct consequence of the recent decision of the League of Nations concerning the disputed area of Mosul, a decision which has provoked in Turkey a new outburst of hostility toward England and Europe in general. The Soviet press and, as far as one can judge, Soviet diplomacy have tried to heat up this hostility by all means available to them, so as to provoke the war. But the Turkish rattle of arms has proved to be a bluff. No immediate danger of war over Mosul is to be perceived."

This paper tells us further that, according to absolutely reliable information it possesses, beside the clauses made public the treaty contains a number of secret clauses, whose intent it summarizes as follows:

> "In case of war between Turkey and some other Power (which undoubtedly means England) Soviet Russia undertakes to cede to Turkey, for the duration of such war, the control over the city of Batum, which, as is known, is connected by a highway with Kars through Adjaris Tskhaly and Ardaghan. . . . Moreover, Soviet Russia undertakes to supply Turkey with a certain supply of horses and munitions to enable her to withdraw all her troops from the Caucasian frontier, for they may be needed at the theater of war. In spite of the rumors to the contrary, these provisions do not imply the restoration of the Kars district to Russia."

Thus, this newspaper avers, the new document is not only a treaty of friendship, but also a military alliance; but, it continues, there is a still more important significance in it, and it explains:

> "There is reason to believe that the treaty, so inoffensive at first sight, is practically an engagement by both parties not to enter the League of Nations. As it is known, the Bolsheviks see a threat to their safety in the system of international sanctions against possible disturbers of the peace which are provided for in the Covenant of the League of Nations. This idea is exprest in the Turkish press. . . . The main idea of the treaty lies in the assertion of hostility against the League. There exists the idea of opposing the League by the creation of the so-called 'Asiatic League,' the kernel of which is formed by the Soviet Union and Turkey. The policy of these two countries is to be directed toward rallying round them the peoples of Asia."

Altho this journal admits that all these schemes have little, if any, chance of upsetting the world, yet it thinks that they may obstruct the efforts in Asia of the League and of the chief European countries for a long time to come. A. Yablonovsky, a well-known Russian journalist, writing in the nationalist *Vozrozhdienie* (Paris), remarks ironically:

> "The politicians of Stambul know the real value of the Communists. Why did the Bolsheviks offer their friendship to Turkey? Because they hate Europe. What is the real meaning of the secret clauses of the treaty? Only that Comrade Tchitcherin wants a man to rattle the Turkish sword and to frighten England. When it comes to this, the management of the Soviet enterprise spares no expense. 'You need horses, grain, munitions? All right, we will supply you. You want Batum? All right, you will get that too.' What compensations will Russia get for these sacrifices? None. The Communists act in a perfectly disinterested way. Their only desire is to chop off a piece of the British lion's tail. . . . It is noteworthy that in exchange for all these disinterested efforts the Bolsheviks do not get even Turkish friendship, for the Turks understand very well the psychology of the gang sitting in the Kremlin. One must admit that if Russia were ruled by a malignant idiot, whose only desire were to squander Russian wealth and to expose the Russian forehead to a bludgeoning, he could not act otherwise than do the Commissaries of our 'Socialistic' fatherland."

According to a Turkish newspaper, *Khalk* (*The People*), the spirit of the Turco-Russian Treaty is very important, because it sponsors the Turkish cause as well as the cause of those Governments liable to "attacks by European imperialism," and it adds:

> "While Europe is forming a united front against the East, the Turco-Russian Treaty constitutes a very strong demonstration against the unjust policy of the League of Nations and a confirmation of Russian friendship toward Turkey. The world has once more witnessed that Russia and Europe can not agree."

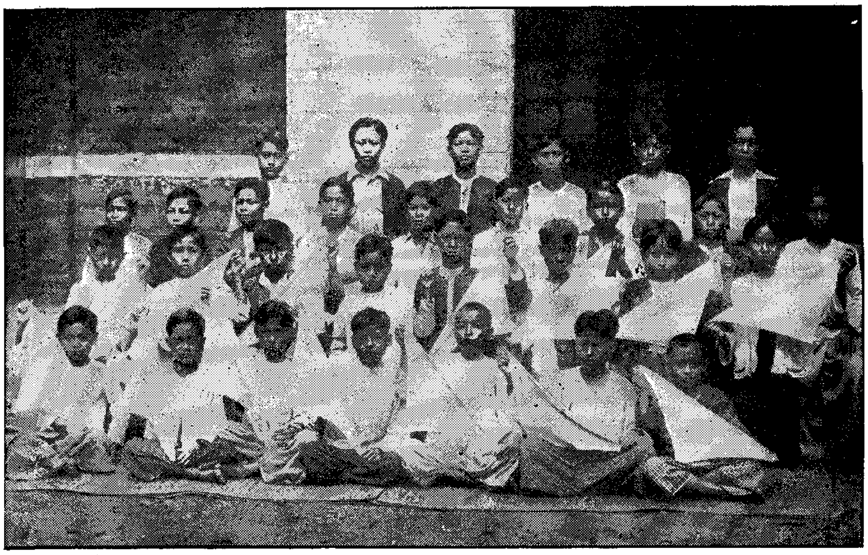
But there will be no gnashing of teeth at Geneva, the London *New Statesman* says, in the apparent pledge of the Turco-Russian Treaty that neither of the countries will join the League of Nations, particularly as nobody expected that either of them would do so, and this weekly proceeds:

> "For the rest, there is certainly nothing bellicose in the terms, and no hint at all of a crusade against capitalism. There has been, indeed, some dark talk of a secret clause; but about that we are entirely skeptical. Nor is there any evidence that this treaty is connected with Mosul. If such a suggestion has been made in Turkish quarters, the wish has been father to the thought. The Russians would doubtless have rejoiced at the humbling of British claims by the award of Mosul to Turkey. But they are not so quixotic as to engage themselves to spend blood and money in trying to reverse the decision. In point of fact, the idea of Russia and Turkey as permanent brothers-in-arms is a vain dream. Their differences are far greater than their surface agreement. Both have a grievance against the European Powers, and against Great Britain in particular.
>
> "But the Communistic doctrines and tactics of Moscow make no appeal to the Turks. Both are clearly playing for their own hands, and if the Russians choose to pursue an aggressive policy in Western Asia, they could pick up bits of Turkey and attach them to their federal Republican system with small difficulty. We do not suggest that the Russians intend to do anything of the sort; but we do suggest that Angora has its eye on the risk. It is possible then to regard this treaty as the cementing of a somewhat cracked friendship. It is possible to regard it as a treaty of mutual chagrin, or as a diplomatic maneuver. It may have some importance as a gesture. But it has no practical importance in the sense of making the situation more dangerous."

# SCIENCE AND INVENTION

## SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANITY NEEDED IN CHINA

NOT THE PRODUCTION of "static Christians," with emphasis on the negative virtues, but the molding of "dynamic Christians," equipped and determined to help their country along as farmers, engineers, physicians or artizans, should be the aim of our missionary institutions in China, thinks Julean Arnold, commercial attaché of the U. S. Legation in Peking. Mr. Arnold avows himself an admirer of the American missionary, but he believes that this functionary has forgotten that China's troubles and needs are chiefly economic. The good Christian pulls his neighbor's ox out of the mire even on the Sabbath day, why should not our Christian effort be exerted to turn out Christian engineers or farmers as well as just plain Christians with no economic adjunct? Inquiry at missionary headquarters in New York elicits the claim that the missions are already doing this very thing, and the accompanying pictures are offered as evidence. Writes Mr. Arnold in *The Chinese Recorder* (Shanghai), under the title, "The Missionaries' Opportunity":



Photographs from American Baptist Foreign Missions, New York City

BOYS LEARNING TRADES IN A MISSIONARY SCHOOL IN CHINA

"One of the most pathetic and puzzling sights in Peking is the mass of Chinese women and children gathered daily upon the city refuse heaps, gleaning bits of clinkers or other trifles which may serve as fuel from refuse already so thoroughly gleaned as to leave but little of human value.

"Where else in the world is there a people still so good-naturedly inured to the low economic levels which characterize Chinese society? If Western nations would extend the hand of true Christian brotherhood to the people of China, they should assist them to raise the economic level of their population. Doling out famine relief in charity contributions tends to pauperism. In a country where practically every member of society marries before reaching twenty years of age, and no efforts are made to discourage an excessive birth-rate, it is probably only natural that the masses should have become early inured to the idea that famines are inevitable visitations.

"In spite of the fact that the immediate cause of the North China famine was a drought resulting from lack of rain, yet a few tens of feet below the surface of the stricken area, water was to be found in plentiful quantities. Northern China will continue to be subject to droughts and floods until a proper system of water conservation and water control is developed. If the good people of Christian America had devoted the funds contributed for famine relief to constructive work aimed to correct the basic economic ills of China, a substantial beginning might have been made toward the prevention of future famines in this country.

"There are other serious economic ills which contribute in a large way to the general impoverishment of the Chinese people. Six-sevenths of the Chinese population is congested into one-third of its area. The remaining two and one-half million square miles will support at least fourfold its present population. China as a whole is not overpopulated, in spite of the appalling congestion in certain sections. In order, however, to make possible the opening of vast territories of undeveloped land to settlement, economic transportation is a necessity. No other single factor has contributed in such a large way to the development of America as has the railway. The lack of railways in China has much to do with the present backwardness of the country. For instance, wheat in the rich Wei basin in southern Shensi may be selling at U. S. gold twenty-five cents a bushel, when this commodity commands four times as much in the United States, yet American wheat will find its way to Hankow, one of the milling centers of China, at a price lower to the Hankow miller, than it would be possible to get the Shensi wheat to Hankow, less than a thousand miles away. It is no wonder that the people of Shensi are still on a copper monetary basis."

WOMEN USEFULLY EMPLOYED IN A MISSIONARY SCHOOL

They are earning their way through a Bible training school at Kakchiek, Swato.

There are other grave economic ills from which China suffers, but Mr. Arnold goes on to mention only three of striking importance, namely, early marriages and no birth control, lack of water conservation and control, and absence of economic transportation. The country, he says, is possest of an abundance of natural resources. The Chinese have not harnessed the forces of nature and utilized them for the betterment of the industrious masses; and therefore, altho possest of the potentialities of the most prosperous of nations, they are in chaos and poverty. He proceeds:

"During this trying transitional period are the Christian missionary organizations contributing to the welfare of the Chinese people in the measure which the facilities at their command make possible?

"Is it not the duty of missionary educational institutions in China to do more than aim to develop personality and character. It is unfortunate that the Western decalog emphasizes negative rather than positive virtues. A young man trained to refrain from indulgence in the uses of opium, alcohol, tobacco, or the taking unto himself of a concubine, possesses in the estimate of many, an exemplary character. The mere fact that he may have acquired a degree, even under the most rigid scholastic standards, does not necessarily imply that his value to his community has been enhanced. His education should be of such a nature that he may be so equipped as to be able to make a worth-while contribution to society.

"If some system could be devised whereby these were withheld for a period of some years after the student shall have graduated, and then awarded upon the basis of the student's attainments in the sphere of usefulness to his fellowman, that is, his demonstrated ability to translate his education into action, the wholesome effects upon Chinese society would soon be noticeable.

"China is essentially an agricultural country. From an economic view-point, there is an extravagant waste in requiring four-fifths of the people to feed the nation. If the foreign missionaries in China were to concentrate their entire educational program on rural developments, with model agricultural schools and agricultural training stations strategically located, they would make a signal contribution to the whole cause of modern education in China. The Rockefeller Foundation in China exhibited much wisdom in selecting one distinctive line of constructive philanthropic endeavor.

"There are in China to-day certain missionary institutions and organizations which are doing a distinctly commendable work in training Chinese as leaders in agriculture, commerce, industry, medicine and other practical lines of human endeavor. However, on the whole, there is, in my opinion, entirely too much of the academic attitude. A Chinese banker recently made the statement that he would, if he were in a position of authority to do so, prescribe that every graduate of the middle school in China be put to work for a period of two or three years before being permitted to continue his training in higher educational institutions. In this manner he might come better to appreciate the real objectives of a modern education.

"Thus, in general, I should criticize missionary institutions in China as being too easily content with producing men of static virtues rather than giving their greater concern to the production of dynamic Christians, that is, Christian agriculturists, Christian business men, Christian engineers, Christian artizans, Christian physicians, Christian politicians, and, in general, Christians equipped and determined to help the people of their country to help themselves.

"Some years ago a Secretary of Education of the Philippine Islands stated that the object of public schools in the Philippines was to teach the Filipino boys and girls to do something useful with their hands while acquiring the elements of a modern education. Missionary educational institutions could well adopt this slogan in all their educational activities. The begowned Chinese student of to-day is sadly in need of the development of a substantial degree of respect for the dignity of labor. The old-time Chinese scholar rated himself above manual labor, business activities or agricultural pursuits. In other words, he was an aristocrat, out of contact with the pulsating, throbbing masses of humanity, who were sadly in need of his sympathetic services.

"I am not unmindful of the great progress which missionary work as a whole is making in China, nor do I wish in any way to belittle the importance of cultural training. I firmly believe that Christianity has a message for China and that Christian missionaries are contributing to the regeneration of China's society. But, in my opinion, the labors of these missionaries could be made manyfold more effective if coupled with a better appreciation of the economic background of the nation and ways and means devised to assist the manhood and womanhood of this great race to apply themselves in a spirit of Christian service to more effective constructive endeavors calculated to lift the nation to a higher economic level, while preserving its rich heritage of cultural attainments."

## ATOMIC TIME

NOWADAYS WE THINK in quite different dimensions than did the alchemists, says Dr. E. E. Free in *The Forum* (New York). Transmutation of one metal into another is, for us, a matter of the infinitely tiny atoms and the still tinier electrons. Atoms constitute, as every reader of the newspapers is now coming to realize, a universe of quite different nature from that which is apparent to our senses. Then there is, of course, the still larger-scale universe of the stars, whose convenient foot-rule is the distance which light will travel in a year. These successive universes of size are well known. It is not so commonly realized, Dr. Free notes, that the aspect of the universe would depend equally on the time-scale that one assumes and uses. He proceeds:

"For the moderate-size universe which we feel and see, the convenient time units are the day and the year. Both are rotations; the rotation of the earth on its axis and its motion around the sun. Now it happens that atoms rotate too, the particles inside them revolving around the common center, much as the planets revolve around the sun. And if there were intelligent beings inhabiting these atomic particles, as we inhabit the earth, they would be inclined, doubtless, to take the period of atomic rotation for their time-unit, exactly as we do. The resultant time-scale would be ridiculously dissimilar to ours.

"It takes you about one-fifth of a second to snap your fingers. In one earthly year you could snap your fingers, if your strength held out, some six hundred million times. But if the atomic year is taken as one revolution of the flying atomic planets around the center of the atom, just as it is for the earth, then more than a million billions of these atomic years would elapse while you snapt your fingers once. This, too, is for one of the slowest of the atoms. Some are more than a hundred times faster.

"You remember the insects immortalized in the famous letter of Benjamin Franklin, insects which lived only for a day and to whom it seemed that the broad green plain of the leaf on which they dwelt was eternal. Not one of them had ever seen it change. How much more eternal and changeless would we seem to an atom? If an atom-dweller lived for the span of seventy atomic years which is traditional for us, he might live and die in the midst of an exploding mass of gunpowder and never know that his universe had altered in the least.

"And just so, when we look at what seems to us the unchanging picture of the stars which form that greater universe whose time-unit is millions of times greater than our own, it is worth while to remember that what seems to us a span of seventy years may be, in reality, a mere instant while some sort of celestial dynamite is going off. It is true enough to say that the essence of the Einstein theory is merely the conclusion that everything depends on the point of view. It is equally true to say that everything depends on the length of the look.

"These three (or perhaps more) universes which lie within each other and differ so astonishingly in size-scale and in time-scale, are linked together by only one thing—energy. The energy that drives the machinery of our middle-size universe comes, let us say, from the heat of burning coal. But the heat of burning coal is derived, in reality, from the atomic universe. A great mass of carbon atoms lie for millions and millions of their years in what we call a fire. Every thousand years or so one of these atoms combines with an oxygen atom and gives off some heat. The heat comes out into *our* universe and we use it. Thus the two universes, the atomic one and ours, are linked.

"But the energy of the coal came, in the beginning, from the sun. Plants grew, absorbed sunlight, died, and were fossilized. So, in reality, the simple act of burning coal under a boiler to run a factory involves a linkage between the great, billion-year universe of the sun and stars, the familiar one-year universe of ourselves, and the tiny, atomic-year universe of atoms. This pervasive linkage by means of energy is one thing that makes people believe that energy is actually the only thing in the universe that is real. All the others, stars and earths and atoms alike, may be, they think, as ephemeral as were Benjamin Franklin's insects and as unreal as were these insects' ideas of the eternity of their leaf."

## THE BIG SUN-SPOT

THE LARGE SUN-SPOT OBSERVED during the last few weeks, and visible even to the unaided eye through smoked glass, disappeared, on January 31 when the sun's rotation carried it around the western edge. Before it disappeared, Dr. Frederick Slocum, professor of astronomy at Wesleyan University predicted that it would be seen again on February 14, we learn from Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Since it was first seen last November, this large spot has crossed the solar disk three times. Large spots usually survive for several months and sometimes as long as a year, according to the Middletown astronomer,

"Professor Slocum has been studying the sun and its activities at the Van Vleck Observatory of Wesleyan University since 1914, when he became director, and before that he made a specialty of solar studies at the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago.

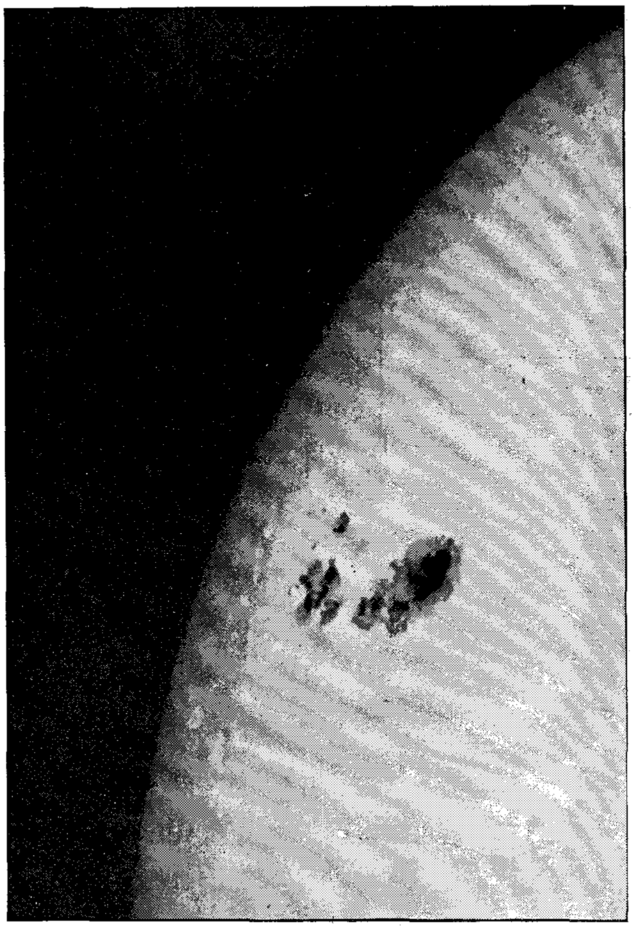
"As the sun rotates once in about 25 to 38 days, a spot is carried across the disk from east to west, but the rotation is not uniform for all parts of the sun. Spots on the solar equator cross the disk most rapidly, indicating that for that part of the sun the rotation period is about twenty-five days, while near the poles of the sun the rotation is much slower.

"'The large spot on the sun crossed the central meridian when it was nearest the center of the disk, as seen from the earth, on December 1, December 28, and January 24,' said Professor Slocum. 'It was on the eastern edge of the sun on January 17, and having crossed the disk, it will pass around the west edge on January 31. This spot is in latitude 22 degrees north on the sun, and the group is 150,000 miles long; the umbra, or dark center, of the main spot being 20,000 miles in diameter, easily visible to the naked eye with smoked glass. Large spots usually last two or three months and occasionally over a year, but smaller spots may last only a few days.'

"Prominences, the red flames of hydrogen which shoot out from the sun and are seen at the time of total eclipses, and at other times with the proper instruments, are related to the spots. When a spot is on the edge, the prominence is seen above it, but Professor Slocum does not believe that the large spot is related to the prominences observed by the Swarthmore College expedition to Sumatra during the eclipse on January 14. There is, however, a smaller group of spots in 20 degrees south latitude which was at the edge of the sun on January 14, and may have caused some of the eclipse prominences."

Sun-spots, as may be seen in the picture, resemble holes in the surface of the sun, usually with a darker central area. The central dark part has been found to vary in diameter from 500 to 30,000 miles. Astronomers find the periodic character of the frequency of sun-spots most remarkable. As Professor Slocum says:

"The last sun-spot maximum occurred in July, 1917, so if the period is the normal eleven years, the next should occur in 1928. Recent sun-spot activity, however, indicates there will be either an earlier maximum or one of greater intensity than usual."



Photograph by Prof. Frederick Slocum

YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT WITH THE NAKED EYE

If you had examined the sun through a smoked glass last month. This picture of one of the largest sun-spots in recent years was taken on December 24, 1925, through the twenty-inch telescope of the Van Vleck Observatory, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

## RAILWAY SAFETY DOUBLED IN TEN YEARS

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES operated 11,250,000 locomotive miles in 1924 before a single passenger was killed, and 287,000 miles before one was injured. This was stated recently by Arthur Williams, vice-president of the New York Edison Company and President of the American Museum of Safety, at a luncheon attended by more than seventy railroad presidents and vice-presidents, insurance company executives, government officials, and trustees of the Museum of Safety. We quote as follows from a press bulletin issued by the museum:

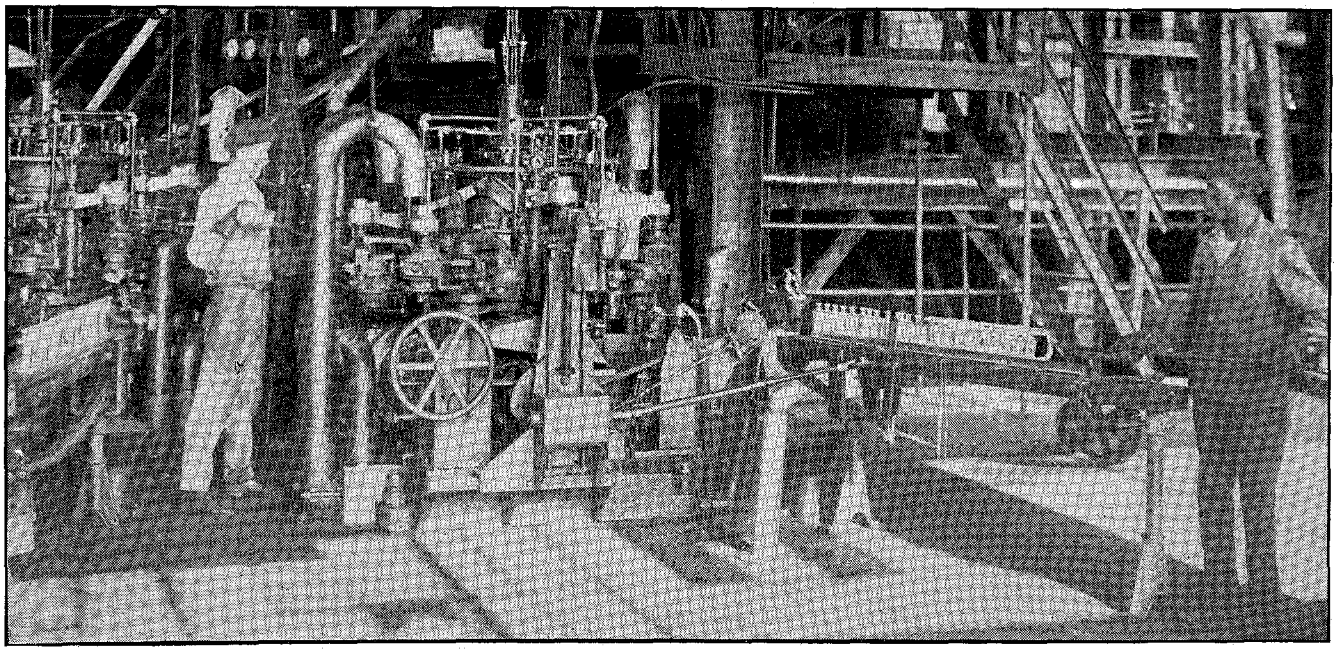
"In comparing the railroad accident record of 1914 with that of 1924, Mr. Williams brought out the fact that the railroads are twice as safe now as they were before organized safety work was begun. In 1914 one passenger was killed for every 6,620,000 locomotive miles of operation and one injured for every 116,000.

"Practically the same progress was reported in the safety of railroad employees. In 1917, Mr. Williams stated, one railroad employee was killed in an industrial railroad accident for every 9,120,000 man-hours of work, and in 1924 one employee was killed for every 15,550,000 man-hours of work. As for injuries, in 1917 one employee was injured for every 28,000 man-hours of work, and in 1924 one employee was injured for every 48,000 man-hours of work. Such a great decrease in the hazards of railroad work Mr. Williams attributed largely to the influence of the Harriman awards.

"The Harriman gold medal for the best record in accident prevention among American railroads for the year 1924 was awarded this year to the Union Pacific System. The medals, first established in 1913, are offered through the American Museum of Safety by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who was present at the luncheon and personally delivered the prize to E. E. Calvin, vice-president of the Union Pacific System, in charge of operations.

"The second, or silver, medal, awarded to the division of a railroad which made the best safety record during 1924, was received by C. L. Hinkle, general manager of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, for the Western Division of that company. The third medal, of bronze, offered to an employee of a railroad who individually has been most conspicuous in furthering accident prevention during the year, was awarded to Joseph Kragskow, assistant foreman in the Omaha shops of the Union Pacific System, who in fifty-six years of continuous railroad service has never received an accidental injury, and who more than twenty-five years before the origin of the safety movement had invented several very effective accident-prevention devices. Mr. Kragskow, owing to ill-health, was unable to be present to receive the award in person.

"Honorable mention was also made by the Committee on Awards of the safety record maintained by the Delaware and Hudson Company, and also by the Duluth, Missabe and Northern Railroad, both of which have splendid records for the year. Similar mention was made of H. E. Butler, passenger-train conductor of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, who in more than forty years of railroad work has never been involved in an accident himself nor in any way responsible for accidental injury to another."



Photographs by courtesy of the Illinois Glass Company, Alton, Illinois

MAKING BOTTLES BY MACHINERY—A BATTERY OF "GOB FEED" AUTOMATIC MACHINES

## ARSENIC IN APPLES

ADVICE GIVEN IN ENGLAND by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries to use lead arsenate on fruit-trees "either just before or just after the blossoming period (on no account when the flowers are open)" is pronounced injudicious by *The Lancet* (London). That such compounds well distributed over foliage would discourage the hardiest leaf-eating insect seems hardly open to discussion, but the use of such very poisonous substances in the preparation of potential food-products must introduce grave risks when the spraying is done after the blossoming period. We read further:

> "To depend upon wind and rain for the removal from the surface of apples of the arsenical compound is surely light-hearted, and there is the further danger of diffusion into the substance of the fruit. The recent prosecutions of Hampstead tradesmen for selling Jonathan apples containing from $^1/_{30}$ to $^1/_{15}$ grain of arsenic in a pound show that the risk is a real one. Out of sixteen or seventeen samples purchased five contained $^1/_{100}$ grain or upward of arsenic. It appears that the prosecutions were undertaken as the result of a complaint of illness after eating apples and not because the medical officer or public analyst were seeking new activities. These cases raise again in an acute form the ever-recurring question of the 'doping' of foods. A normal sounding meal may easily contain quite considerable doses of boric, benzoic, salicylic, and sulfurous acids and synthetic dyes in the earlier courses and the drinks, and now the dessert may contribute its quota of arsenic. It is urged in the case of arsenical apples, as in all such cases, that the amount is small—well below the maximum dose. Further, it is pointed out that by peeling the apples all danger is avoided. There are many people who believe that the full flavor of an apple is not to be obtained when it is peeled, and there are many boys and even adults who, given opportunity, might easily take, if not a lethal dose, sufficient to cause serious illness, as, in fact, people in Hampstead appear to have done. Two other aspects of the case are worthy of consideration. The unhappy family doctor will have new perplexities in diagnosis and the poisoner will be able more effectively to raise the defense of arsenic in apples than was a well-known advocate eighty years ago who attempted to prove that his client's victim had been killed by natural poison in apple pips. On all grounds the presence of arsenic in apples is to be discouraged, and it is to be hoped that the appropriate Ministries in apple-growing and exporting countries will take measures to reassure the public. The apple is a delightful and important article of food, and the fruit trade between this country and the United States is large. The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has stated in the House of Commons that the danger of poisoning arising from the spraying of apple-trees is negligible. It may be so in English apples."

## BOTTLES: HAND-MADE OR MACHINE-MADE?

AN "AMAZING ANACHRONISM"—or so he terms it—is pointed out in the glass industry by Charles Fitzhugh Talman, writing in *The Outlook* (New York). This is the fact that machine-made and hand-blown bottles appear on the market at the same time. How is it, says Mr. Talman, that "medieval manual methods should exist side by side with mechanical methods bristling with modernity?" He goes on:

> "Human lung power and the hand blow-pipe still compete—heaven knows how!—with compress air and electrically driven machinery in the manufacture of bottles. There are bottle machines that can turn out ninety bottles a minute. In the self-same land where these tireless automata perform their tasks, highly skilled and highly paid artizans are even now blowing bottles with their mouths. The waste of breath is deplorable. The economic blunder is unaccountable."

To which a writer in *Bottles*, a trade magazine issued by the Illinois Glass Co. (Alton, Ill.), makes reply as follows:

> "Shocking, isn't it? But perhaps Mr. Talman can explain how it is that in a world where the machinery for making shoes has been so highly developed, there is still a demand for hand-tailored, custom-made shoes. And yet, it would be too bad, wouldn't it, if the individual who suffered from fallen arches or malformed or deformed feet were forced to go barefooted or find satisfaction in the ordinary shoe store, dealing in standard brands and sizes.
>
> "For the same reason that one man may feel that he needs a special shoe, another may feel he needs a special bottle of such unusual style and shape, or in such limited quantities that it can not profitably be made on the automatic bottle-blowing machine.
>
> "Altho the Illinois Glass Company is one of the largest operators of automatic bottle machines in the world, it has maintained a hand-blown plant at Chicago Heights, Illinois, for many years, in recognition of the legitimate place of the hand-blown factory as a means of giving complete bottle service.
>
> "Early in September our Chicago Heights Plant was completely demolished by fire—but even now we are busy rebuilding it and hope to have it back in operation again before long. Certainly, a concern which has been recognized as a pioneer in the installation of the latest mechanical equipment for making bottles, would not undertake to rebuild a hand-blown plant at this day and age, if it did not feel that there would always be a demand for certain hand-blown glass containers.
>
> "In fact, we regard our hand-blown plant at Chicago Heights as a service station rather than as an investment that must pay dividends in order to justify its existence. It enables us to give complete service on small orders as well as on large.

"And that brings us up to the point that machine-made and hand-blown bottles are really not competing with each other in the same market except in rare instances where special conditions prevail. They are covering different fields. The prices at which machine-made bottles are sold are not much more than half what the same ware would cost if made by hand.

"Probably over 95 per cent. of all the bottles used in the United States to-day are made on the automatic machine. But there is nothing that has the flexibility of the human machine and his blow-pipe, where special pieces of glass equipment or bottles, in odd shapes or small quantities, are desired. Hence, we believe that the 'medieval manual methods,' mentioned by Mr. Talman, are destined to endure."

## THE USEFUL WHITE ANT

THE NAME OF THE WHITE ANT, or termite, has so long been a synonym for destructiveness that it is surprizing to learn that it has its good points. Franz Spellig states as a result of his observations during ten years in the former German colony of East Africa, that these creatures play an important rôle in the economy of nature. He gives interesting data in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart) concerning these creatures, particularly the species *Termes bellicosus*, the one most frequently found in his vicinity, beginning by the statement that to the white ants the natives of the immense and barren plateau of Unyamwezi are largely indebted for their crops of maize and millet. He writes in substance:

"The ground, mostly a coarse soil derived from the weathering of granite rocks, has but little fertility, and the art of improving it by fertilization is unknown to the negroes. But the termites crumble the layer of humus much as earthworms do in our own latitudes. Furthermore, the fertility of the ground is improved above all by their habit of building their moundlike nests, which consist chiefly of a rich and fertile loam. It is almost incredible what enormous amounts of earth are thus brought from the interior to the outer surface of the land. The natives have good reason to treasure these nests, which rise to a height of six to ten feet upon a base 25 feet in diameter. I have often seen a hot fight for possession of such a mound. The only way of settling the combat was to divide the fields of the two sets of combatants by a line drawn through the middle of the mound. The mounds are scattered like oases, dark green and thickly overgrown, in the otherwise semi-barren fields."

The crops specially raised on these fertile mounds are beans, onions and tobacco, and the author tells us that if the Africans were not so lazy and indifferent to their own welfare, they might soon possess rich fields by the mere process of scattering the soil in the nests over the rest of the field during the rainy season. Another important use of the nests is the employment of their material for building. It makes excellent stuff for walls and for the floors of the native huts. When the millet crop is ripe an excellent threshing floor is obtained by razing the mound, pouring on water, and stamping it down with the feet. We read:

"By hallowing out the termite mound, the native smiths make themselves a sort of furnace, in which they smelt copper in a primitive manner.

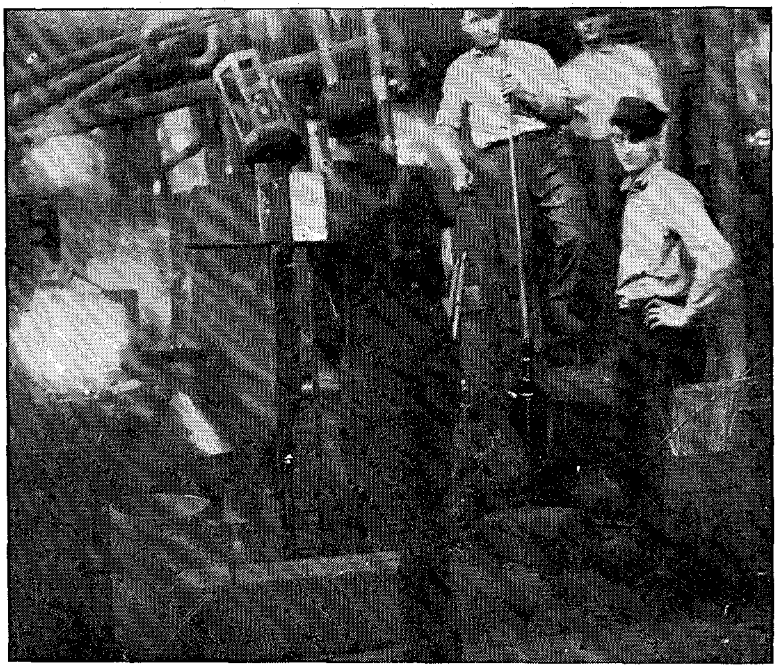
"Even Europeans have learned to value the termite loam, since mixed in the right proportions with sand it furnishes an excellent material for making bricks and tiles.

"The natives are great lovers of the fungi which the ants raise, and each year in January and February they excitedly await the day when suddenly the entire surface of the termite mounds is covered with a yellowish granular deposit, which contains thousands upon thousands of fungi spores. The termites have brought them forth overnight from the interior. The layer covering the mound consists of the same light porous masses of fungi which are found in clumps of varying size in the fungus gardens inside the nest. The entire mound is at once covered with grass and green twigs in order to protect the fungi from the rays of the sun, which are injurious to their growth. After another four and twenty hours the harvest is ripe. The mound is now covered with countless small cap fungi or 'mushrooms' about two inches in length and about half an inch in diameter. The mushrooms are quickly gathered and dried in the sun, being utilized the year round as a favorite dainty in the form of a stew or broth. One morning to our great astonishment we found the walls of our kitchen thickly covered inside and out up to the roof with these little mushrooms—for us a gift of doubtful value under the circumstances."

Another delicacy provided by the termites consists of their own bodies and those of their larvæ, both much prized by the native tribes.

## HOW THE SEA GUIDES ANIMALS

THE SIMPLEST AND MOST CONSTANT SOUND in nature, the washing of the sea, serves as a radio beacon to warn whales, porpoises, and many fishes to keep away from shore and below the surface in rough weather, according to Dr. Austin H. Clark, of the United States National Museum, and formerly naturalist on the scientific ship *Albatross*. In an interview given in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), he explained how modern wireless devices for transmitting danger signals to ships offshore in a fog are rivaled by nature's own method of protecting her creatures. We read:



WHERE BOTTLES ARE MADE BY HAND

Interior of the hand-blown bottle factory maintained by the same company that manufactures bottles on a large scale, with the machinery shown on the opposite page.

"'Waves breaking on the shore and white caps on the open ocean,' he said, 'give forth a high-pitched, hissing sound consisting of an infinite number of separate sounds arising from the breaking bubbles which rapidly succeed each other.' Prolonged, uninterrupted sound is intensely disagreeable and soon becomes distressing. Being high-pitched, the hissing sound of breaking waves has a marked directive quality; that is, it is easy to locate its point of origin. Being unceasing, it is distressing and repellent, and all the more sensitive sea creatures try to keep away from it. Whales, porpoises and dolphins and many fishes always keep well offshore, Dr. Clark stated, and they are apparently guided by these repellent sounds, while on a windy night various other types of life which normally would come up to the surface stay well beneath it. 'In times of storm the repellent sound increases and by this they are warned to keep farther from the shore and farther down beneath the surface.'"

# LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

## RESCUING A STARVING DRAMATIC SEASON

IBSEN, OF ALL MASTERS, has been invoked to give "nourishment" to a starving New York dramatic season. Under the pioneer leadership of Miss Eva Le Gallienne, organizations have turned for help to the doughty Norwegian, until now four of his plays hold the boards, either for full time or special matinees, and his star outshines even the brilliant Mr. Coward. Perhaps to relieve the mind of the hinterland of the impression that this city is devoted to gloom, Mr. Gabriel of the New York *Sun* calls it "the Land of the Midnight Whiskers"; tho his facetiousness is not the preamble to a frivolous consideration of the efforts of the actors now engaged in such plays as "The Master Builder," "John Gabriel Borkman," "Hedda Gabler" and "Little Eyolf." Miss Le Gallienne began as long ago as November 10 her special afternoon performances at the Maxine Elliott Theater of *Hilda Wangel*, which very soon crossed the street to the Princess where she has since shown until her star is now the most brilliant point in the Ibsen constellation. Turning back to the notices of those early days we find an unsigned article in the New York *Times*, presumably by Mr. Brooks Atkinson, calling Miss Le Gallienne's "a transcendent performance." Her helpers are also not neglected:

"A TRANSCENDENT PERFORMANCE"

Is Eva Le Gallienne's in the part of *Hilda Wangel*, who "came knocking at the door."

> "The play comes off in a splendid performance; particularly throughout the final act, it is most exhilarating. A second performance will be given on Friday afternoon, and others will follow on succeeding Tuesdays and Fridays, according to the response of the public.
>
> "'The Master Builder' belongs to the last four Ibsen plays, a group quite by themselves, more subjective and more searching than the two preceding groups. And of these four it is the best; as it is in many artistic respects the best of Ibsen plays. For altho the dialog is in prose, the theme is poetry, pulsating with emotion, regret, fear and resolution. Just how closely the symbolism interprets Ibsen's own life, no one can say too confidently. But the three stages in the master builder's career doubtless represent the three stages in Ibsen's career in the theater; the character of *Hilda Wangel* recalls two or three young women who contributed to Ibsen's philosophy in much the same way; *Solness's* fear of the younger generation of builders may suggest Ibsen's own turn of mind at this period; and the duty-mad *Aline* follows closely Ibsen's conception of the unimaginative responsibilities of society. Behind the bare structure of the drama glows the passion of a philosophical poet who never got what he wanted. And apart from all this symbolism, 'The Master Builder' is a play in its own right, chronicling the incident of an old man driven beyond his own powers by a mad, ecstatic young woman fresh from the mountains. It has the superb quality of establishing contact with the audience on universal principles; the playgoer can recognize in it whatever his own experience affords.
>
> "The story in itself is essentially a cruel one. *Solness's* great success as a builder has been costly in human happiness. The start came from the destruction by fire of his wife's family homestead, on whose ruins he began to build rapidly. Thus, his career has cost his wife all the consolation of family heirlooms, and, in less degree, the consolation of two babies who died after the fire. *Solness* has drained also the life of *Knut Brovik*, formerly an architect, now in the master builder's employ; and he has successfully resisted the advancement of his fellow craftsman. During the space of the play, he lets *Brovik* die without the comfort of foreseeing his son's chance as a builder on his own; he cuts his wife to the quick with the vagaries of his temperament, and he casts off a devoted servant once her use has been superseded. Indeed, he finds no match for his own strength until the mad *Hilda* swoops down from the mountains, and drains him of life while she supplies the one impulse necessary to his progress as an inspired genius.
>
> "Miss Le Gallienne revealed every facet in the character of *Hilda Wangel*. Her entrance, knapsack in place, drest in muddy tramping togs, was bold to the extreme. Sparing of gesture and mere artistry, she created a vibrant illusion of strength, directness and eerie perception. For the part of *Hilda* is not confined within the limitations of this workaday world, obedient to the rules governing phlegmatic characterization. When every one in the last scene mourns *Solness* as dead, she is still transfixed, gazing with ecstasy into the heights where for a moment he stood on the tower of his new house, high above the plain. For her, he has fulfilled his existence; the incident of death does not matter. Miss Le Gallienne's performance exprest that preternatural transcendence beyond the physical directions of the play.
>
> "As *Halvard Solness*, Mr. Brecher was no less direct and frank in his expression; and the exotic nuance of the part was no doubt considerably enhanced by the foreign touch to his accent. He portrayed *Solness* as a profound genius, subject to the injustices of his own personality, indifferent to everything save that which furthered his purpose. One could understand this man without wasting sympathy upon him; and also without conceding to him the license he demanded. For if Mr. Brecher's splendid performance missed in any detail, it was in not making the cruelties of *Solness's* career seem merely necessities."

To fill some of her afternoons, Miss Le Gallienne turns to another Ibsen drama and produces simultaneously with her evening work "John Gabriel Borkman." Mr. J. Ranken Towse, veteran critic of the New York *Evening Post*, seeking other motives, writes this:

> "It was, presumably, primarily designed to furnish Eva Le Gallienne with an opportunity of displaying her versatility in a character antipodal to that which she is acting in 'The Master Builder.' And it may be said at once that as *Ella Rentheim* she accomplished something in the nature of a *tour de force*, exhibiting a remarkable metamorphosis. Her 'make-up' presented a complete transformation, and her interpretation of this middle-aged, saddened, weary, worn, heartsick and affectionate woman showed evidence of highly intelligent and consistent design. She lacked, however, the variety of vocal and histrionic resource

and the power of emotional expression necessary to invest the character with its full vitality and sympathetic appeal. But her embodiment was a clever and promising bit of work.

"The best achievement of the associated cast was the impersonation of *Borkman*, that imperious, dogged and self-deluded egotist, by Egon Brecher. This, if a trifle rough in places, had strength, consistency and vitality, and, if somewhat deficient in the matter of visionary enthusiasm, was probably an approximation to the Ibsen ideal."

Really second in order, tho we mention it third, is the Actor's Theater production of "Hedda Gabler." There is no need to introduce what Mr. Woollcott of *The Herald Tribune* calls "the most fascinating dramatic portrait in the literature of the modern theater." He avows to have seen many performances of the play and thinks this one by the Actor's Theater "the best of them all." Knowing his devotion to the House of Fiske, it falls in naturally that he would say of Mrs. Fiske's niece, Miss Emily Stevens: "I can imagine no actress of what is sometimes rather fulsomely described as the English-speaking stage more diabolically equipped than Emily Stevens for the mordant humor and the restless, hungry malignance of that celebrated dog in the manger —*Hedda Gabler*." But Mr. Gabriel of *The Sun* finds her "somewhat odd in it":

"Perhaps the romantic attitudes expected of Pinero and Jones heroines have been drilled irrevocably into her. Perhaps their own personality battles against any sense of either reality or subtletty. Here, anyhow, is a *Hedda* whose complexes turn her into a bullying horsewoman instead of into a taut, tigerish neurotic.

"Nowadays the least interested of us know a great deal more about inhibitory characteristics than even Ibsen did. Miss Stevens should, too. She should realize that audiences of 1926 are acutely aware of what was wrong with *Hedda*, inside and out, and that they will not invest much faith in a tricky overriding and blunt-nerved interpretation. As Mrs. Fiske did, Miss Stevens makes her greatest to-do of the burning-manuscript scene, leaning so far and so emotionally into the chimneypiece that—as was said of the same effect, years ago—she must have been addressing herself solely to Santa Claus."

"A TOUR-DE-FORCE"

Is called Miss Le Gallienne's impersonation of *Ella Rentheim*, a "middle-aged, saddened, weary, worn, heartsick and affectionate woman."

The final offering is "Little Eyolf," revived for a series of matinees. Here we rely again on Mr. Atkinson for exposition and criticism:

"According to the introspective mood in which Ibsen wrote 'Little Eyolf,' revived at the Guild Theater, very little happens in the usual sense of dramatic action. A crippled boy drowns in a deep, swift fjord; a young woman, brought up as sister of *Alfred Allmers*, suddenly discovers that she is not his sister, and she flees precipitously from his household to escape the dangers of 'the law of change.' Otherwise all the action lies beneath the surface, so to speak, in the conflicts of mind, ideals and personality, in almost psychopathic turbulence, in what *Alfred* terms 'rankling remorse.' Indeed, so inverted is the action of the play that *Alfred* and *Rita* occasionally set up stuffed shirts to batter around superfluously; they quarrel about what they might do if they had done something! And about what they may do!

"All this preliminary ratiocination may help to explain why the current revival, intelligent and earnest tho it may be, yet misses the full meaning of Ibsen's play. Sometimes, ironically enough, the acting seems too intelligent. Clare Eames, for instance, who is one of our most brilliant young actresses, gives *Rita Allmers* qualities of intellectual adroitness that flatter this hothouse voluptuary excessively. In short, Miss Eames does not express the consuming passion that in a way is the foundation of the entire play. Thus to quibble about her performance in the face of so much technical competence seems to be glowering at the mouth of the gift-horse. For Miss Eames surpasses most of her contemporaries in a sense of the theater, in ability to punctuate her phrases by gesture, expression, voice intonation and presence. She is a cerebral actress in whom the quick matching of wits, of mind against mind, comes off to fine advantage."

## DEBATING LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH

WHETHER LINCOLN COULD HAVE "CRIBBED" or derived from the Rev. Theodore Parker any phrases in his Gettysburg speech is a question agitating certain Englishmen. Sir Hall Caine comes forward in defense of Lincoln, tho other prominent names seem to stand on the other side. The gist of the charge is given in a letter to the London *Observer*, signed "A. S. Toms":

"Before he was elected to the Presidential office, Lincoln was in partnership as a lawyer with W. H. Herndon, and he left behind in the office of the firm at Springfield a pasteboard box bearing a label in his own handwriting. A long time afterward, apparently some years after his assassination, this box was opened, and among its contents were two pamphlets by Theodore Parker, the famous Unitarian preacher and Abolitionist. The first of them, dated May 26, 1858, contained a sentence, 'Democracy—The-all-men-power; government, over all, by all, and for the sake of all,' and round this Lincoln had drawn a mark with a lead-pencil.

"The other pamphlet was the report of a sermon delivered at Boston on July 4, 1858. On page 5 there is the sentence: 'Democracy is Direct Self-Government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people'; and on page 14 the words: 'Direct Government over all the people, by all the people, for all the people.' In both instances the words are marked in the margin with lead-pencil by Lincoln. Here we have, undoubtedly, the sources of the peroration at Gettysburg.

"The speech was not an impromptu utterance, but was a carefully prepared essay, and when delivering it Lincoln held the manuscript, which is still in existence, in his hand, altho the general testimony appears to show that the actual utterance differed slightly from the written word."

Sir Hall Caine repels the charge that there could have been any kind of "cribbing," but admits that "Lincoln used some phrases which were taken from the common stock of immortal writing." He also states that a few years ago he came across in a preface to one of the early editions of Wyclif's translation of the Bible a passage containing the great phrase "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Going on, the famous novelist combats the statement that Lincoln was dissatisfied with his original notes, and that he discarded them on the platform and trusted to the inspiration of the moment. Also he refuses to accept the tradition that the speech failed in delivery:

"My authority is, I think, the best possible, John Hay, who told me at his house in Washington the whole history of the speech, its origin and its effect. John Hay, afterward Secretary of State, was Lincoln's private secretary at the time. He was alone with Lincoln the night before the speech, he went down alone with him to Gettysburg, and he sat one foot behind him while he was speaking.

"I was Hay's only guest at luncheon, and I told him I had spent the morning at the great Washington library, where the librarian had given me an account of the speech and its reception—how it had been spoken in a shrill, thin, ineffectual voice (which had been scarcely audible a dozen yards from the speaker) and had utterly failed in its delivery. Hay was indignant. 'So you, too, have heard that ridiculous story,' he said, and then, with a certain heat, he gave his own account of what happened.

"Hay's story, of which I have the clearest memory, was this: Lincoln was very silent all the previous evening after dinner, no one else being present. He walked to and fro in his room, apparently thinking deeply. He went to bed early, and when he came down to breakfast he looked unwell and said he had slept little. On the train he was silent for a considerable time, and then asked Hay for some writing-paper. On his knee he then wrote out his speech in full, exactly as it has come down to us. The impression left on Hay was that Lincoln was merely transcribing from memory the words he had composed during the night.

*HEDDA* LOOKS FATE IN THE FACE

Frank Conroy as *Judge Brack* offers *Hedda Gabler* (Emily Stevens) a choice of evils. Her own choice was a pistol and death.

"When they reached the battle-field, Lincoln was nervous and apparently not well. Everett spoke eloquently, but very long. Then Lincoln rose, holding in his hand the papers he had written on in the train. He did not read, but spoke every word in a clear, ringing, resonant, vibrating voice, which obviously passed over the crowd. His speech occupied only a few minutes in delivery. It was listened to with breathless attention, and when it came to an end there was at first no cheering, but an audible indrawing of deep breath as from an audience that had been profoundly moved. In the silence of the next moment Everett leapt to his feet again and said, as nearly as I can remember, this: 'We have just listened to a speech that will ring through the ages.' . . .

"May I say in conclusion that having read the great oration very many times, I am no longer sure that it is absolutely impeccable in point of style, but I still think that in nobility of spirit and majesty of phrase, it is unequaled by any modern utterance, and only to be matched by some of the most moving passages in the Hebrew prophets, outside the sublime Sayings of One whose words have, in my judgment, no parallel in human speech."

## COLUMNIST COURTESY

MR. HEYWOOD BROUN of *The World* has to suffer so many slings and arrows of dissident critics that another sort of tribute must come gratefully to him. For so mild-mannered a man, yet withal honest and courageous in expressing unpopular opinions, it is amazing what rancor he stirs up. Not indeed that his equanimity is ever disturbed, or his courage daunted, for he never blinks acknowledging the "corn." Like this: "Many of the complaints made against this column are so just and well-founded that there is nothing for me to do but ignore them." Then there are the little peccadillos of typographical form that really delight the soul of the reader, and give him a chance to "write in." "In the past," says Mr. Broun, "I have not been one to take much refuge in that convenient and mendacious excuse, 'typographical error.' All the misspellings are my own. The bad grammar comes from me. The slip which confused 'Twelfth Night' and 'As You Like It' some little time ago was distinctly a personal guilt." It is only "when the type gets slammed about and the ink fails to run" that he finds courage to claim himself "wholly innocent." Yet with all this ingratiation Mr. Broun occasionally draws something like this which we quote from his column, "It Seems to Me":

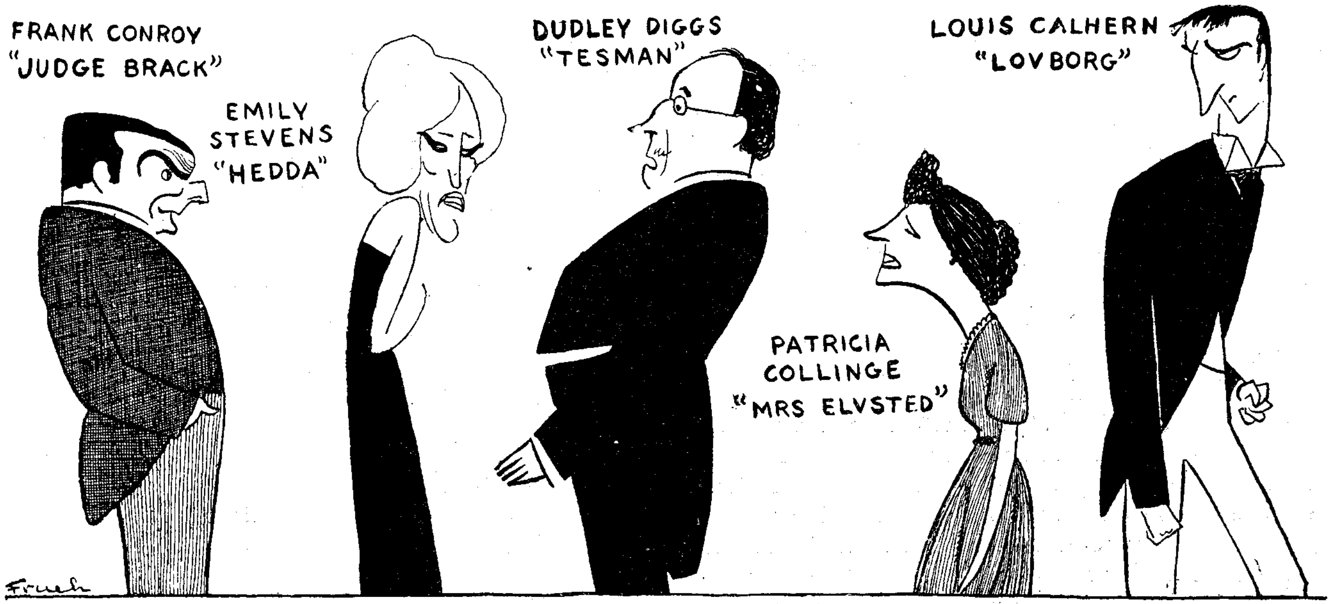
"'May I take a hand in the merry game of lambasting the great god Broun,' writes F. C. M. 'What curdles my spleen is this: You think you are a swashbuckling daredevil—a roistering son of a gambolier. In fact, you are nothing but a clock-punching time-server, as completely a slave to the machine as any corporation hireling who comes in on the 7.54. Every morning for five years (or is it ten?) you have poured your daily quota of words into a 19 by 3 column with the regularity of a watchman making his rounds. Is this the behavior of a free citizen? Where is the gay abandon of D'Artagnan? If you would skip just one day—only one—there would be, as you know, many a dry eye among your readers. And to my disillusioned spirit that white expanse of newsprint would mean that you were in truth the gay blade o' dreams; that you could say, on occasion, "To hell with the time clock!"'

"A swashbuckling daredevil? That must have been two other fellows. Surely I never said that about myself. Or if I said it, it can hardly have availed to deceive anybody. My contention has been that column conducting was an arduous job, and to be classified with manual labor.

"In dreams I've seen myself saying curtly, 'No column today. I'm not in the mood.' But in actuality such a performance would be empty enough. F. C. M.'s notion that my decision to draw a bye would result in a white expanse of newsprint is fantastic rather than romantic. Strike-breaking articles lie ready, whole galleys of them, to guard against columnar revolt. There would be a column right enough, and some read so carelessly that they would take it for my own, even tho some other name was signed to it."

So, we say, another sort, such as the following appearing in "the Nomad" column of the Boston *Transcript* may adduce a grateful peace:

"Heywood Broun, in *The World*, prints a whole column of 'slams' on himself, some of which were publicly and some privately exprest. Mr. Broun can afford to do that. No writer's position is better assured than his. We all slam him, but all love him; and whether we like him or not we read him. He can hit people on more of their sharp corners than any other writer. He has every kind of unpopular radicalism. But above all the prickers that grow on him, a rosy flower of humanity always blooms. You think he is wrong—but you think anyway, and you come back the next day to see what he is going to make you think about now. He writes about things that he has not a gleam of knowledge of, but if you know about these things you feel personally flattered in knowing so much more than he does. And his sense of humor is radiant. It triumphs over all the slams. He has no vanity. Along comes a man from Miami and accuses him of 'Harvard bombast.' Broun has wit as well as humor. But it would take him a long time to get up so good a joke as that. He didn't pick up any bombast, or much else, while he was at Harvard. He is just Broun, and he was born to be an eternally entertaining and stimulating talker."



MR. FRUEH GOES TO SEE "HEDDA GABLER"

—From the New York *World*.

## OUR UNSUNG IDIOM

IN SPITE OF THE PREDOMINANCE OF JAZZ, and the claims of its advocates, musical journals like *The Musical Courier* decline to accept it as the "American idiom." Just what that idiom is or in what compositions it has been given voice is not so clearly stated. *The Courier* seems to be clearer on the subject of where it comes from, or should come from. And that is not an aboriginal origin, or a negroid or of recent imported races. "Gershwin has written a jazz opera and has had it performed—by Whiteman at Carnegie Hall. Harling has written a so-called jazz opera and has had it performed in Chicago and elsewhere by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Harling has signed a contract with a Broadway producer for a real jazz opera with a real jazzy name, with scenes in the South and, no doubt, plenty of darkies—regular Uncle Tom's Cabin stuff, if the advance press reports are to be relied upon." We expect to give more of an account of Harling's opera later. Meanwhile, we listen to the ruminations of *The Courier* anent these various demonstrations of what it might call our false idiom:

"All of which is very interesting, and one can but wish the composers and the producers well. But, as for being an advance in American music or American opera, one wonders. Harling is not an American, but an Englishman, born in London, educated in London and in Brussels. He lives in America and his operas will be American operas, but native Americans must feel some sense of humiliation that Harling is not a native, and the greater his growing success, the greater the regret that he is not one of us.

"We begin to wonder 'what is the matter with our native sons?' The answer is that our native sons, if they are very deeply imbued with genuine art instinct, are unconsciously seeking something deeper as an expression of American life than jazz, than the negro folk-song. It is well to remember that the negro was brought to our attention by a foreign visitor—Dvorák. Before his time, the negro was good minstrel stuff, but never (unless our memory is at fault) captured the interest of serious composers. Even if some American composer had previously used negro melodies and idioms in his music, the fact no less remains that Dvorák gave the idiom an impetus that it would otherwise not have had, and since that time the idiom has been found good by Americans—and by foreigners who are busy making American music.

"Conversation with a good many Americans, musicians, artists and literary people, have led to the feeling that Americans seek the expression of something more definitely American than the negro or the Indian—or jazz. There seems to be a thought that America, having no folk-lore, must have time to grow and crystallize until a perspective of our early life is gained, until we can see our past and present as a unit, until we find ourselves sufficiently picturesque to be a basis for musical setting."

American opera does not reside in native theme:

"Charles S. Skilton, composer, chiefly known for his Indian music, says: 'It seems that it might be desirable for Americans to insert a musical clause in the Monroe Doctrine before all of their opera subjects are filched by Europeans.' But why? Europeans have only very rarely made opera of their own native scenes. Verdi wrote of all sorts of things except Italy—but he wrote Italian music. Puccini wrote of everything except Italy—but he, likewise, wrote Italian music. Massenet wrote sometimes of France, sometimes of other places—but he wrote French music. Gounod's most famous work is of German origin—but he wrote French music. Bizet's best work is supposed to be Spanish—but the music is purely French, as any Spaniard will tell you. Wagner, whether he wrote of things German, things Irish, things Roman, or things Spanish, never wrote a note of music in his life that was not thoroughly German.

"But why was the music of these composers Italian, French or German? Because they used Italian, French or German folk-songs? Not at all. Merely because the composers were respectively Italian, French and German and wrote in their natural idioms even when they tried to imitate some foreign idioms, as in 'Carmen' and 'Madama Butterfly.' The deep-thinking American native sees this. Harling's opera is played in old Louisiana and the characters are all of them French. Part of 'Manon' also lies in Louisiana and the characters are French.

"From which one concludes that location and folk-song basis is nothing, idiom everything. And this means, merely, that natural, normal self-expression of a native is what makes a national school of music."

---

THE COVER—Many houses in America bear a local fame because Washington once passed a night in them. The picture which we reproduce upon our cover is of a house which claims distinction for something more than that it was a casual stopping-place in the course of one of his many journeys. Rocky Hill is a few miles north of Princeton, and there is located the house which served as the headquarters of Washington during the campaign around Princeton. This took place in January, 1777, following his flight southward after the battle of White Plains. In the march through New Jersey, it is said that Washington was so closely pursued by the British under Cornwallis "that often the rear-guard of the Americans would hear the music of the vanguard of the British." A touch that brings vividly before us the contrasts between ancient and modern warfare.

# RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

## IS MODERNISM A FAILURE?

MODERNISM HAS FAILED TO SATISFY the spiritual yearnings of one who left his father's fold for the new religion, and in an interesting criticism in *The Atlantic Monthly* he tells us that to him the new liberalism is hardly more than a theological husk. He sounds a sorrowful note, and believes that he is but one of many who like him have been disappointed in the new prophecy. To all his questionings Modernism remains "dumb." And out of its silence, he says, comes no small part of what strength Fundamentalism possesses. "Even more assuredly is agnosticism born of that same silence." The problem, as he sees it, "is whether Modernism can find a way to say the word 'God' in a voice of conviction and command," and it is very much of a problem. The writer, who prefers to be anonymous, goes into the story of his spiritual struggles and vicissitudes, which are probably familiar in the experience of many others who have left the main highway built by their fathers to search out new paths leading to truth and God. He and some other young Liberals were caught up in the "Back to Jesus" movement, out of which they developed "a high-minded, gentlemanly, but eminently practical social reformer, who, owing to the evil forces of his time, became a martyr for Truth." In the retrospect, says, the writer, this conception "seems almost as far removed from the intense, exacting, proletarian, miracle-working Jewish rebel of Saint Luke's Gospel as was the traditional Christ of theology." This religion the young Liberals buttressed with some of the philosophy of William James and creative evolution borrowed from Bergson, and then, they thought, they had discovered Truth. "Try our religion and see. It must be true, for it works," was their joyful cry. "We had," says the writer, "God without the devil, an eternal heaven without necessarily an eternal hell. Truth and Beauty, we were assured, must prevail and Evil be vanquished, for God is Love." But now:

> "As I look over this description of Modernism, I realize its inadequacy. For one thing, Modernism is amorphous, and there are wide divergences within it. Some of its adherents believe more than I have indicated and some less. I was amazed recently to discover in a club of young clergymen how many rejected a belief in immortality. They accepted it neither on the arguments of philosophy nor on the authority of revealed religion. As for the alleged scientific proof of psychical research, that seemed to disclose an immortality so petty and dull that extinction were a boon to be coveted. All these doubters were in the Church. Toward the Church itself Modernists greatly differ in point of view. Some, curiously enough, are High Churchmen; some are Low. Likewise a difference in emphasis exists with regard to the social gospel, some theological Liberals being hide-bound social Conservatives. It is not without significance that Modernism in America so far has found its strength, not among the masses, but among the well-to-do.
>
> "Not only do these varieties of Modernist belief make any brief inclusive description of it difficult, but doubtless my own later questioning has deprived my statement of the appealing power which the genius and sincerity of a Fosdick or a Coffin give to their expositions of Liberal Christianity. But greater eloquence or emotional warmth in stating a typical Protestant Modernist position would not of itself meet the difficulties inherent in it."

It was the World War which brought his doubts to a head in the mind of this writer. Christianity did not try to assuage nationalist passions, he asserts. "Its erstwhile Liberal leaders were too busy getting this piece of ribbon or that by their services, as members of a class exempt from combatant service, in maintaining the morale of the men who had to fight." It is noted:

> "It was not Modernists as a group, but simple and primitive believers, theological Fundamentalists, Mennonites and Molokans, who raised once more the irreconcilability of Christianity and war. Not only were the Modernists not uncompromising pacifists, but when they were confronted with the problem of objectors to war imprisoned for conscience' sake they all passed by on the other side. When, at the very close of the war, the sufferings of some of the Molokan objectors were reported to a Modernist leader and professional peacetime pacifist, his only comment was: 'Absolutist objectors are nothing but traitors.' In short, these leaders, who could not reconcile the stern theology of the Church Fathers with the religion of Jesus, in war-time—however it may be since—had no difficulty in reconciling it with bombs, poison gas, secret treaties, and all the lies of official propaganda. They remained unaware of 'the greatest irony of history: that the proudest, most militaristic nations in the world should have taken a pacifist Jewish peasant for their God.'
>
> "And this failure of the Modernists in war-time, as I sadly came to believe, was not a personal dereliction in time of extraordinary strain. It was of a piece with their general failure to bring to our struggling world either vision or courage for its salvation. Fundamentalism at its best—for example, in some of the work of the Salvation Army—has to its credit the dramatic healing of sick souls. Who ever heard similar tales of twice-born men as proofs of the living power of the Modernist word?
>
> "But there is the social gospel. In so far as it is identified with Modernism, it is one of its chief ornaments. I have no desire to minimize its past achievements or future possibilities. But out of much experience I am compelled to assert that this social gospel, at least in America, has made little impression upon the working class, among whom Christianity had its origin; that it has made no original contribution to social theory; and that it has not so much reinterpreted Jesus to our time as weakened the staggering challenge of His teaching to a generation which finds His utter unconcern in the processes of production and distribution well-nigh incomprehensible."

This last assertion may be met with a number of conflicting statements, says the writer; but, in the end, it is a Christ of reduced stature that is presented. And this sorrowing writer is compelled to doubt that Modernism has real significance. In fact:

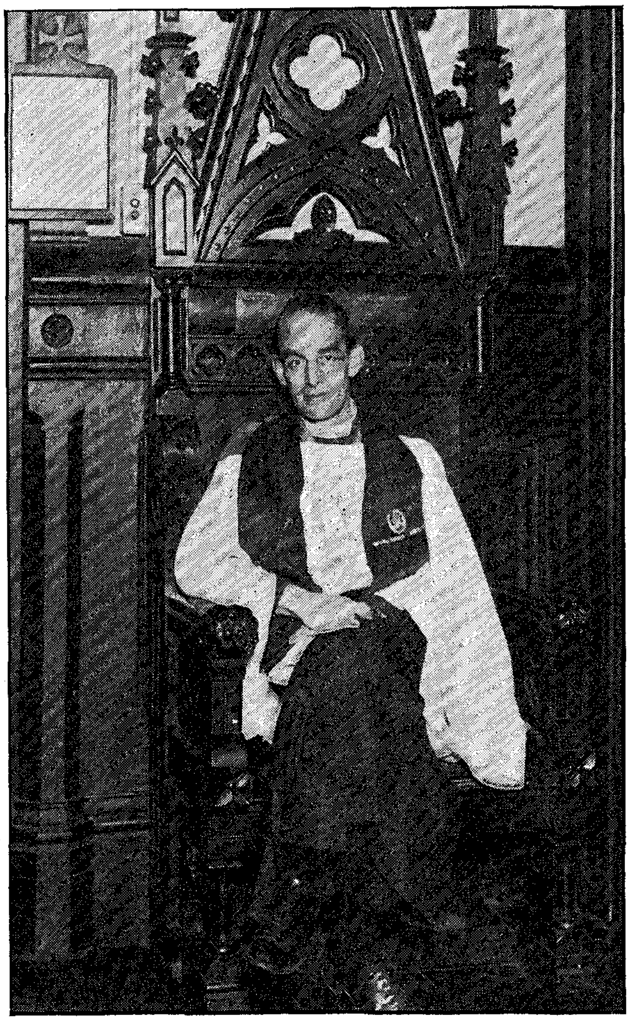
> "More than it realizes, it is living on its inherited capital—the stored-up memories and affections that gather about a traditional faith and the art and poetry of Christianity. As one of its most eloquent expounders said, in a moment of discouragement: 'I preach on many things, but always on the periphery of life. Sometimes I think I am afraid to tackle the central problem.' That central problem, he went on to say, is the question of God and His relation to men. Has He made us, given us such lofty aspirations and glorious dreams, only to leave us to the mercy of the stupidities and fears and prejudices which lead us, scarcely knowing what we do, into the prison house of our own acquisitive society and its inevitable wars? Are not these great human incapacities as truly His gift as our dreams? Shall we be saved by faith in Him or by a stern endeavor to take the universe and ourselves as we find them and then to see at what points we can remold our life nearer to the highest aspiration of our race? Has the Modernistic interpretation of the Christian, Jewish, or any other ancient religious faith an answer to these questions in terms of a great and convincing affirmation of God?
>
> "Perhaps; but thousands of us who have strained our ears do not hear that word. Neither do we see in the lives of those who profess to have heard it satisfactory evidence of its power. They who claim to know the supremacy of a God of Love looked not to love but to illimitable violence for their protection in the great emergency of war. In their daily lives they too are caught in the shoddy meshes of compromise that we know so well. What, then, does it avail to tell us of some inner comfort they derive? If we are worthy of the quest of Truth, we can not turn aside to enter any paradise of illusion.
>
> "And yet I who write these lines—and thousands like me—am

by no means indifferent to the struggles of Modernism with Fundamentalism. Some of its issues seem to us petty, unreal, or beside the point. But if, out of the struggle, a religious leader will arise who can say in tones of triumphant truth the majestic word that many lips seek to frame, what joy and power might he bring to life, what peace to our hearts!"

## FREE SPEECH FOR PARSONS

EVEN THE DUCKING OF THE DEAN of Durham by miners who objected to his utterances on the wage question does not convince "Woodbine Willie" that a parson has no right to express himself from the pulpit on the great questions of the day. The miners who ducked the Dean carried a banner bearing the inscription, "To hell with Deans and Bishops, we want a living wage." And that, thinks the former British Army chaplain, is exactly one of the matters on which a parson ought to speak. He is not so much concerned with the ducking, because the miners ducked the Dean in mistake for the Bishop; it is the principle of the thing in which he is interested. "Woodbine Willie" is the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, one of the most militant of the younger British clergy. During the war he always had a word of comfort and cheer and a Woodbine cigaret for the soldiers.

It is all bunkum, Mr. Kennedy writes in *The Forum*, to say that a parson must content himself with a lot of "harmless platitudes," and he goes on belligerently:



Copyrighted by the Keystone View Company

NO "BUNKUM" FOR "WOODBINE WILLIE"

"The parson has got to speak out whether people like it or not," says the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, "and if they duck him, well, that is mild—they crucified Christ." The photograph was taken in Trinity church, New York, where the militant British clergyman and former army chaplain gave a series of lectures.

> "The point is that the parson has got to speak out whether people like it or not, and if they duck him, well, that is mild—they crucified Christ. If you are going to muzzle parsons, you are going to kill the Church, and it will take more than colliers, coal-owners, or any other bunch of people that have lost their tempers to do that. The more you shut the cowards up, the louder will the brave men speak. The one thing a parson has to stand for is his right to give his people the message God gives to him on his knees, and if he allows the fear of any form of persecution, whether it be ducking his person or docking his salary, to stand in the road of that, he must reckon with the Lord he serves and in Whose name he speaks.
>
> "But on the other hand, the only message a parson has the right to give his people, whether it be from the platform or the pulpit, is the one God gives to him on his knees, that is a message over which he has thought deeply and prayed hard.
>
> "'Yes,' you say, 'and he had better leave politics alone.'
>
> "But how can you leave politics alone? Where does 'politics' begin and where does it end? I have been a slum parson, and have known what it is to go around trying to pick up men and women, boys and girls, out of the filthy conditions that make life well-nigh impossible for a decent lad or girl. Well, supposing the greed of builders' 'rings,' or the selfishness of unions, or the dirty work on municipal contracts, holds up the building of decent houses, as they are holding it up to-day in England; is the parson to keep mum because he might be talking politics in the pulpit and might offend the head of the Bricklayers' Union or some contractor who was a member of his congregation? Is he to say to himself: 'I must be careful what I say, because Mr. Jerry Builder might cut down his subscription to the Curate's stipend, or the people might give less to the Free Will Offering Scheme'?
>
> "I know parsons who do think like that. I have known them tell me to be careful what I said because there was so-and-so in the congregation, and they could not afford to offend him, or that it would empty their church if they preached about certain subjects. But against that, Parsons, Bishops, Deans, Vicars, Curates, all the job-lot of us have got to stand firm, or we might as well shut up shop, and take to minding babies. There is only one thing parsons have got to be careful about, and that is that they speak the truth, and speak it lovingly. But by speaking the truth lovingly I do not mean soft soap and sloppy sentiment; that is generally lies, and the worst kind of lies at that. I mean that the parson when he preaches must have always in his mind that the people to whom and about whom he speaks are the children of God, immortal souls of infinite value in sight of God, and that he is responsible to God for speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He can not take sides and start to condemn whole classes of people, be they rich or poor, for they are all souls for whom Christ died. He must speak humbly, too, remembering that he speaks as a sinner to other sinners, and he must be careful not to ask of them more than he is prepared to give himself, and not to set up a standard he does not strive to attain."

The danger of treading hard on people's corns is realized by Mr. Kennedy; but, he argues, "you can not separate religion and politics without maiming religion and poisoning politics." Christ did not separate them, says Mr. Kennedy. "He could not keep clear of them; that was why He was crucified. He was put to death by a coalition of the political parties of His time." They feared He would "gum the works." And it is the same old story now, goes on this picturesque parson. One lot says the preacher is a Bolshevist, a Socialist, or heaven knows what, and the other lot says he is "doped" to keep the working classes quiet. Both tell him to shut up. But is the parson to devote himself to the next world and leave this one to take care of itself? That is what he was cursed for doing when the war broke out, says Mr. Kennedy, and there was a terrible hullabaloo about the failure of the Christian Church. And if another war came, there would be another hullabaloo about the failure of the Church to prevent it. But the parson mustn't "funk the kicks." As to the charge that preachers do not know what they are talking about, Mr. Kennedy says:

> "Well, nor do the politicians half their time. Sermons may be pretty rotten, but they beat political speeches into a cocked hat.

> Moreover, even a parson may have brains, and at any rate he has no party ax to grind, and no vested interest to serve, if he is a decent parson. Men call the pulpit 'the coward's castle,' but it is nothing to the articles in the press, and the journalists are not guaranteed political experts. If you are going to have free speech, you must have it with all its dangers and responsibilities. The parson must think and pray that he may be able to discern the signs of his time and understand that the will of God is for man, and he must blaze it out as he sees it. Once he has done that, the responsibility rests with those who listen; they must choose whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. But you can not have it both ways. You can not blame the Church when the world goes wrong, and curse it when it tries to lead the world right. If moral principles have nothing to do with politics, then wars must continue at home and abroad, with all their waste and bitter wrong. If moral principles are to be the basis of politics, then you can not keep religion out. You can not split life up into departments and keep one conscience for home and another for public life. Christian conscience runs the whole way or it does not run at all.
>
> "'But all the parsons do not agree,' you say.
>
> "Well, nor do all doctors, nor all politicians, nor all journalists, nor all anybody elses, but they help us to think, and keep awake to danger. No, this muzzling of parsons won't do. If the Durham colliers or rich churchwardens are going to duck me for saying what I believe to be true in the name of Christ, well, they must duck me, but they must duck me good and deep or I'll bob up again. I do not agree with the Bishop of Durham in all he says, but I do agree with him in claiming the right to say what he believes to be the truth, and in not caring a hang or a duck who does not like it. I've got to speak, God help me, and I can only speak the truth as I see it."

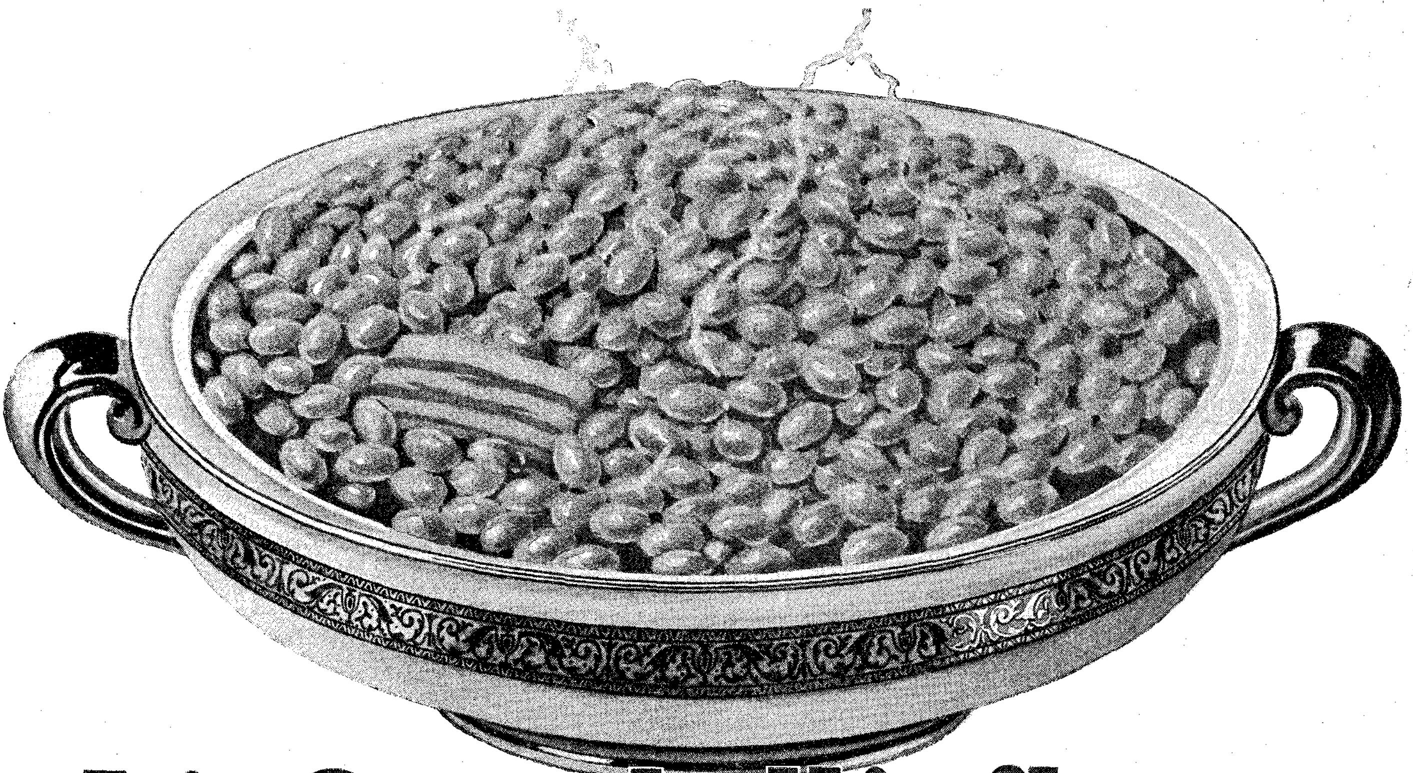
## THREATENING RURAL DRY-ROT

THE "SINS OF SECTARIANISM" have sifted down to the cowpaths and hog-trails, and the rural church, we are told, is being ground to powder between the upper millstone of neglect and the lower millstone of paganism. As a consequence the former breeding-ground of the Church's pioneers and prophets is said to be sending pagans to the city and the city to be reaping the whirlwind. The city folks' concept of the farm is usually, perhaps, merely as the place where people grow corn, cotton, potatoes, wheat, hogs and cattle and barefoot children. But that, as a rural economist shows us, does not complete the definition by any means, and, in defining what the farm actually is and means to the nation, he shows us, too, the peril to the nation of the moral dry-rot which he believes is threatening to spread into the rural fabric. Prof. C. J. Galpin, authority on rural life and agricultural economics and economist in charge of rural life studies of the United States Department of Agriculture, puts the matter before us in plain words addrest to the recent meeting of the International Agricultural Missions Association. The address is described by Dr. Warren H. Wilson, president of the organization, as the high point of the meeting. Its text appears in *Christian Work* (Undenominational). To begin with, Professor Galpin recites that the 1920 United States Census shows that in the thirty-two millions of farm population there are four million more children —persons under twenty-one years of age—than in thirty-two millions of our city population. In fact, he says, half of the people living on farms are children. The farm is the habitat, so to speak, of child life. The city, on the other hand, we are told, is the place of adults, the habitat of grown-ups. "Just as there is a timber line in the mountains beyond which trees do not grow," says Professor Galpin, "so it appears that parts of a city are too cold for children, and a child line is there, beyond which child life tends to disappear." Coming to the nub, Professor Galpin goes on:

> "The rural home and family stand to-day, therefore, before Church and nation as the American type. The city family, much as we may deplore the fact, has long ceased to be the type family. The farm home is holding the family idea in the nation, almost at the last ditch, it must be conceded. This is the first basic reason why rural life has national social significance, why the farmer has a rôle of honor in American Christendom. Let us look at the other basic claim to honor.
>
> "It is this: Young farm adults in a steady stream recruit city life and industry. Just because the farm is the place of children, it comes to have more people on it than the farming community can use. Four million more children than in an equivalent population living in cities means an excess population—an excess that would make a small nation—bigger than Switzerland, bigger than Chile, than Norway, than famous little agricultural Denmark. The farms will manage to feed this excess of persons, clothe them, educate them, when, possest of the strong right arm, they will turn their backs on the farm and farming, and go to recruit the nerve-fagged industry of cities. The farms feed the city with muscle, intellect, imagination, and possible conscience, and possible religion. This is the romance of the story, and there is not a word in it of wheat, corn, cotton, cattle or hogs. All the careful studies of this particular situation convincingly show that, up to the present, people from American farms help mightily to weave the fabric of the American city and its institutions as we know them in every-day life. In the decades when the rural church was strong, the streamlets of young people from the rural churches to the city churches were mighty with force and personality. The rugged religious conviction bred on the farms came in to float the city churches to great religious goals of achievement.
>
> "The present decade, however, is a far different decade. The rural church has been ground to powder between upper and nether millstones. Youth are growing up and going pagan to cities from farms which in times gone by sent their quota to cities dedicated to God. It is as plain as the nose on a face, that, as the farm communities decline into paganism, they sow the wind; and the cities reap the whirlwind. This is the second basic fact why America must place the rural church back in its rôle of conservator of the headwaters of religion. It is a policy of suicide for the city to pursue a plan of cold apathy in regard to rural people and the rural church. Rather, it behooves the American hierarchies to pay attention—not some little spasmodic and spectacular attention, as they do to the American Indian—but a constant momentous attention to formal religion in the country. To save the city and to save the city church, they must save the rural community. Now what is our part?"

The first stage of the new rural church-building is covered, says Professor Galpin, in criticism, analysis, intellectual grasp of the problem. The second stage, he believes, is emotion—hope, fervor, passion. The Church must be aroused from what appears to Professor Galpin to be a bed of sickness, for, he goes on:

> "Surely the Protestant Church in America is not well, when the rural flock is broken up and broken down into so many unshepherded huddles and the wolf, too; biting at every flank—all because our Protestant sectaries will not pool their prayers and consolidate their power. Waste. The luxury of individual superiorities. High virtue preening its superior formulas of one sort or another; preening its superior historic authenticities. Stubborn hierarchies, sitting tight in the comfort of superior virtue and good conscience, unwilling to lift a little finger to save from pollution the sources of population and of religion.
>
> "If the American farmer slowly sinks into peasantry through national unconcern, if the rural church sinks and goes down with him, it will be due, in my estimation, to the sickness of the American church; it will be a case of national decline due to the temporary eclipse of religion. It will not be at base a case of bad economics or bad politics. The aristocratic superiorities of a dozen righteous cults—all so near alike that God Himself is not supposed to tell them apart—will have brought on the doom.
>
> "Religion is the only lantern I know in this twilight world. It may be sometimes a smoky lantern. It may be hidden under the jacket of some very ordinary person. I shall not live to see the new day for the rural church; but that day will come. I do not believe the American farmer will sink into peasantry. I believe a prophet will arise, who (warming all hearts and bringing to the point of ignition the dormant love of men for men, for just plain men) will build upon the facts of this generation and upon the insight of this intellectual era—and the rural church will rise to distinction. I do not expect to see with my own eyes your sects and mine—all very haughty cults indeed—joining their resources under a single battle cry against the devil; but I do not doubt for a single instant that it will one day come. Otherwise the devil wins—a thing which God's character is in pledge to circumvent."



# It's Campbell's flavor that makes beans so good!

Campbell's—the beans with a flavor all their own! A flavor that's different! A flavor that people everywhere think is the best they ever tasted in beans!

Quality—that tells the story of Campbell's astonishing popularity. Such good ingredients, such skilled and careful preparation that you want them every time.

Selected beans. Famous tomato sauce. Blended by chefs who have the secret of producing the delicious taste you cannot resist.

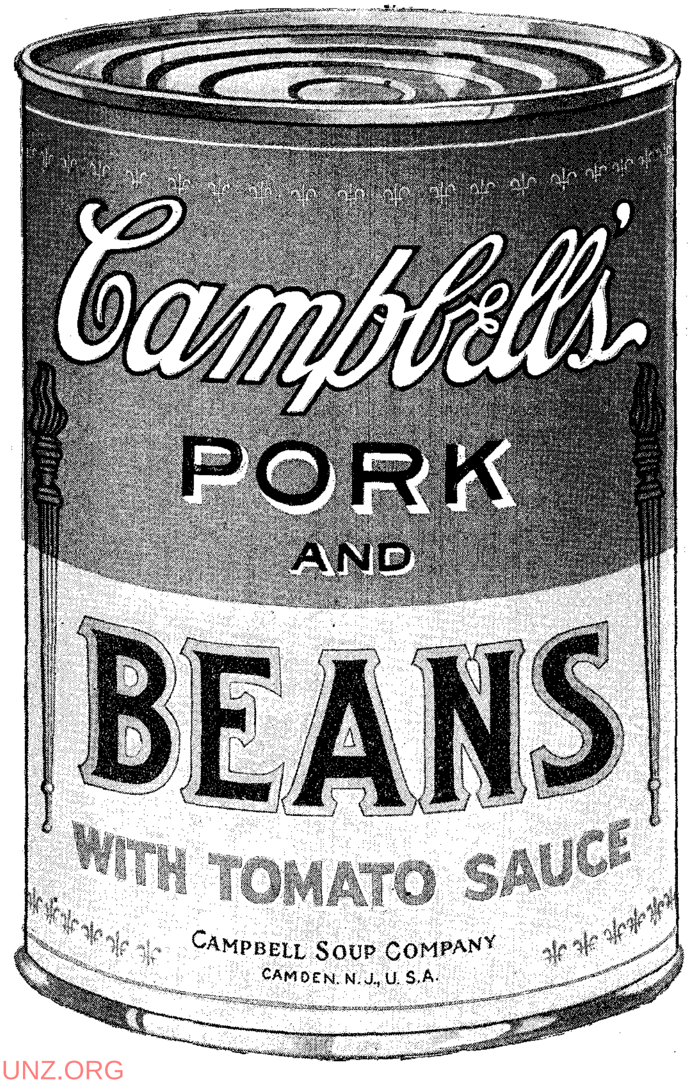
Slow-cooked and digestible—wholesome as they are tempting to the taste.

For real enjoyment in beans, eat Campbell's.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

**Slow-cooked** **Digestible**


Campbell's
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.

# CURRENT POETRY

*Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.*

SUCH gems as this come from the East. *The Japan Advertiser* quotes it from a volume, "Dreams That Live."

## TO A CHERRY TREE

By Ralph Culnan

Care-free
Thy branches blow,
White as the dawn;

Petals drop low,
Lavishly spent
On the cool lawn,

Fragment
Of song, beauty of sea,
Light of the sun—
All wondrously spun
Into a tree.

THE *Japan Times* brings us a curiosity:

## THE OLDEST LOVE-SONG IN THE WORLD

Translated from the Confucian Canon
or Book of Poetry

By Ku Hung-Ming

The birds are calling in the air
On islet by the river side;
The maid is meek and debonair,
Oh! Fit to be our Prince's bride.

The duck-weeds' stems are short and long,
To right and left, we float along;
The maid is meek and debonair,
Awake, asleep, he seeks the fair.

He seeks for her, but seeks in vain,
Awake, asleep, he feels the pain,—
Oh! Love's delight! Oh! Love's disdain!
He wakes, and sleeps and wakes again.

And short and long the duck-weeds stem
To right and left we gather them;
The maid is meek and debonair,—
Strike harp and lute!—Oh! happy pair!

The duck-weeds float from West to East
To right and left, we'll to the feast;
Oh, Love! Oh! Joy! the bride is come,
Then strike the cymbals, beat the drum.

THE Cincinnati *Times-Star* prints the following, which perhaps takes too little account of the great chorus of praise that arose over the event the verses signalize:

## "WE LOST TWO MEN"

By Charles Ludwig

(We lost two men who volunteered to row a life-boat from the *President Roosevelt* through the terrific gale, waves sixty feet high, to the sinking freighter *Antinoe*. Ernest Heitman, twenty-eight, boatswain's mate, New York, and Uno Wirteman, master-at-arms, Finland, nearly reached the *Antinoe*, when a great wave engulfed them. They were seen no more. We lost four other boats, but have saved twelve famished sailors of the *Antinoe* crew.—Radio from Steamer *President Roosevelt* in mid-ocean.)

There's so much work to do to-day,
And so much golf and bridge to play,
A million cars to whirl away,
We have no time to mourn or pray—
When heroes die.

A howling storm, a raging sea,
A sinking hulk upon the lee,
A slashing blizzard, roaring gale,
And shattered decks and tattered sail.
Who'll row a lifeboat through that hell
With death a-riding every swell?
Who'll risk his hide to save the tars
Still clinging vain to crashing spars?

Two dauntless sailors volunteer—
No football crowd to rise and cheer.
Through hissing waters, shrieking skies,
They fight the tempest of their lives.

They battle on, near reach the goal,
As wilder yet the billows roll;
Now sweeps a giant, angry wave,
A yawning maw—it is their grave.

"We lost two men"—terse ship report,
Thank God, in times of sheik and sport
The tribe's still true. A wreath to them,
These gallant dead—we lost two MEN!

Though there's much work to do to-day,
And so much golf and bridge to play,
A million cars to whisk away,
Let's pause a moment, just to say,
We lost two MEN.

*The Nation's* prize poem, which, we are told, was chosen out of 3,000 submitted, is longer than we can quote entire. Its basic thought seems in sympathy with that of the play "Goat Song" that we presented in the "Letters and Art" department last week. We begin at the third stanza with apologies to the author:

## THOUGHTS FOR THE YEAR'S END

By Babette Deutsch

* * * * *

In His eyes
two thousand years are as a moment.
Now at the winter solstice, when the light is squeezed
like a drop of watery chrome on the faded earth,
to be lapped up by a brumous blotter of darkness,
does He remember
the long December night through which the chosen
virgin labored to bring
peace to the people?
(Sing:
*holy, holy, holy,*
*Lord God almighty!*)
He endured much—
the kiss of betrayal,
the heavy way up the hard hill,
the ropes, the nails, the spear,
the death agony, the slow, long rending, most the mockery
He cast upon Himself when He cried out,
"Elohai, Elohai, lama sabachthani?"
That moment is over.
And we, who have seen His peace
shredded by Huns and Romans, priests and kings, rich men and rabble,
we whom He could not save
(Himself He could not save)
now watch the wintry dark as a sick seaman watches
his coldly tossing grave.
But who are we
that we should envy the Pharaoh,
the Keeper of the House, who built his house forever,
or that we
should rate the God of the Hebrews, One and Eternal,
because He turned into a Trinity, and, soon thereafter, ceased?
We are so small
the fleas that crawled over behemoth bulked
larger to that huge pasture than we to the stars,
and to the night the blinking stars are less
than fireflies to the whole wilderness.
O vanity
of man! that would spin Cosmos out of a small gray clot
locked in a fragile shell.
Say: God is not.
Say: man dies,
every man, alone
(bite on this iron at midnight, when you lie
sleepless, in bed, with half a life gone by, eaten away—
the day
will be undone,
love and ambition be ashy on your tongue,
and oblivion
will roll its weight over upon you, ton and giant ton).
Say: God is not, death's instant, history's
a fever the moon died of—
what way now?
There's no help in the hills, for they will crumble,
nor in the skies, for earth is a dropped stitch
in their pattern
(but even to fumble, there must be Fingers,
and for a pattern—Mind) . . .

Reach out, reach out, you will touch nothing,
you will find
nothing,
but yet reach,
with the balked pressure of the blind on emptiness,
reach, grope, seize, shape.
Or, let the ice-blue winding-sheet
that waits for earth
swaddle your infant wisdom at the birth,
or, from the cracked bones of despair
suck marrow,
and bend Now
backward and forward in your spirit's heat.
And bear . . . and bear . . .

THIS is going some paces beyond Wordsworth, who sang of the swan "floating double, swan and shadow." He was not so concerned with esoteric things as this in *The Lyric* (Norfolk):

## THE SHADOW OF THE SWAN

By Don Gordon

Slowly sails the bird his fragile barque
Through waters carved to green and rippled gold;
Beneath him, peering slyly towards the sky,
His shadowed image rides in equal pomp.

And so you always seem to me, dark soul,
Just such a faint companion clinging fast,
With hidden hands, to this reluctant flesh.

Now proudly bends the bird his supple neck,
Swinging swiftly towards the mirrored face,
Which draws into a small and silent smile,
Leaving the swan to gather his white pride,
As on he glides, full-plumed, in regal hurt.

And so, when I would hold you eager-grasped,
Oh, my phantom, elusive-bodied soul!
Do you wing soundlessly beyond my touch,
While stirs afar the echo of your scorn.

At length the cosmic calm of shadowed fate,
Torments the bird to pale and futile rage;
With frantic aim he darts his arrowed head,
Piercing vainly to the dual breast,
Until the shadow fragments fly apart,
Green-glinting through the broken gold.

So burns my wrath at your evasive flight,
Oh, dark soul shrinking to a mocking laugh;
Why will you not release the throbbing flesh,
To answer only to its own desire,
To wander freely as the white swan longs?

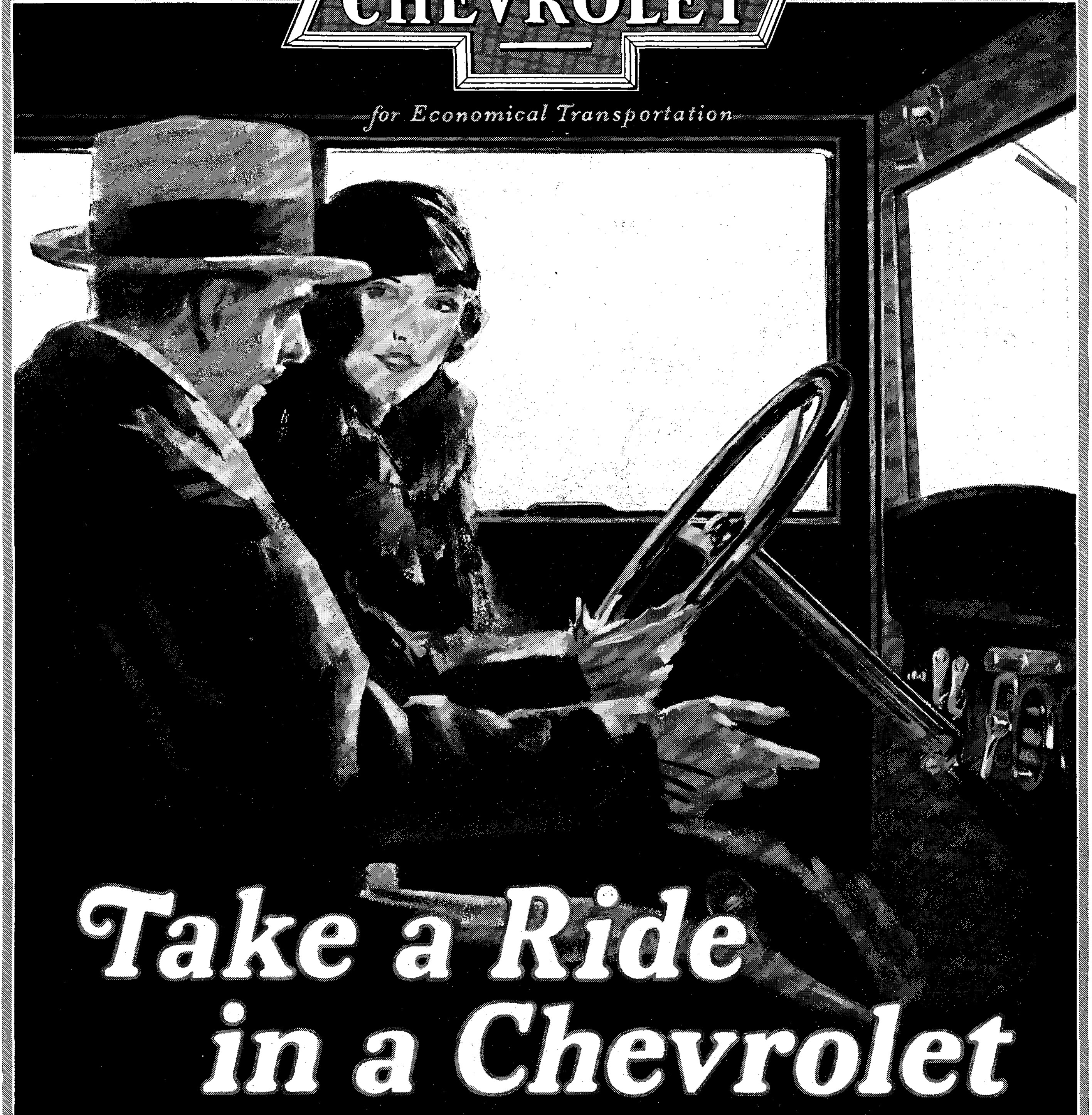
The shattered waters rush to join again,
And form anew the shadow of the swan;
Unhurt, the fragments meet in phoenix birth,
Once more the calm, deep-laughing image glides,
Beneath the enslaved bird's indignant breast.

You, too, my phantom soul, are there again,
Even as the shadow of the swan,
Mystic master of the wondering days.

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

**CHEVROLET**

*for Economical Transportation*



# Take a Ride in a Chevrolet

So superbly smooth is its performance, so delightful its comfort that you will step from the wheel amazed that such power, speed and snap could be achieved in a car that costs so little. No matter what car you are driving now or intend to drive—take a ride in the Improved Chevrolet and experience the revelation it will afford you! See a Chevrolet dealer.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

**QUALITY AT LOW COST**

# PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

Photographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, Washington

THIS IS NOT A RIOT—MERELY A SNAPPY GATHERING OF CORRESPONDENTS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN

## HOW THE WHITE HOUSE BECAME A GLASS HOUSE

THE MOST AMAZING PUBLICITY MACHINE in the world, in the opinion of experts who have studied it, is that elaborate system by which the President of the United States "lives in a glass house thoroughly open to the public gaze." And we are assured that it is "marveled at by statesmen in other countries who have not yet learned the secret of getting into the newspapers or keeping out." The fact that the President's doings "are printed in the newspapers with greater regularity than the doings of any one else on earth," that "his picture is seen more frequently on paper or movie screen"; that we are kept informed daily "with whom he talks or walks or plays or dines," that we know not only his views on every phase of politics, political economy and Government, but, through the newspapers and the moving-picture, "the man is ever present with us in the form of a clear-cut mental photograph"—all this is put forward as ground for the assertion that the President is "the most closely watched man in the world," who "can not escape the public." But we are reminded that it was not always so—that there was a time when an American President could retire into his shell and stay there. And the change is credited to one man, of the present generation of veteran Washington correspondents—Bill Price, "the original White House publicity man." Writing of whom in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Mr. Earl Godwin observes that the American people "would as soon think of tearing down the White House itself as going back to the days when their President was wrapt in mystery." Yet "covering" the White House was Price's "cub assignment," we are told, and until that country newspaperman "went to the White House to get the news on March 8, 1897, entire weeks would pass by without the President's being mentioned in the news columns." In fact:

Bill Price, who is still at work on a newspaper in Washington, started the business of telling the United States what its President is doing every day in the year. It was Bill's first city newspaper assignment, too. Most cub reporters started at the bottom, but Bill's first job in metropolitan-style journalism was covering the most exalted institution on earth; and it is entirely due to Bill's innocent ideas about news-getting that to-day the American public knows its Presidents.

Bill is an extra-large South Carolinian, and when he made his White House début was red of face and wore one of those old-time drooping black mustaches of the Simon Legree type. His coat in those days was a Prince Albert, with skirts ample as a tent, flapping as he strode along Pennsylvania Avenue, and his hat, of course, was a wide-brimmed black felt. His appearance at the White House just four days after McKinley had been inaugurated caused a sensation, for his Southern Democrat accent seemed a foreign language to the Ohio Republicans on guard. But they let him stay when he had announced he had come to spend the day, the first newspaperman to have that distinction.

All day long Bill stayed there, and made a habit of staying, and cherished the habit twenty years, "becoming a White House fixture, like the portraits of the Presidents and the State china-ware." Since which—

The matter of getting the White House news, which Bill started, has become one of the unique features of American journalism, without parallel in other countries. No one else has his views presented so frequently, so widely, so ably as the President, nor is any one else so readily able to test the public pulse through the medium of the press.

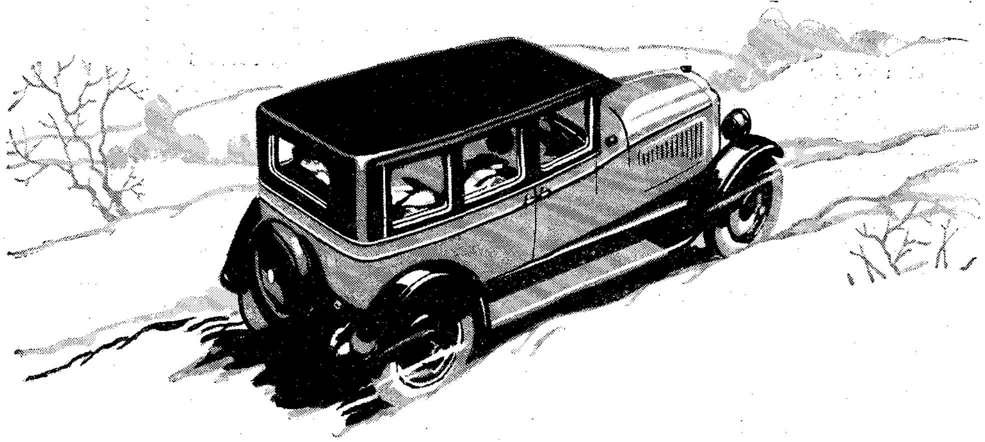
Bill did not know he was being hazed when the city editor of *The Evening Star* sent him to the White House that day with the order to "get all the news." It was equivalent, thought the city editor, to getting all the news of the Court of the Empress of China, or a slap-bang interview with the Grand Lama of Tibet.

Here Mr. Godwin gives us Bill Price's story in Bill's own words:

"You see, I had been running a little paper down in Greenville, South Carolina. What we called telegraph news I would clip out of the city papers, and I filled the rest of the columns with the local items. I would get down to the railroad depot and the court-house. Folks liked to see the trains come in, and that's where I would run across most anybody in the course of a week. People would be going or coming, and I could cram a note-book full of names of men and women, where they had been visiting, or who was coming to town, or who was sick, or who was going to be married.

"That was my school of journalism, and when I had attended

# *Judge* OLDSMOBILE BY ITS FINE PERFORMANCE - NOT BY ITS LOW PRICE



**SEDAN**
**$1025**
F.O.B. LANSING

Judge Oldsmobile performance for yourself. Learn this one great fact that thousands have already learned:—

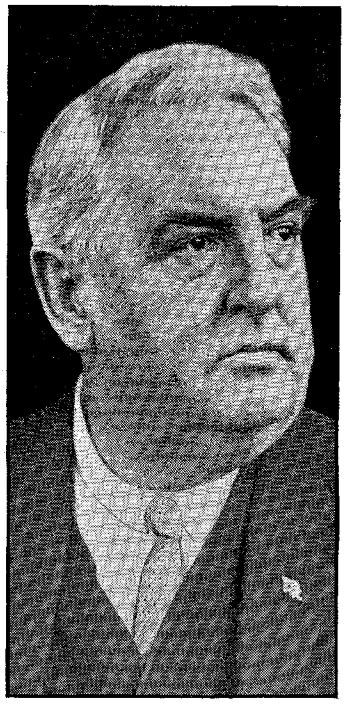
Oldsmobile Six is a car of strictest quality—a combination of beauty, comfort and dependability unequalled at its low price. Yet its most striking characteristic is performance—the smoothness of its engine—its quick acceleration and ample power—the efficiency of its brakes and its restful roadability.

Regardless of when you buy, or how much you choose to spend, you owe it to yourself to drive an Oldsmobile Six before you make your decision. It has something to offer that you cannot find elsewhere—and an hour at the wheel will tell you what that something is.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LTD., OSHAWA, ONTARIO

**OLDSMOBILE SIX**
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

it for ten years, I thought it time to graduate, so I headed north to Washington, D. C., and asked the city editor of *The Star* for a job. When I told him what I'd been doing, he told me to go up to the White House and get all the news; and it struck me it was just like going down to the railroad depot to find out who had come in on No. 9. I've been told later that he never expected to see me again; and I imagine he was surprized to receive a huge batch of copy I had written in pencil. I wrote that story standing up, holding the paper against the wall of the White House on the second floor. I remember how I started it off—'President McKinley entered the office to-day prepared for a hard day's work'."



Photographs by courtesy of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Sunday Magazine

THE WHITE HOUSE PEPYS

"Bill" Price, the "extra large South Carolinian," who adapted "deepo" interviewing to the Executive Mansion.

As Bill Price goes on to explain, "the President's office in those days was on the second floor of the main part of the White House, where it had been since the building was reconstructed after the British had burned it in the War of 1812." Reading on—

"I walked in the front door, told a man I wanted to go to the President's office or wherever it was he saw people, and some one was kind enough to escort me up-stairs and to lead me into a large anteroom where there were a dozen groups of men.

"No one paid much attention to me! I suppose they thought I was another office-seeker; and John Addison Porter, the President's secretary, was much surprized when he got around to me and I told him who I was and that I had come to get the news and spend the day. He didn't make any objection, altho I must say he was not over enthusiastic, so I took out my pad and pencil and began to tackle the groups of men just as if I were down at the Greenville depot. I wrote down their names and their answers to my questions as to why they were there. Without exception, they were all there to ask for government jobs for themselves or to recommend some one else.

"The civil service was not so extensive as it is to-day, most of the jobs going by Civil War record and political favor. That first day McKinley did nothing but talk about jobs; and I wrote reams about it, making simply a running narrative of the men who went into the President's office and the appointments they sought. Men seemed to have no hesitancy in asking for anything, but in the course of a week there were several refreshing exceptions. Among these was General Longstreet, famous Confederate leader, who had supported McKinley in his campaign against Bryan, and who came in to pay respects and asked for nothing."

Also, Price met the dashing Confederate cavalry chief, General Mosby, and says:

"When he came out of the President's room I asked him what he had said to the President and what the President had said to him.

"'Well, young man,' he answered, 'I don't know who you are, but I have no hesitancy in saying I was glad to get a close-range view of Major McKinley. He and I fought at long range often enough in the valley; but, as I told him just now, I have atoned for any trouble I gave him during the war, because I supported him as strongly in this campaign as I fought him in the Shenandoah.'

"My column was headed every day 'At the White House,' and for the first three months there was scarcely anything in it except news of the office-seekers.

"Men came for all kinds of jobs with no qualifications except that they had supported the ticket. They urged their loyalty on McKinley for everything from an ambassadorship down to the post of White House cook.

"My job got to be big enough for me to require a table, and, as the White House would not give me one, I went down on Four-and-a-half Street in Washington, bought me a second-hand kitchen affair and had a darky drive it to the White House in a rickety old express cart. I lugged it up-stairs myself and set it out in the hall, right outside the President's door. I caught 'em coming and going then, but it got to be too much of a job to write it all in long-hand, as I had to send it in batches down to *The Star* every hour; so I asked John Addison Porter to let me have a typewriter. I thought he would have apoplexy. Typewriters and telephones were very rare in those days.

"Among the little paragraphs that I remember now was one announcing that President McKinley had appointed a man named Charles G. Dawes as Controller of the Currency, in recognition of his great ability, and because this young Illinois firebrand had been largely instrumental in holding the State for McKinley in the pre-convention campaign."

Of Bill's column, "At the White House," which created a sensation throughout the newspaper world, Mr. Godwin says:

Not only did it contain news but also human interest, and newspapers all over the country began to reprint it in part or to base stories on some of the paragraphs. It went a long way toward making McKinley one of the best-loved Presidents, and for the first time a President was made to appear in the light of a regular fellow.

People began to think of the President as something more than a picture on a campaign banner, or a machine for getting out long and tiresome messages to Congress.

"At the White House" seemed to be a title that fitted well over the mild doings of the McKinley Administration, even during the Spanish War; but the column seemed to strain at its moorings when it continued through the Roosevelt days under the same caption.

Under Roosevelt came a new phenomenon in White House publicity—the "hand-out." The strenuous President had a fine sense of timeliness and issued statements just when people would be most interested in them and when editors were in a receptive mood. As Mr. Godwin remarks:

Roosevelt never tried to compete with a championship baseball game or a steamship disaster; on the other hand, when his statements reached the newspapers it generally happened that managing editors the country over would be tearing their hair in an effort to find something big enough and interesting enough for the first column on the first page.

Woodrow Wilson was not addicted to the statement habit, but he inaugurated the twice-a-week conferences with Washington correspondents, who, by the time he took office, numbered more than 200.

Bill Price gave up his White House work in 1917 to undertake more lucrative work on another paper, but the thing he started naively twenty years before has developed a free-and-easy interchange between the press and the President at which other nations marvel.

Apropos of which, a recent change in the tone and manner of the present "spokesman of the President" is noted by a veteran political correspondent, Mark Sullivan, who tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

There was a very definite mood at the White House to-day. The "spokesman of the President," in his semiweekly session with the Washington correspondents, had a manner unlike any that has previously characterized this device for communicating the ideas of the President to the public.

It was evident in the quick way in which he shot up out of his chair to a standing position, a particularly and stiffly erect position, to begin his talk, like a man who has something very positive to say.

Ordinarily the basis of these conferences is questions which have been handed in by the correspondents in advance—generally rather tame questions dealing largely with government routine. Usually the "spokesman of the President" holds a little sheaf of the questions in his hand and answers them in the discursive, tepid manner of a man to whom most of the questions are not very interesting, and most of the answers an old story.

On this occasion there was none of that. The "spokesman of the President" talked out directly on the stimulus, not of questions from the newspaper men, but of matters regarded by the President as important for the country to know about.

The "spokesman" covered four topics. To some extent they were related in nature, but their more obvious unity lay in the fact that the speaker had the same emotion about all four. The first was the action of some European statesman in bringing about the postponement of the meeting for the limitation of

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

### *Don't be afraid of your dentist*

Your dentist doesn't want to hurt you. He won't have to if you make it a rule to visit him regularly every six months for thorough teeth and gum inspection. He will prevent trouble in your mouth which ofttimes leads to dangerous illness.

# 4 out of 5 *invite pyorrhea*

Four out of five, through sheer carelessness, extend an open invitation to grim pyorrhea. Your own dentist will tell you that this is the percentage upon whom pyorrhea fastens its hold after forty.

If you would escape, visit your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums. If used regularly and used in time Forhan's prevents or checks pyorrhea and keeps the mouth healthy.

Tender bleeding gums indicate pyorrhea's first attack. If not arrested, the teeth may loosen and poison spread throughout the system, producing rheumatism, neuritis and other serious disorders.

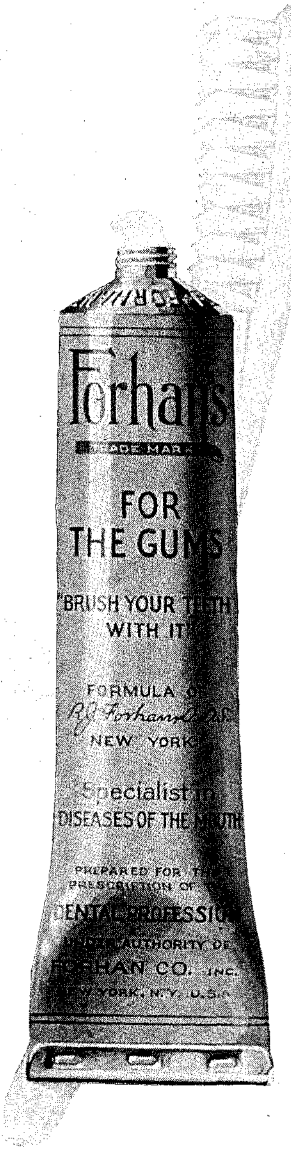
At pyorrhea's first sign, go to your dentist for treatment and be sure to use Forhan's. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists in their treatment of pyorrhea.

Forhan's is a splendid dentifrice for the entire family. Children like its pleasant taste. It gives the teeth perfect cleansing and makes them clean and white.

Don't take chances with your health. Start now to make Forhan's a daily habit. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

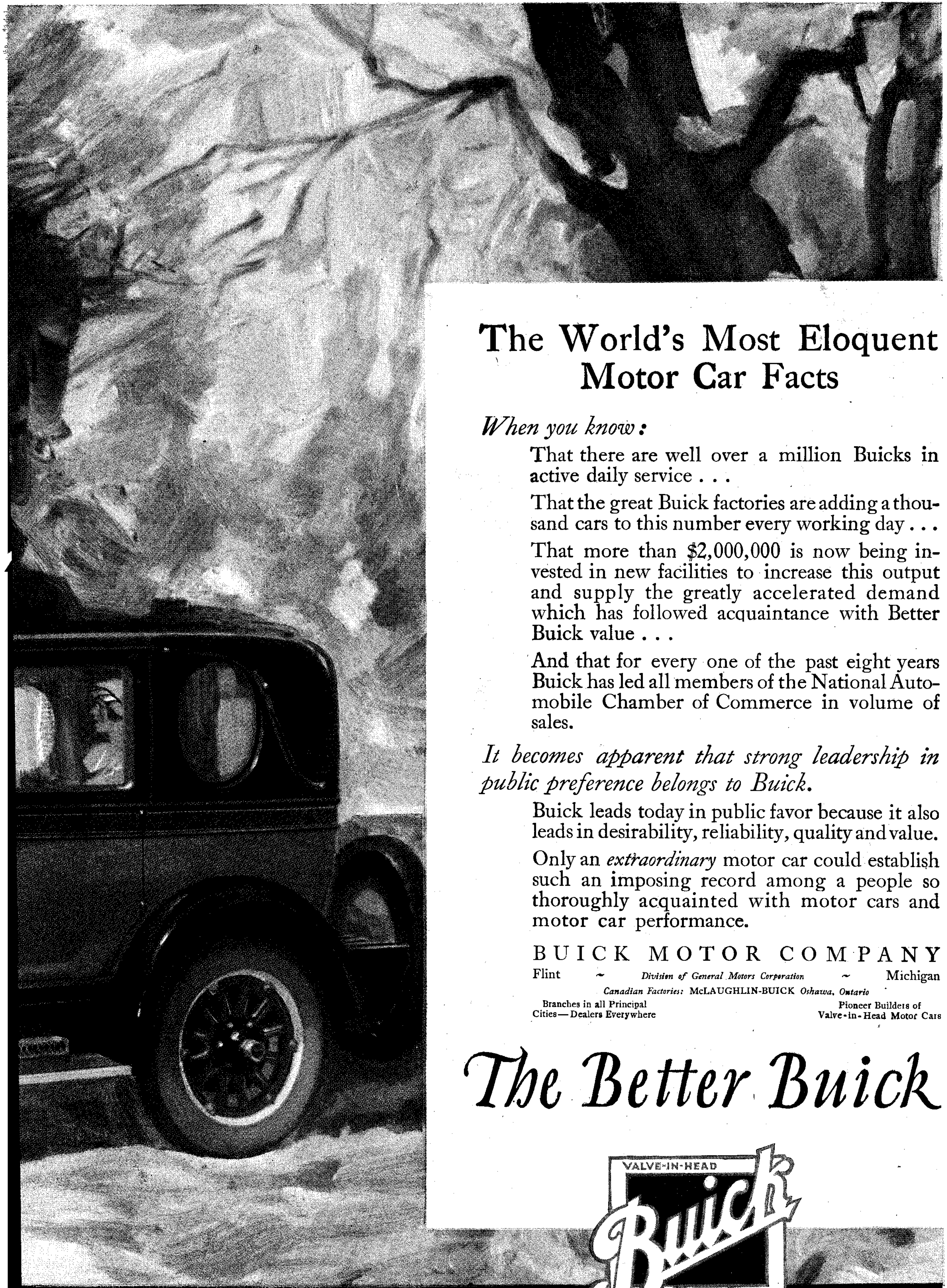
*Formula of* R. J. *Forhan*, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

**Forhan's**
**FOR THE GUMS**


Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY OF
FORHAN CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A.

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE B



# The World's Most Eloquent Motor Car Facts

*When you know:*

That there are well over a million Buicks in active daily service . . .

That the great Buick factories are adding a thousand cars to this number every working day . . .

That more than $2,000,000 is now being invested in new facilities to increase this output and supply the greatly accelerated demand which has followed acquaintance with Better Buick value . . .

And that for every one of the past eight years Buick has led all members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce in volume of sales.

*It becomes apparent that strong leadership in public preference belongs to Buick.*

Buick leads today in public favor because it also leads in desirability, reliability, quality and value.

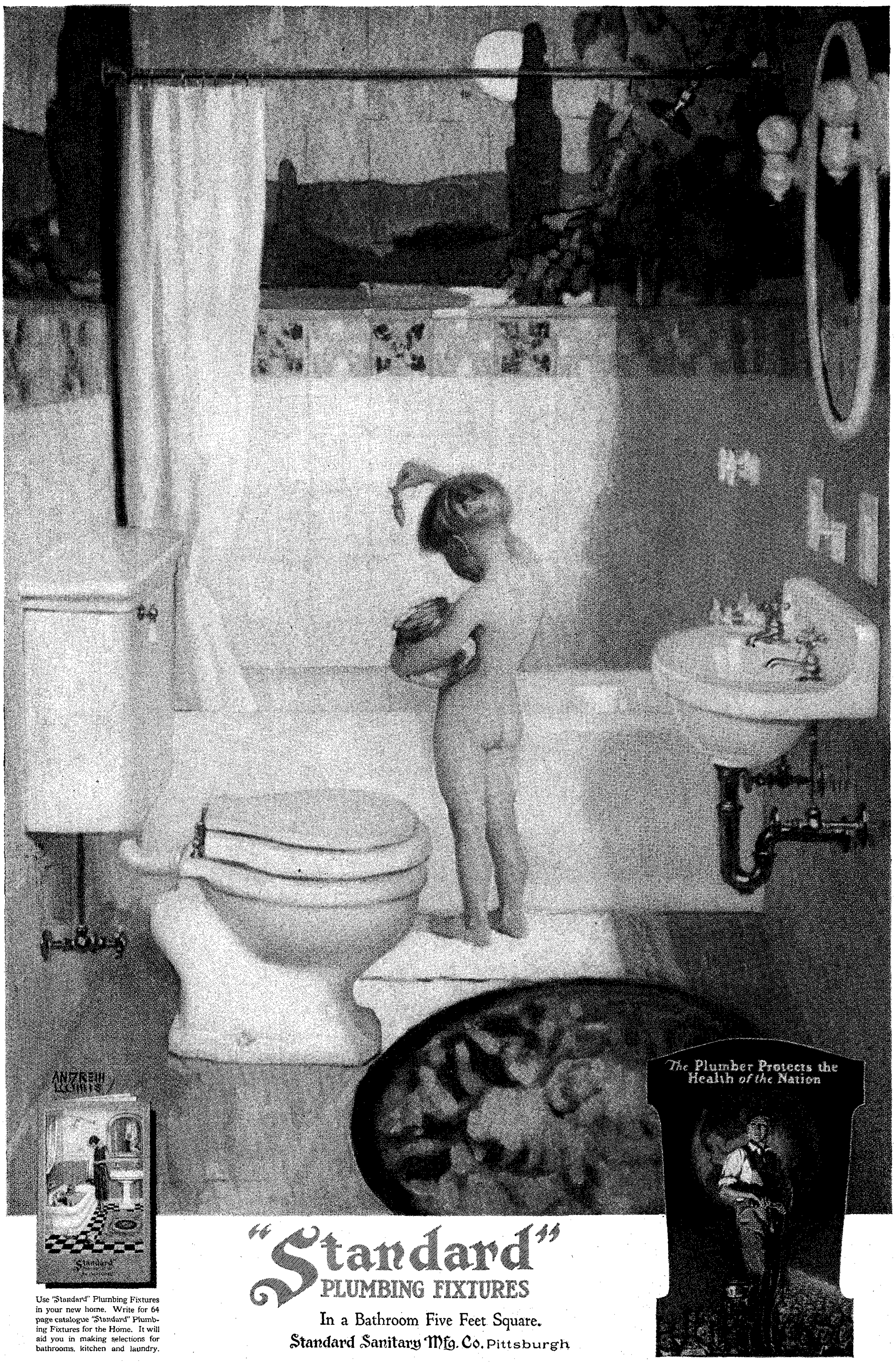
Only an *extraordinary* motor car could establish such an imposing record among a people so thoroughly acquainted with motor cars and motor car performance.

**BUICK MOTOR COMPANY**
Flint ~ *Division of General Motors Corporation* ~ Michigan
*Canadian Factories:* McLAUGHLIN-BUICK *Oshawa, Ontario*
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

## The Better Buick

VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

T ~ BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Plumber Protects the Health of the Nation

Use "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in your new home. Write for 64 page catalogue "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home. It will aid you in making selections for bathrooms, kitchen and laundry.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

In a Bathroom Five Feet Square.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh

> armaments. It was apparent that this bit of news in the morning papers had been less agreeable to the White House palate than the maple sirup.
>
> It would be subversive of diplomatic decorum to suggest that any one in official American life ever regards any maneuver of European statesmen as being other than frank, ingenuous, and for the most exalted of motives. If we did not know of this fundamental rule of diplomacy we might surmise less from the words in this case than from the manner that the White House harbors a disturbing wonder about the possible existence of an African in the European woodpile. For the moment and on this point the nativity of a prominent American seemed to be transferred from Vermont to Missouri, and there was an earnest desire for convincing information bearing on the necessity of delaying the limitation of armament.
>
> From this, the "spokesman of the President" turned to a naturally related topic, the American Army and Navy. But for the conventionality which requires that all news emanating from these conferences be attributed to the "spokesman of the President," one might say that the Army and Navy had been "bawled out" by its commander-in-chief.

It was evident that what was said had been thought out in advance, declares Mr. Sullivan, and goes on to summarize the Administration's outgivings on the Army and Navy appropriations, the World Court, and Senator Walsh's attack on Attorney-General Sargent. After which:

> The "spokesman of the President" introduced his final topic with the same device he had used for prefacing remarks about the Army and Navy. We were told that this is the time in the political calendar when the country is informed that very dreadful things are going on in the Government. The newspaper men, of course, understand the allusion, which means that in the spring months of every Congressional election year, the party out of power begins to raise issues, begins to give the country reasons why the party in power should be displaced.
>
> Specifically, while no names were mentioned, the allusion was meant to apply—and reply—to the attack of the Democratic Senator Walsh, of Montana, on Attorney-General Sargent and Secretary Mellon's connection with the Aluminum Company of America; and to the attack of progressive Republican Senator Norris, of Nebraska, on the President's actions in connection with the tariff commission. As to all this, we were told the President hopes the country will bear in mind the partizan political explanation for much of this sort of thing, hopes the public will not believe the country is being administered badly, and thinks the country may feel assured that any violations of law, such as always arise occasionally, will be energetically handled by the Administration.
>
> So much for what was given out from the White House. By way of comment it is possible the mood was no more than a not infrequent reaction of any reader to an issue of the morning newspaper recording an uncommonly large number of respects in which the world is behaving itself in ways not approved by the reader's best judgment.

And here Mr. Sullivan seems to be seized with an intuition of a still wider extension of White House publicity, for he says:

> There has been apparent for some time an increasing disposition of the President to get his views before the public through the medium of newspaper articles in indirect quotation.
>
> In one Washington newspaper there has been a daily series of such inspirations. One might guess that the President, having found the Republican leaders in the Senate either negligent or indifferent about defending him, has decided to do his own defending.

A "SPOKESMAN OF THE ADMINISTRATION"

Guarded phrases such as this are applied by the news men to their unnamed authority after a foregathering with Mr. Coolidge, as above.

# "THE VULGAR HABIT OF LAUGHING"

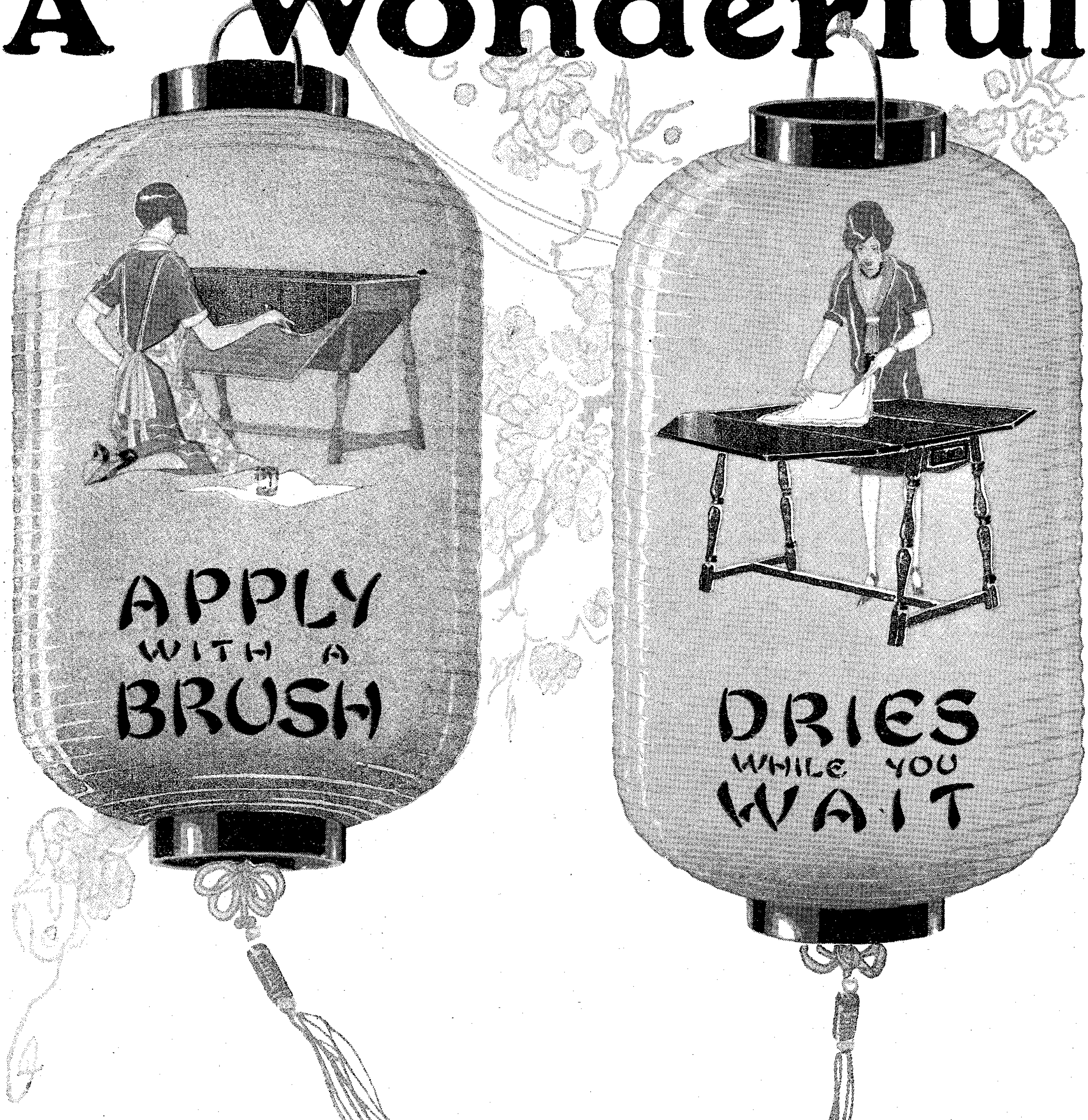
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are ceasing to laugh, according to Thomas L. Masson. He makes the alarming prediction that the wide-open mouth will soon be seen only in dentists' offices and eating establishments, and will be a symptom of vulgarity. He also declares that the wares of the humorists were disappointing during the year just past. Writing in *The International Book Review*, he tells us:

> It is gradually beginning to dawn upon the most reluctant people in the world—I refer to the Americans—that their humor is no laughing matter.
>
> Laughter will soon be recognized as a vibratory emotion in which the death-rattle is distinctly discernible. Unless all signs fail, laughter will soon be relegated to the past as one of the lowest forms of self-expression.
>
> The man who laughs will be in the same case with the man who spends money only upon himself. Both are forms of ostentatious vulgarity, not to be tolerated where spiritual intelligence will soon hold dominion over intellect.
>
> Hitherto, in order to conceal our dismay over the sudden display of truth as it came in humor, we have thought it best to laugh. But this is an age of exposure. The necessity for dissimulation has gone. We no longer feel ashamed at anything we do.
>
> Hence, when a good joke comes along, we may easily be inclined to shed tears over it. The tragedy of it will shock us more than before the truth of it tended to make us conceal it with an outward show of mirth.
>
> And from all this—who knows?—a national sense of humor, hitherto lacking, may arise. In a democracy all things are possible.
>
> David, one of the first unprofessional humorists, and therefore a good one, remarked that all men were liars. That established his reputation. It was true, and therefore humorous.
>
> Of course, real humor must not only be true, but it must be put in such form as to be startling. A recent writer in the London *Spectator*, in commenting upon this fact, remarked that he could not for some time understand why it was that the undoubted humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas no longer interested him, until it suddenly occurred to him that the reason was he was no longer shocked. That explains a great deal. It explains why so many humorists go up like rockets and come down like sticks. Also why the old jokes are the best, because, where nothing shocks us any more, we quite naturally turn to the durable things, in a kind of revulsion. We go back to Gilbert and Sullivan, not to get a laugh out of them so much as to realize the beauty and excellence of their lines and cadences.

At this point Mr. Masson, whom many readers reasonably regard as a past master of the happy art whereon he discourses so learnedly, deduces a necessity that confronts our humorists, and decides that they have met it:

> It therefore becomes necessary all the time for our humorists to be more finished in their work. And they are. They write better, technically. But certainly they are hard put to it for forms. Mr. Corey Ford falls back on Rollo. Two or three years ago Mr. George S. Chappell fell back on Rollo. Similarly Mr. Christopher Ward falls back on the time-honored burlesque of fiction, which in 1867 Bret Harte used in his "Condensed Novels," and which has been used in some way or other from ye olden days. Mr. Newman Levy finds himself in the ballad form, some of his work suggesting the Bab Ballads, and Miss (Is she a Miss?) Anita Loos is much closer to the present; for Ring Lardner's influence is plainly discernible in her work, and her phrase, "If Mama did not die of hardening of the arteries," suggests that also quite possibly she has read her George Ade.

# A Wonderful



Now *you* can have a beautiful, wear-resisting lacquer finish on any piece of furniture—on your floors and woodwork—on anything that can be painted. *You can apply it yourself in a few minutes.*

This wonderful Rogers Brushing Lacquer, *for home use,* is applied *with a brush* like ordinary paint. Goes right over the old finish. Covers perfectly. Brushes out freely.

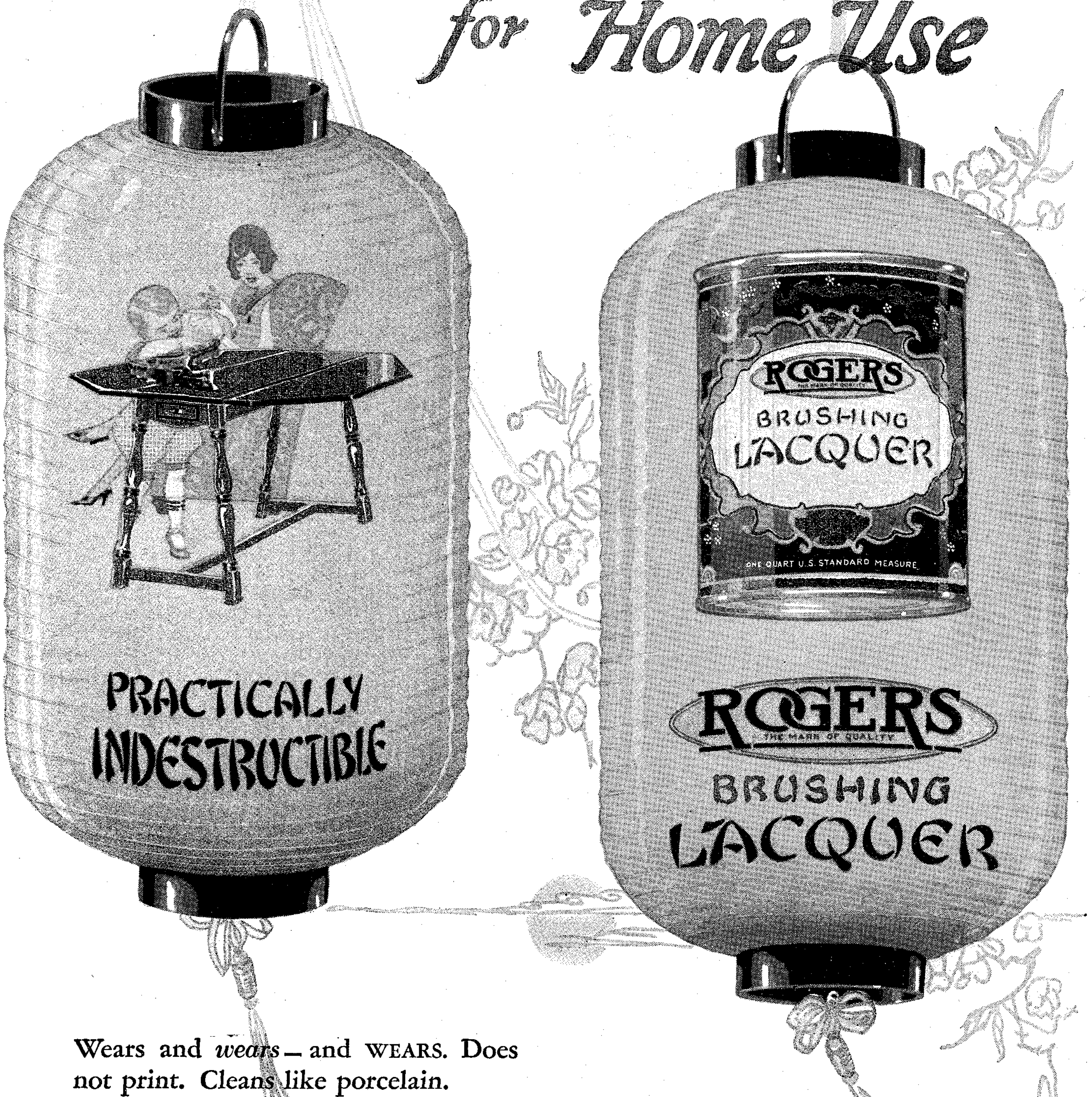
Dries while you wait!—HARD AS PORCELAIN AND READY FOR USE.

Just consider what this means. You lacquer a chair and *while you wait* it dries and is ready to use. You lacquer a bedroom floor *and a few minutes later replace all the furniture and walk on the floor.* You lacquer woodwork and *hang your drapes almost immediately.* Do you wonder that women call it a "miracle"?

In addition to quick drying, Rogers Brushing Lacquer offers phenomenal wearing qualities. The porcelain-like surface is practically indestructible.

QUICKLY RENEWS SHABBY FURNITURE, FLOORS, STAIRWAYS,

# New LACQUER
## for Home Use


PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE
ROGERS
BRUSHING
LACQUER
ONE QUART U.S. STANDARD MEASURE
ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING
LACQUER

Wears and *wears*—and WEARS. Does not print. Cleans like porcelain.

Why discard shabby furniture? Why put up with dingy floors and woodwork? You can get genuine Rogers Brushing Lacquer in any of the popular colors, also black and white. Comes in cans, mixed, ready for use. No thinner is needed. Any woman can apply it the first time. See the Rogers dealer and try it at our risk.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS
*Detroit, Michigan*
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

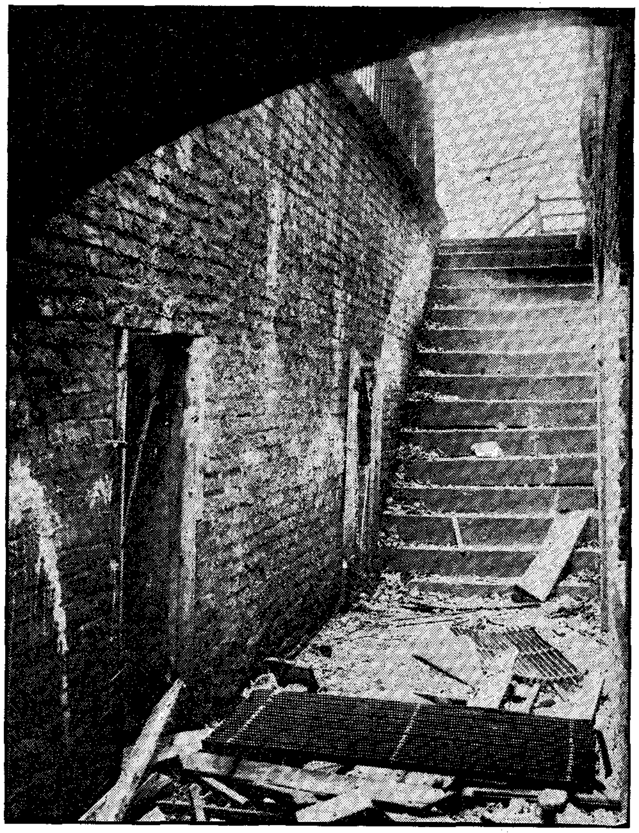
**MONEY-BACK GUARANTY**

*So amazing is this new Rogers Brushing Lacquer—so positive are we that it will immediately revolutionize all your ideas of household painting and refinishing—that we unhesitatingly make this liberal guaranty to any woman in America: "Purchase a can of Rogers from any dealer. Apply it according to the simple directions. If you are not more than delighted, return what is left in the can to your dealer. We authorize him to refund the entire purchase price."*

**WOODWORK, CABINETS, BRIC-A-BRAC, TOYS, ETC., ETC., ETC.**

# UNEARTHING SLAVERY'S DUNGEONS

ALMOST IN THE SHADOW of the National Capitol, the archeologists and relic-hunters of Washington are bemusing themselves over what appears to be a ghastly vestige of slavery, brought to light in the course of the demolition of the historic Capitol Hotel, at Third Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. With its imposing Colonial façade, balconied and pillared, the Capitol was once one of the most famous hotels in this country, and "boasted of an intimate acquaintance with Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Francis Scott Key, and Jefferson Davis." Writing of its destruction in the Washington *Star*, Harold K. Philips reminds us that it "has seen Washington grow from a muddy village to a pulsating metropolis." And he relates that the wreckers tearing the old hotel to pieces uncovered "rows of dark, filthy, iron-barred cells around the walls of its cellars." Wayfarers passing along Pennsylvania Avenue during the work of demolition have paused to peer and wonder at these prison pens. Investigators of a historic turn have recalled that a slave market once existed in that neighborhood, and have drawn the conclusion that "slave-drivers once herded their human chattels in these lightless cells preparatory to auctioning them off in the slave market." Which brings from Mr. Philips the comment:



DOORS TO THE OLD SLAVE PENS

Here negroes for the market were kept "chained to the basement walls, while their owners were guests of the hotel."

So, altho many of Washington's oldest citizens may regret the passing of the hotel where their fathers once entertained, they should find solace, at least, in the fact that it removes at the same time a silent but accusing witness of that time in America's history when human souls could be barred in damp dungeons to await the gold of the highest bidder.

It is noted as a singularity of the Capitol Hotel that it seems almost entirely to have escaped the notice of the historians and bibliographers, and much that is known to-day of the old structure comes down from verbal anecdotes. However—

Its shorn lobbies and uncovered cellars tell a mute story of their own glory—and, be it said in all honesty, of their own shame, too.

Just when the Capitol Hotel was built can not be truthfully determined. One authority here declared it was one of the oldest two hotels still existing in this country. While this may not be exactly correct, it probably was classed among the oldest, and quite possibly outranks any other hotel remaining in Washington, from the view-point of antiquity. It has enjoyed, too, a variety of names.

For many years the old hotel was known as the St. Charles, and before that as the Exchange. Then it was renamed the Capitol, and of recent years a later management strove in vain to save it from demolition and reclaim its lost prestige by adding to its official title the well-meaning adjective "new." It never again knew, however, the glories that once were all its own.

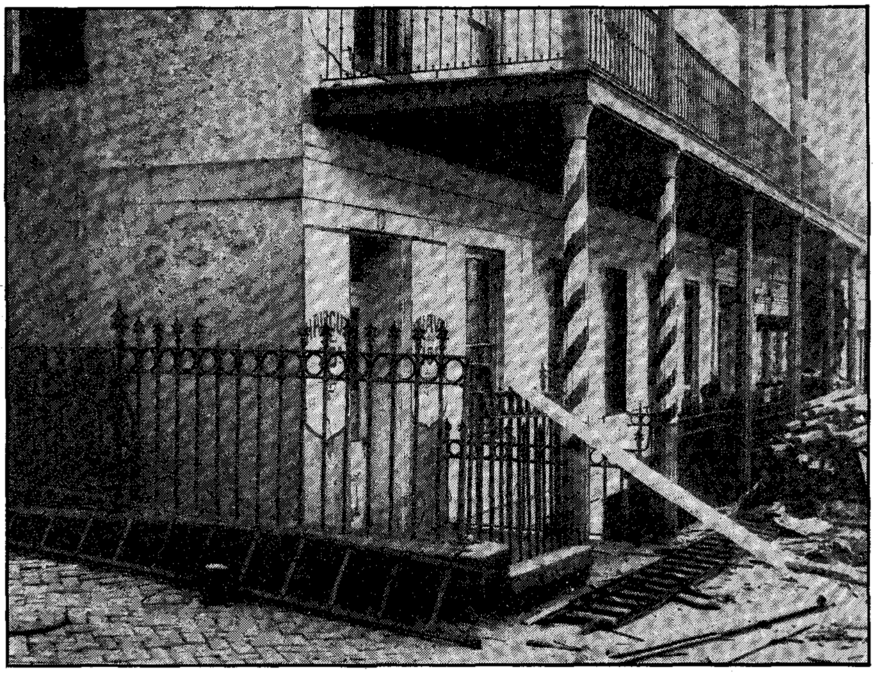
One of the few writers to devote the energies of a versatile pen to a brief description of the Capitol Hotel was the Rambler. Writing in the Sunday *Star* of December 30, 1917, he had this to say of its earlier history:

"It has been given to the Rambler as a tradition, that it was at a banquet in this hotel that President Andrew Jackson declared that 'the Union must be preserved.' The Rambler has at hand no record of this particular banquet and has not now the time to look it up, but the sentiment was frequently exprest by President Jackson, and with great emphasis in his proclamation promulgated at Washington, December 10, 1832, against nullification. During the great nullification controversy Jackson made many public announcements that 'the Union must be preserved . . . !'"

Tradition had it, too, that the big desk that adorned the office was once the property of Jefferson Davis; another claimed that some of the doors and pillars were a part of the old Capitol Building itself. There is some dispute over this latter tradition, but it was learned that a collector appeared in the plaster-covered lobby of the hotel a few days before it was destroyed and paid the wrecker an inviting sum of money for two of the pillars. He hopes to make them part of his home some time.

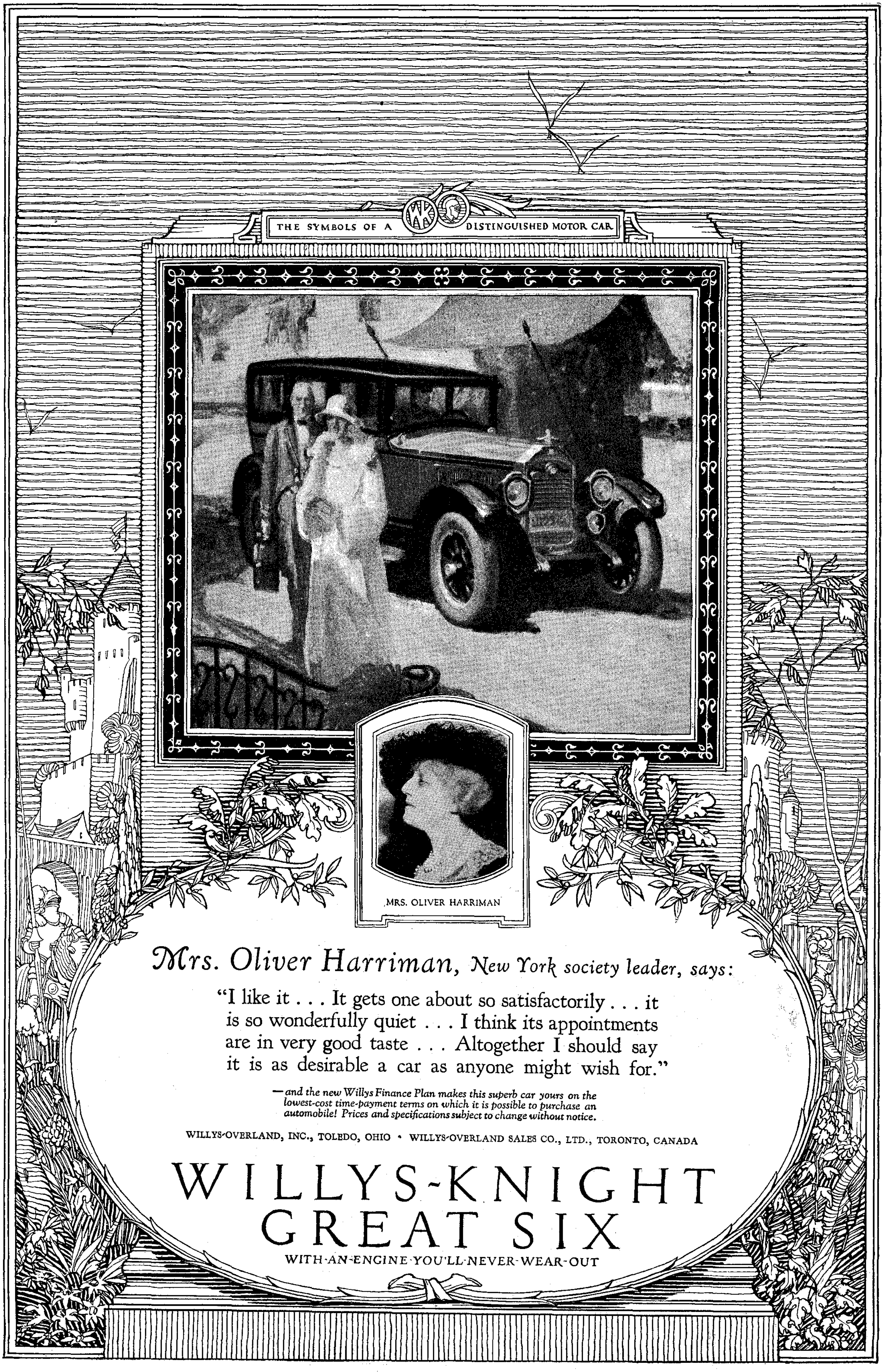
"The legend is mute," declared the Rambler, referring to this same dispute, "as to whether those things (the columns) came from the Capitol on its restoration after the damage done it by the British in the summer of 1814, or upon the changes made in the structure during the building of the marble wings begun in 1851, or during some one of the numerous improvements made in the Capitol under the terms of Architects Benjamin H. Latrobe, Charles Bullfinch and Thomas U. Walter."

One of the rooms in the Capitol Hotel was proudly referred to as the "Clay room," a name given it, it is said, because Henry Clay once occupied it. It is believed the great statesman stopt



DISTURBING GHOSTS OF WEBSTER AND CLAY

Near this corner of the old Capitol Hotel, according to local tradition, stood the block where slaves were sold.



THE SYMBOLS OF A DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CAR

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

*Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York society leader, says:*

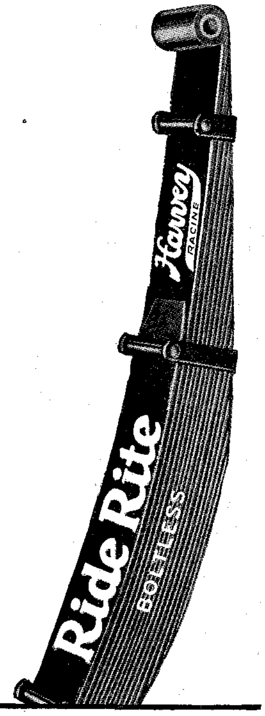
"I like it . . . It gets one about so satisfactorily . . . it is so wonderfully quiet . . . I think its appointments are in very good taste . . . Altogether I should say it is as desirable a car as anyone might wish for."

*—and the new Willys Finance Plan makes this superb car yours on the lowest-cost time-payment terms on which it is possible to purchase an automobile! Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO • WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

WILLYS-KNIGHT
GREAT SIX

WITH·AN·ENGINE·YOU'LL·NEVER·WEAR·OUT



**Service Satisfaction Surety**

Harvey springs have longer life—that's service. Harvey springs are more comfortable to ride on—that's satisfaction. Harvey springs are guaranteed—that's surety.

There can be no greater care and exactness exercised in spring making than the standard followed in the making of Harvey springs. They are the product of specialists.

The dealer who wants to give you sound and honest values has Harvey springs, or can quickly get them for you. Complete stocks at the factory, for all models of cars, insure prompt service.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING COMPANY
Dept. L • Racine, Wisconsin
NEW YORK BRANCH
11th Ave. and 47th St.

Use HARVEY Springs with Ford Balloons

Keep RUST out of your springs—use Harvey handy Spring Oilers and Oil

SENT FREE
"Springs and Their Care" ☐
Information on Oilers ☐
" on Harvey Bumpers ☐

Name
Street
L2-20 City State

Harvey RACINE

Harvey
SPRING OIL

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

at the hotel during his years of service in Washington.

All around the Capitol Hotel were the homes of men whose names are engraved forever in the history of America, says Mr. Philips, and Clay lived for a long time in a house that occupied the present site of 312 C Street. Moreover:

Just next door Daniel Webster boarded. In this same block also lived Francis Scott Key, John C. Fremont and Thomas H. Benton. Henry Clay also lived for a while at Mrs. Peyton's boarding-house, at 4½ Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. Other distinguished men who boarded there were John C. Calhoun, Robert Y. Hayne, Henry A. Wise and Henry Wilson. Henry Clay's last home in Washington, according to the Rambler, was the National Hotel, and he died there in 1852.

When the Capitol Hotel was first built at the northeast corner of Third Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, that section of Washington was the center of the National Capital's social and official life. Then the trend of business, under the necessity of expanding, started its movement westward, and the passing years left the old hostel stranded amid the deserted relics of an order that had passed on.

## WHY VACHEL LINDSAY SWEARS BY THE LOG CABIN

A WANDERING poet came to New York the other day, and an interviewer waylaid him with questions, principally about America, but first about New York. "New York," he said, "is the vest-pocket of America. But tho it may set the time for the country, it isn't the country." California is more influential, he thinks. "California stands for the new type of expression by picture rather than by printed word. Yes, many of the movies are cheap—but then, most things are cheap. What we have to do is to look for the beauty in them. There is splendor in California." But America—what, essentially, is America and how does the essential America proclaim itself? Reviewing her talk with Lindsay, Marguerite Mooers Marshall tells us in the New York *Evening World:*

Not Babbittry, not Ku Klux Klannery, not the jazzmania of the big cities, not the reformers' mania for regulating the affairs of every one else—not any of these more or less obvious current manifestations of the American spirit is its true essence, in the opinion of Vachel Lindsay, the All-American poet who has tramped for years over and across the United States reciting to every-day Americans his verses about Johnny Appleseed and Lincoln and turkey-gobblers and firemen's balls, and other themes as national as Indian corn.

"The spirit of Andrew Jackson and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln—these represent America and Americanism," the poet told me earnestly when I saw him at the Hotel Brevoort. "And it is a spirit which is as living in the America of to-day as in the America of yesterday! Jackson and Lincoln—all that they stood for—are America's best contribution to the world.

"And to me America is still best symbolized by the log cabin," he added, with a poet's happy disregard of his immediate surroundings. For he was being interviewed in the city of skyscrapers, and the pretty, pink-cheeked, ex-school-teacher of Spokane, Washington, who recently became Mrs. Vachel Lindsay, had just closed the window to keep out the roar and racket of New York streets.

"Jackson, who in himself and his life was the things which Jefferson put into words, made the log cabin famous. But there are plenty of log cabins left to-day—those finely representative Americans, the forest rangers, live in them. When I think of the log cabin I think of a house which a man has built himself from the wood that grows around him, I think of a real lake near by, I think of a hearth with a fire on it."

Here the newspaper woman suggested, "of simplicity, of democracy, of individual freedom," and altho the poet has no liking for abstractions, it was evident that he recognized these qualities of simplicity, democracy, and individual freedom in the typical American. Reading on:

"The things most worth while," he says, "are one's own hearth and neighborhood. We should make our own home and neighborhood the most democratic, the most beautiful and the holiest in the world."

"But do you really think that old-time Americanism is still dominant?" I asked. "How about the various attempts to suppress freedom of expression, especially when any criticism of our institutions is involved? How about all our busybody blue laws?"

To which Mr. Lindsay replied that his sentiments about the wave of petty reforms are best exprest by Huck Finn, for—

"You remember that the old-maid aunt didn't want him to smoke a pipe. 'Of course,' reflected Huck, 'she uses snuff herself—that is all right!'"

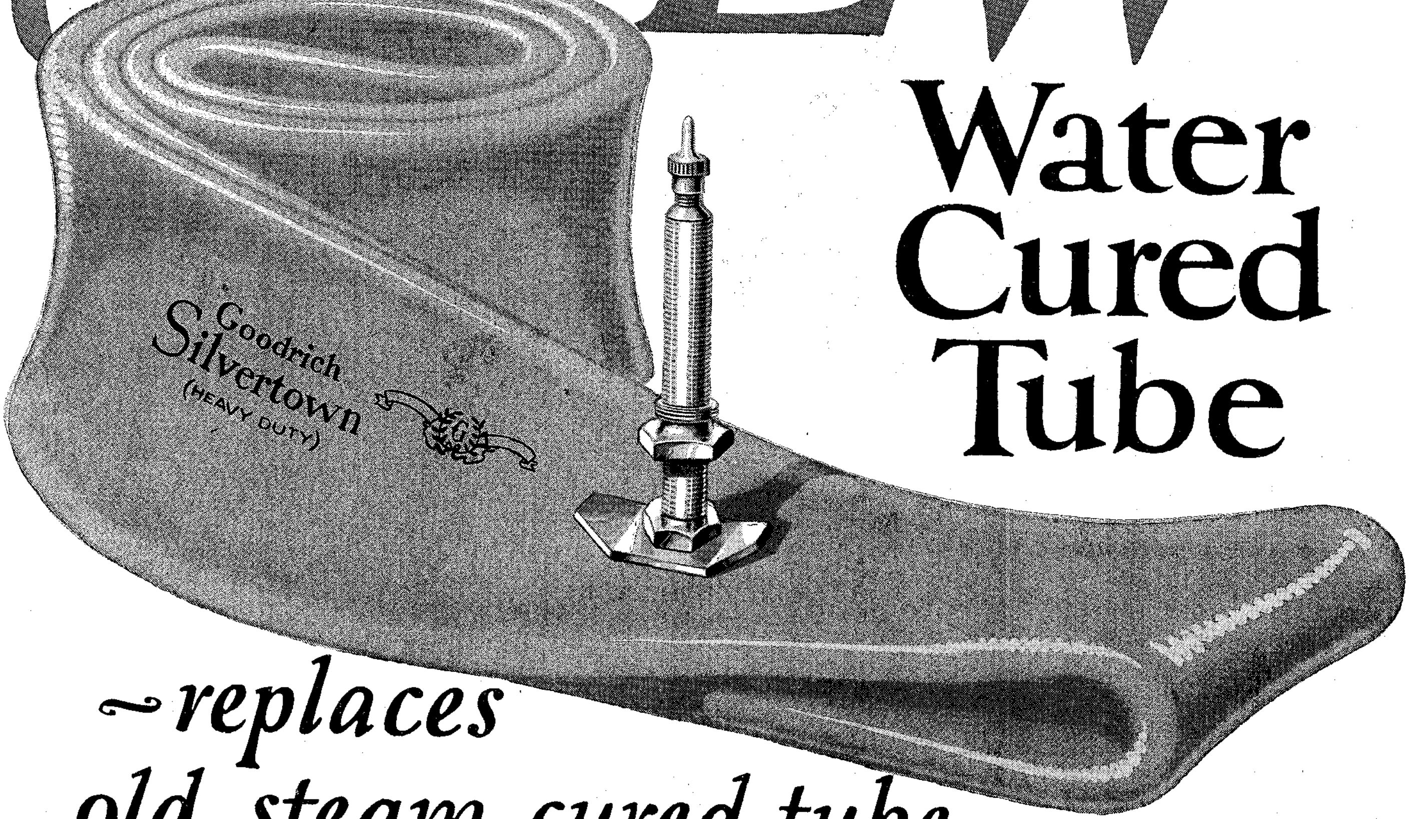
"'Compounding sins we are inclined for by damning those we have no mind for,'" I quoted, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay twinkled agreement.

"One of the things that's the matter with us in this country," briskly added the poet, "is the mania our legislatures have for passing laws. The idea seems to be just to pass them—many of them no one thinks of obeying. But the other thing to which I object is our policy of silence under criticism. I don't agree with you that freedom of expression is menaced. I can mention two publishing firms"—and he did—"also one magazine"—and he did—"the whole of whose output is nothing but criticism of our institutions. Any foreigner can criticize."

Curious to learn if Mr. Lindsay "agreed with the critics who find Americanism tainted with Babbittry, jazzmania, or both," *The Evening World's* representative questioned him directly, and tells us:

"Babbittry," he replied, "is simply the state of mind of the small American business man of Main Street. The men who are his bosses are not Babbitts. And neither are the laboring men and the farmers."

# NEW Water Cured Tube



## —replaces old steam cured tube

HERE is the *perfected* inner tube, as near 100 per cent quality as human effort can attain ideal perfection.

By installation of the *Water Cure* in place of Steam Cure, Goodrich has reduced the chance of casual imperfection in tube making to the vanishing point.

For years tubes have been cured in steam. The new process substitutes *water at the temperature of steam* for steam itself—water under 150 pounds pressure.

This scientific refinement puts complete security into the physical condition of a Goodrich tube; hence practical assurance that it will render utmost service.

The water impact compresses evenly the entire surface of the tube, delivering its force exactly the same to each millionth part of a square inch.

It irons out every bit of aeration, or the slightest vestige of a raw seam, and leaves no chance for small air pockets, bubbles, blisters, and imperfections around the valve.

A tube of firm velvety texture, with neatly joined seams is turned out—all of it free from flaws, visible or invisible.

You see the difference in the tube made by this process the instant you take it in your hand. You feel it in its tough yet lively rubber—the strength and flexibility of it.

You like how the seams merge into the tube. You admire the precision and completeness of the finish around the valve.

Its performance too has demonstrated that it is a more lasting tube.

It ages better; that is, withstands normal weakening from time, and has greater resistance against tear.

When you buy a tube, made by the *Water Cure Process*, the chance of getting an imperfect tube is next to nothing.

When you buy Goodrich or Silvertown tubes, you buy the *Water Cure Process*.

One and together they write security into a tube investment.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO, ESTABLISHED 1870

In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

# Goodrich

*Goodrich is the exclusive manufacturer of the celebrated Silvertown Tires, famous Hi-Press Footwear, Goodrich Zippers, Goodrich Water Bottles, and thousands of rubber mechanical articles for industry.*

# HOW THE FILMS FOUGHT SHY OF "BILL" FIELDS

THEY DIDN'T WANT HIM. They couldn't "see" him on the screen. They knew he was a "riot" on the vaudeville stage from China to Peru, but they argued, according to some quaint code of the movies, that because he was a great pantomimist he was not fit to be a picture star. And so they hardened their hearts against him and smiled scornfully at his pathetic pleas for a chance to show what he could do. One is reminded of "Cinderella," "The Ugly Duckling" and other immortal fairy-tales, for now we read of W. C. Fields that he "has busted into the movies like a bandit into a silk store." For Bill has had his chance at last, and he is a "wow." His name is freely linked with Charlie Chaplin's, and "they are all on their knees to him," relates Harold Cary in *Collier's, the National Weekly*, while the theatrical organ, *Variety*, says, "It is understood that Fields's contract with Famous Players calls for a salary payment to him of $400,000 for six features," and predicts that he will withdraw from Ziegfeld's "Follies" this month to start on the first of the pictures, which is to be filmed in Florida. And this is the man, Mr. Cary points out, who has been trying by every known means for fifteen years "to get into the movies." Fields "did everything he could think of—wrote letters, applied on beautiful application blanks, pulled enough wires to make a telephone system for a city of thirty thousand people," and "made a million faces" at the movie folks. Only scorn was his reward. As he says, "I couldn't get a straight offer for the silent drama until I got a speaking part on the stage." But now:

"THE FUNNIEST MAN ALIVE"

So critics have called "Bill" Fields, who is seen here in one of his earliest screen successes—"That Royle Girl."

He has come to the great goal after twenty-five years of lonely wandering. After trouping all over the civilized world the magic wand of the movies has delivered Bill such a wallop on the shoulder that his whole frame is quivering.

For the past ten years he has been playing in the Ziegfeld Follies on Broadway—and still he couldn't get into the movies. Before that he was a vaudeville actor who did an act alone in front of the curtain. He juggled a set of balls plaintively, pathetically, humorously—made every one laugh, and never said a word.

He used simple little movements of his hands, his shoulders, the corners of his mouth, eyes, eyebrows. He can carry on a conversation with a man who is stone deaf. He can tell jokes, make homely observations on life, make you sigh, bring tears to your eyes, all without a word. Another great pantomimist, Charlie Chaplin, was gathering in a fortune through the screen while the lonely Fields was doing his silent work before the drop curtain.

It "went over big"—there—but would it "go over big" in the movies? Those who were paid high salaries to judge thought not. They said he lacked "screen personality." So—

They left him to bring down the house wherever he was, on Broadway, at the Folies-Bergère in Paris, in Berlin, Milan, in Madrid. Columnists and critics raved about him. It has long been the smart thing to be appreciative of the merrymaking art of W. C. Fields. Movie magnates sent their stars to see him and learn new tricks. But they wouldn't listen to him, or when they did listen they ended by turning him down.

Lonely he has been, and still is—I think he is the loneliest man I ever saw. He has never forgotten the years on end when he trouped up and down this country and every other country where there is a theater. And he had, as he played to the Follies audiences, the feeling in the back of his mind that the day would come when he would have to go back to his trouping again.

Briefly reviewing Fields's career, Mr. Cary says:

He built well, this trouper, beginning when he was twelve years old. "I started to juggle three apples," he told me. "I meant to keep at it for a year, every day, but at the end of the year I was only fair, not good, so I took another year. And then I got a job in a vaudeville bill at five dollars a week near my home in Philadelphia."

In that first act, and on up the long grade, he used "gags" or patter while he juggled. He played circuit after circuit, from old-time burlesque up until he was booked at the greatest music hall of old-time New York—Koster & Bial's.

He had won then, twenty years ago, the greatest honor that could come to a trouper of those days.

It was a short enough jump to European music-hall triumphs, where he was on for a month at a time in the capitals of Europe each summer. He was in Madrid when he got a cable asking him to come on to New York to play in "The Ham Tree" with McIntyre and Heath. He came and he stuck two years before he went back to trouping his "act in one," all over the world.

"One year I went West and lost a day. The next year I went East and won it back again," he grinned.

"Lonely?"

"Oh, good Lord," he said, and with his pantomime he would have brought tears to the eyes of a hard-boiled Follies audience.

He was just out of Fremantle, Australia, on ship for Bombay when the German war vessel *Emden* frightened all shipping back into port. And there he found a cable calling him to New York to play in a musical comedy on the big time.

For thirty-nine days and nights he traveled toward his Golconda, met the company in Syracuse, played one night and was fired.

Nevertheless the days of his trouping were over. That terrible jinx that hit him in Syracuse, forty days out of Fremantle, was done for: Gene Buck of the Follies sent for him. For eight years, from 1914 to 1922, he played his comedy turn with them, jumped for a year to another producer, and then into a straight play. His chance to speak had come.

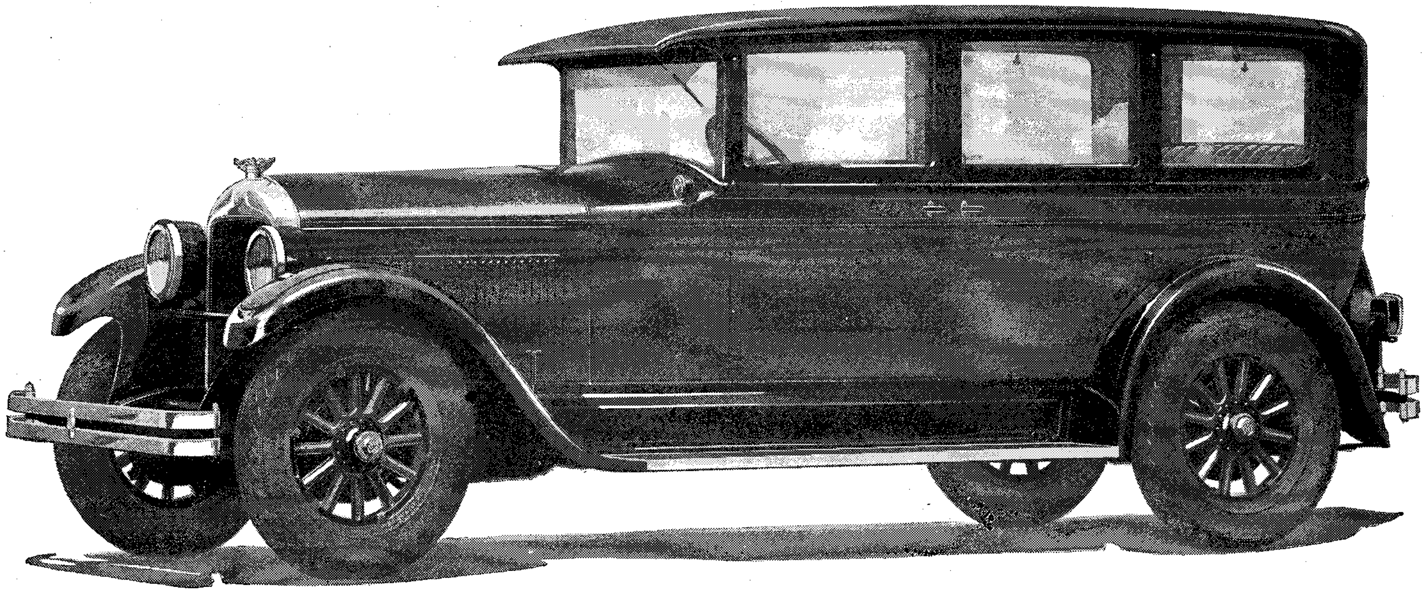
D. W. Griffith bought the picture rights to the play in which Fields was working. He engaged Fields, and last summer they made the picture. The critics who saw it went wild. Audiences responded to his inimitable characterization and clowning with laughs that shook their bodies.

Another picture was begun at once. Producers began bidding for his contract. For Fields they are building up a unit like Thomas Meighan's and Gloria Swanson's. Chaplin welcomes him as an equal.

As Mr. Cary goes on to say, lonely Mr. Fields knows no more Italian or German than Will Rogers does. In fact, he managed to play in Europe only by learning pantomime, and "he dropt

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

**Ordinary eights dwindle into insignificance in comparison with Hupmobile—extraordinary eights can do no more, if as much, in get-away, softness, silence, sustained power and speed, and economy.**



**New Series**

# HUPMOBILE EIGHT

**Hawaii**

**Where Life Moves in Restful Tempo**

Dawn. Over the ship's bow dead ahead rises the island of Oahu, misty and purple in the early light. Close at hand flying-fish skim the waves. A sampan dawdles by, dungaree-clad figure at the tiller.

Hawaii, Uncle Sam's island territory, where everybody, including the cops, takes life comfortably. Winter, and hibiscus in full bloom. Diving boys, flower-laden lei girls, "Aloha Oe" by the Hawaiian Band.

Business men draw new dividends—rest and relaxation—in Waikiki's shoals. Luaus (feasts) in palm-thatched houses; 7-course dinners (with fresh papaya appetizer) on smart hotel lanais (verandas). You hear your own language and are made comfortable by all your accustomed home conveniences.

***Easy Trip to Make***

Pack the clothes you wore last summer, pick up your golf bag—and come. It's *that* easy! Your nearest railway, steamship or travel agent will book you to Honolulu. You can make the round trip direct from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C., in 3 or 4 weeks (5 to 8 days each way) for as little as $300 to $400, including first-class steamer accommodations, hotel and sightseeing. This gives a week or two in Hawaii—but you'll want to stay longer, so arrange in advance for all the time you can spare.

On all the larger islands, good golf links, tennis courts, motor roads, first-class hotels. Swimming, surfing, deep-sea fishing, mountain hiking the year round. Volcanic wonders in Hawaii National Park.

Write now
HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

214 MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
343 FORT ST., HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

the juggling for the sake of the freedom of the gesture he needed, just as Will Rogers dropt his rope in order to chew his gum faster." But what is it, really, that makes Fields a prince of stage humorists? It is never slapstick, declares Mr. Cary, who observes:

> He doesn't slip on a banana peel, throw a custard pie or hang by his knees out of an airplane. He is funny because you and I, and our relatives, the rest of the human race, are funny. He slightly caricatures us in our intimate troublous moments, most especially when we want so much to be strong and brave and courageous, and can't quite make it. He sees through our bluff and calls it. How that man should be able to play poker!
>
> "In pantomime or in speaking parts," Fields said, "what gets the laughs is this: A bit of real, homely truth, action or words, developed to a surprize ending.
>
> "Take this example: My daughter wants to throw a stone at a bad man. I stop her from throwing, shaking my head and giving her a little slap. My disapproval is complete. You think: 'That's right, she shouldn't throw a stone even at the villain.' Then I hand her a brick to throw. The bit of truth is that if you are going to strike you'd better hit hard."

## UP AGAINST THE "SOCIAL LOBBY"

"WATCH your step" is the moral impress upon a certain Congressman by his experience with Mr. Jenkins, social lobbyist. The Congressman, we are told, went to Washington "with high ideals and an eager desire for public service." Little by little, he became disillusioned, and his confessions are written out for him by Oliver P. Newman, former president of the Board of Commissioners for the District of Columbia, who quotes him as saying that before he went to Washington he had heard about "social influence" being used there to gain legislative favors, but as acknowledging that it was several years before he got first-hand evidence of the methods. Then Jenkins came into the picture, and the thing "slapped him right in the face." Copyrighted by Current News Features, Inc., the story begins:

> I had met a bright young newspaper man whom I shall call Jenkins, which was not his name. I was meeting so many people and going about so much at the time that the circumstances of making his acquaintance did not register on me. It was not until afterward that I could look back and see that he had adroitly sought me out and drawn me into association with him.
>
> The meeting was a luncheon at the Shoreham—that colorful, noontide rendezvous of the diplomatic corps and politico-social officialdom, where the smartest girls and young matrons gather every day to see and be seen. Another correspondent from my own State had invited me to lunch with Jenkins. I afterwards learned it was at Jenkins's request. I was charmed by the young journalist. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was faultlessly drest, and his manner and personality were altogether delightful. He was witty, well informed, amiable and, it was plain to see, as smart as they come. We had a most enjoyable hour together, and I parted from him with real regret and the sincere hope that I'd see more of him.
>
> The next day Jenkins called me up at my office.
>
> "I was telling my wife about you last night," he said, "and I guess I must have done a little press-agenting. When I related what a good time we had at lunch yesterday she was real peeved because I hadn't brought her along, so I told her I'd ask you for a return engagement. How about lunching with us to-morrow?"

The Congressman accepted, and met them next day at the same place. He continues:

> I could hardly believe that so charming a man as Jenkins could have an equally charming wife, because those things so often go by opposites. Mrs. Jenkins, however, was delightful. She and her husband were about thirty-five years old, and she was certainly the most beautiful woman I had met in Washington. While he was a striking brunette, she was a lovely blonde of the peaches-and-cream variety, with a mind as alert and well stocked as her husband's.
>
> We had a gay, chatty, happy luncheon, which I enjoyed more than any meal I had had since coming to the city. The Jenkinses knew everybody. Army and Navy officers, distinguished Senators, big captains of industry, diplomats and social leaders of the capital stopt at our table in an endless stream. All were warmly cordial to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, who were obviously on terms of intimacy with the elect of the hour.
>
> That luncheon was the beginning of many parties. The Jenkinses drew me into the circle of their friends. I had them to dinner at the Willard, they took me to tea at the Purple Iris, we got up larger parties for dinner trips to the near-by roadhouses, and, finally, they took me on a week-end jaunt to Atlantic City. We drove down in the Jenkins car—one of the most expensive—and put up at the Ritz. My money was counterfeit. Jenkins wouldn't let me spend a cent. I did manage to tip the wheel-chair pusher once or twice and to buy lunch one day, but all the other expense was pleasantly but insistently paid by Jenkins.
>
> "Look here," I said in protest, the second evening, "you must let me pay my share of things down here. You're squandering your money on me as if I were royalty. You mustn't do it."
>
> Mrs. Jenkins reached up and patted my lips with her fingers, which was not at all an unpleasant sensation. She pretended to pout and made a pretty pretense of being offended.
>
> "Don't discourage him," she cried. "He's usually a terrible tightwad. If he's on a spending jag, for goodness' sake don't remind him of it. I hope to get into him for a new fur coat while this mood is on him."

When they left, the Congressman tried to pay for his room at the hotel. To his surprize, it had already been paid for, and he tells us:

> I was inclined to make an issue of it, but we were soon in the big limousine, and Mrs. Jenkins was chatting happily, and Jenkins had waved my protest away with

# P. A. is so *cool under fire*

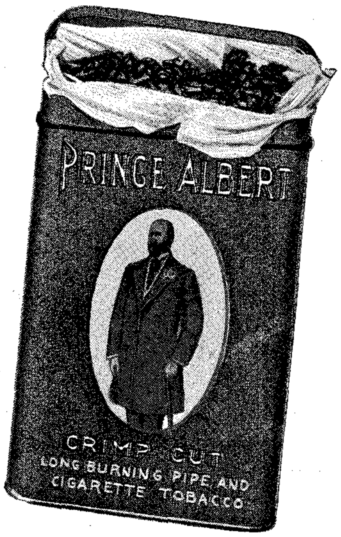
GIVE Prince Albert a workout in your old jimmy-pipe. Forget all about any previous experience you may have had in trying to smoke a pipe. For P. A. is unlike any tobacco that ever stepped up to a match. Unlike, with a capital U!

Notice how cool it smokes, no matter how fast you feed it. And yet what a wonderful taste it has. You guessed it—toothsome, but toothless! P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. The Prince Albert process hung the "No admittance" sign on tongue-torture!

That's why men everywhere are resurrecting their pipes, reaming them out and starting fresh with this big-league smoke. You, too, will make a go of it with Prince Albert. And then, happy smoke-days for yours. You'll lay your pipe down twice a day after that—when you're brushing your teeth!

So, Men, the ball's in your territory. A little footwork will place you in a nearby smoke-shop where they hand out the biggest order of smoke-joy that can be crammed into a tidy red tin marked "Prince Albert."

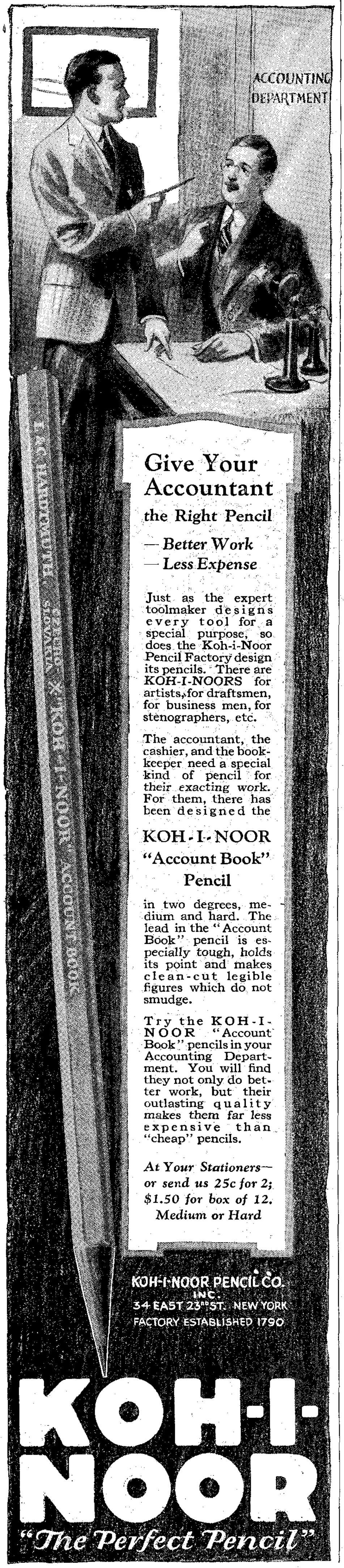
*P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*



## PRINCE ALBERT

*—no other tobacco is like it!*

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



**Give Your Accountant the Right Pencil**

— *Better Work*
— *Less Expense*

Just as the expert toolmaker designs every tool for a special purpose, so does the Koh-i-Noor Pencil Factory design its pencils. There are KOH-I-NOORS for artists, for draftsmen, for business men, for stenographers, etc.

The accountant, the cashier, and the bookkeeper need a special kind of pencil for their exacting work. For them, there has been designed the

**KOH-I-NOOR "Account Book" Pencil**

in two degrees, medium and hard. The lead in the "Account Book" pencil is especially tough, holds its point and makes clean-cut legible figures which do not smudge.

Try the KOH-I-NOOR "Account Book" pencils in your Accounting Department. You will find they not only do better work, but their outlasting quality makes them far less expensive than "cheap" pencils.

*At Your Stationers— or send us 25c for 2; $1.50 for box of 12. Medium or Hard*

KOH-I-NOOR PENCIL CO.
INC.
34 EAST 23RD ST. NEW YORK
FACTORY ESTABLISHED 1790

**KOH-I-NOOR**
*"The Perfect Pencil"*

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

such apparent sincerity that I dismissed the thing from my mind. I told myself the Jenkinses were mighty darn fine folks and must like me a whole lot to do so much for me. I had got the impression they had plenty of money from inherited property, and I found myself boosting my opinion of Jenkins because I thought he was a regular, hard-working correspondent for a big, important newspaper when perhaps he might be taking his ease.

I had been living in a modest hotel near the Capitol, but when I entertained the Jenkinses and their friends I went over to one of the more fashionable places in the White House and embassy section. Mrs. Jenkins insisted that I move down to the big, expensive hotel where they lived in a luxurious suite. I frankly explained that it was out of the question, because I couldn't afford it. Mrs. Jenkins then insisted that if I was determined to remain on Capitol Hill, I must do my rooms over, refurnish them if the hotel did not have appropriate things, and fit myself up in the style befitting my position.

I let them talk me into the undertaking, and before I knew it Mrs. Jenkins had taken charge of it. She called for me with her car and took me away morning after morning to pick out window draperies, chairs, rugs, pictures and other things for my rooms. Then, when the articles were delivered, she and some young woman friend would come over and spend hours trying them out. The job spread out over a month, and when I was finally fixt up I found the Jenkinses had adroitly made me presents of about half my stuff. Still I didn't see how I could refuse. They seemed to be such good friends, so sincerely interested in my welfare, that I hated to offend them by declining their gifts.

Later on, when his relations with Jenkins had grown still more cordial, Jenkins called at the Congressman's office one morning, as debonair as ever, but with a curious, calculating expression in his eye. "I dropt in to see you about the power bill," he said. "I suppose you are against it." The Congressman, much surprized, "No, I'm for it. It will mean a lot to my people." Whereupon—

Jenkins entered a long argument against the measure, which related to a big development project in the State adjoining mine and was being vigorously fought by certain private interests. I did not combat him very strenuously. I disliked what seemed to me to be an intrusion of official business into our personal relations. I was also afraid I might lose my temper, as I felt very strongly on the other side of the issue.

Jenkins tried every way possible to get me to say I would not vote for the bill. At that time he did not ask me to vote against it. He mentioned our pleasant social relations and hinted at the courtesies he and Mrs. Jenkins had shown me. He also hinted there would be others in the future. He finally left me, still pleasant in manner, with the hope that I'd change my mind and the remark that he would see me again on the subject soon.

That night we were together on a gay dinner and theater party. He and his wife were as delightful as ever, and I began to think he had dropt the power question. He was back at me next day, however, and I got mad and talked to him pretty roughly. He paled a little, but used temperate language throughout and finally left me, expressing regret at my attitude.

Curiously, our social relations terminated at the same time. The Jenkinses dropt me like a hot potato. There were no more lunches, teas, dinners, theaters or week-end trips. I never saw them except for an accidental meeting at some public place. The power bill fight grew hotter. There was a Congressional investigation, records of the Washington telegraph offices were examined and Jenkins found to be the lobbyist for one of the big financial interests behind the private companies. I had been singled out for social attention because I was on the committee in charge of the bill.

---

## LIFE NO PICNIC IN SPAIN'S FOREIGN LEGION

"I WAS a mercenary," says John F. Boylan, who had served with the Greek Army before being approached by a Spanish military attaché with an offer of a commission in the foreign legion. As represented, the new job would last only a few months and yield $1,200. Boylan took it, crossed from Gibraltar to Ceuta in Morocco, and a week later was shooting and being shot at "along with other victims"—Spanish convicts subsequently reinforced by Mexicans, Porto Ricans, and Cubans. No sooner had these gentlemen from overseas arrived than a thunder of big guns, the Spanish Navy bombarding Adjir, brought the war uncomfortably close. "Some few Americans were among them," Boylan tells us, "and two or three were very young boys whose thirst for adventure had blinded them to caution." After a few days in the Riff, they were heartily sick of the affair, and, in an account published by the Baltimore *Sun*, Boylan relates:

A young lad from Baltimore listened to plans for escape and finally elected to show those who only talked some real action. He was gone two hours when the native police caught him. If he had been anything but an American or a Britisher, he would have been shot.

Instead, he was tied to a post in a tortuous position for hours, without food or water. The captain of his company beat him cruelly about the face and head and shoved him into the prison gang. This latter was a revelation.

Cabo Carlos, a convict released from a life term for several murders, presided over the prison gang. He had absolute authority for making life as miserable for those under him as he could. Suffice it to say that the Baltimore boy dropt from a weight of 168 pounds to 118 under Cabo Carlos' ministrations.

An ignorant Greek, who resented the arrogance of his corporal, suffered a worse fate. The corporal was only imitating his superior officers. When the Greek punched his nose, the corporal cut his side with a piece of broken glass and informed his officers that the Greek had stabbed him.

The officers had been making merry with wine that evening. The corporal's tale offered a better divertisement. A court martial was held promptly.

After a few moments, a lieutenant strode into the barn in which Boylan was sleeping.

# Burroughs

## *has Built its* MILLIONTH *Machine*

Your confidence in the Burroughs Company has made this accomplishment possible. The millionth Burroughs machine is tangible evidence of your generous acceptance of our contribution to modern business methods. We shall continue our policy of quality and service, which has won your support.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

"—it quickly paid for itself"

MONROE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HIGH SPEED
ADDING-CALCULATOR

THAT statement "it quickly paid for itself," is the keynote of countless letters from executives who have investigated the Monroe through a *free trial.*

If you will let a Monroe Man place a Monroe High Speed Adding-Calculator in your office, instruct your assistants in its simple operation, have them use it on your work, you will fully appreciate the value of Monroe service.

Reports will show that it quickly pays for itself—not only in salaries, but in avoiding delays, confusion, risk and worry. The Monroe saves time through its flexibility and short-cut methods, its simple operation and lightning speed; saves errors with its visible proof of accuracy and quality construction.

We will gladly arrange a free trial.

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: Orange, N. J.

*Monroe Machines and Service are available in All Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World*

A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

He selected ten men, including Boylan and another American, and the story continues:

> The ten of us took our guns, curst the fate that led a young officer to go shooting at Riffs at night, and then we were ordered to get picks and shovels.
>
> The lieutenant led us over the mountainside to a spot about two miles distant from the camp. We dug a grave. While we waited the lieutenant sung a gay ballad from the Madrid music halls.
>
> Then over the hill appeared a group of officers. They were singing and passing a bottle to and fro. They cut at the broom with their walking-sticks, and one of them who held a lead rope, which bound the wrists of a heavy legionario, sang loudest.
>
> The Greek was blindfolded. He had been pulled and dragged blindfolded to the spot. He could understand no Spanish, he had committed no crime, and he was totally ignorant of his fate.
>
> All this passed through my mind while they led the Greek to a position where he would drop into the grave when he had been shot. We were ordered to aim.
>
> I nudged Mabrie, the other American, and we both dropt out of the firing-squad. A lieutenant asked us arrogantly why we had gotten out of line. We told him.
>
> About six of them belabored us for some minutes with their canes. We were ordered back to the squad again. We refused. Finally one of them suggested that we be given the job of filling in the grave, and let alone. With a convulsive movement of his bound hands the Greek was able to tear the bandage from his eyes when he heard the order to fire. He probably didn't know of what he was accused. Next day the corporal, a victim of conscience, confessed that his tale of the stabbing was untrue. He was sent to the Ceuta prison for life. At that the Greek was probably luckier than the corporal.

Desertion, we are told, was "the subject of most of the conversation in the legion camps. In not a single instance was there ever any who scorned to discuss methods for escaping," and Boylan gives us a close-up of legion psychology when he transcribes some of the talk:

> "But, Señor, I will go no farther. I am deadly tired and I am frightened to death. For four weeks I have been in this Spanish foreign legion.
>
> "For three weeks the Moors have shot at me at least once a day. Never have I seen a Moor at whom I could shoot back. The officers curse and beat us. They know not how to keep the Moor from killing us. Madre de Dios, I shall go back to Ceuta and escape from this legion by ship."
>
> We were halted on the top of a Riffian mountain in the Beni-raous country, this Spanish volunteer, who helped me learn Spanish, and myself.
>
> Behind us lay the tortuous thirty-one miles over the mountains from Tetuan. We had been stumbling after the mounted officers at a dog-trot over this trailless region since four o'clock that morning. Besides hardtack and stale fish, washed down by muddy water, we had eaten nothing since the cup of coffee before we started.
>
> Across the valley below arose a higher mountain. Beyond it was Sok-el-arba, the concentration point for our bandera, toward which we were marching. Beyond Sok-el-arba were more mountains, infested with the desperate, invisible Riffs who were to contest every foot of our advance toward the holy city of Sheshuan.
>
> The prospect was not inviting and Pedro's outburst could be well pardoned. The main body of our company was disappearing in a grove of wild olive-trees midway on the descent to the valley. Between the company and ourselves, the mountainside was dotted with stragglers.
>
> "Come, Pedro," I called, "we must hurry before we are left far behind for the Moors to shoot."
>
> Pedro wiped the tears from his eyes, shifted his Mauser to the other shoulder and presently was following me at a run down the mountain.
>
> When, in a moment of utter rebellion, Pedro had declared that he would try to escape, he knew that his were empty words. Not that either of us, and Pedro was Spanish, had any illusions about the duties of a soldier, but bad as the Riffs were ahead of us, the native police and the civil guard, which advanced cautiously behind the legion, were worse.
>
> This rear guard had orders to shoot any deserter found traveling north. They killed with cheerful alacrity. With the civil guard and the native police withdrawn there would have been no foreign legion.

Such was "the morale among the troops on which Spain depended for victory over the Riffs," and such were "the shock troops which bore the brunt of the fighting and safeguarded the advance of the conscripted regulars." So Boylan concludes that—

> The use and abuse of this legion, whose action decided the tide of battle, is probably the answer to the question of why the poorly equipped, outnumbered Riffs were able to drive the Spanish back to Tetuan and Melilla, and how the Riffs are at present able to keep the Spanish armies from penetrating farther than Adjir from Alhucemas Bay.
>
> In the bloody campaigns of 1922 and 1923, when the Spanish suffered their greatest losses, the invading columns were composed of five banderas (regiments) of legionarios and several divisions of conscripted regulars. The legionario was a volunteer. He received the munificent pay of 14 cents a day. The regular was a boy from Spain doing his time in the Army for two and one-half cents a day.
>
> Men of all nations composed the rank and file of the legion. Spanish prisons were opened to prisoners who enlisted for a five-year term. To these were added great numbers of volunteers from Latin America. Scattered among these Spanish-speaking soldiers were some twenty or more Americans, as many Englishmen, a few Germans, a Swiss or two, a few Frenchmen, an Italian, a Greek, and others.
>
> The ranking officers (cheerful discovery for Americans) were officers in the war between Spain and the United States.
>
> At one time General Weyler (Butcher Weyler), notorious as the oppressor of Cuba, commanded the division with which the legion was operating.
>
> This was the personnel of the troops which were raised to save Spanish conscripts from slaughter and to rescue the gold, silver, antimony and other valuable deposits in the hills of the Riff from its owners, the Riffians.

# who tests your tubes?

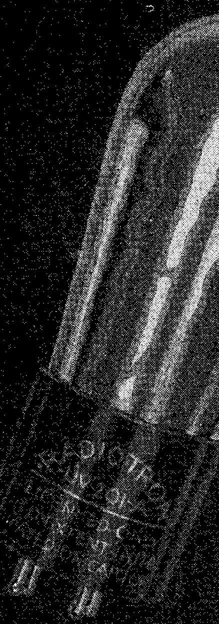
WHO makes the vacuum tubes you use? is one important question. Who tests them? is another.

The same great research laboratories that developed the Mazda lamp have developed the Radiotron. The five great factories that manufacture the Mazda lamp, manufacture the Radiotron. And the same genius and the same scrupulous accuracy are behind the test methods developed for the RCA test laboratories.

You would not think of putting into your lighting socket today, anything but a Mazda lamp. Why put into your radio socket, anything but an RCA Radiotron—backed by the same skill, the same engineering and manufacturing resources?

A Radiotron is far more difficult to make than an electric lamp. It demands accuracy to the hundredth of an inch. It demands ten million times rarer exhaustion of the air from the tube. And to guard against error in the turning out of hundreds of thousands of Radiotrons—to insure the high standards of uniform perfection that have made famous the names of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse, the RCA test laboratories have developed tests delicately exact. When you buy a vacuum tube—know who made and tested it. Look for the RCA mark and the name Radiotron on the base.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO



RCA

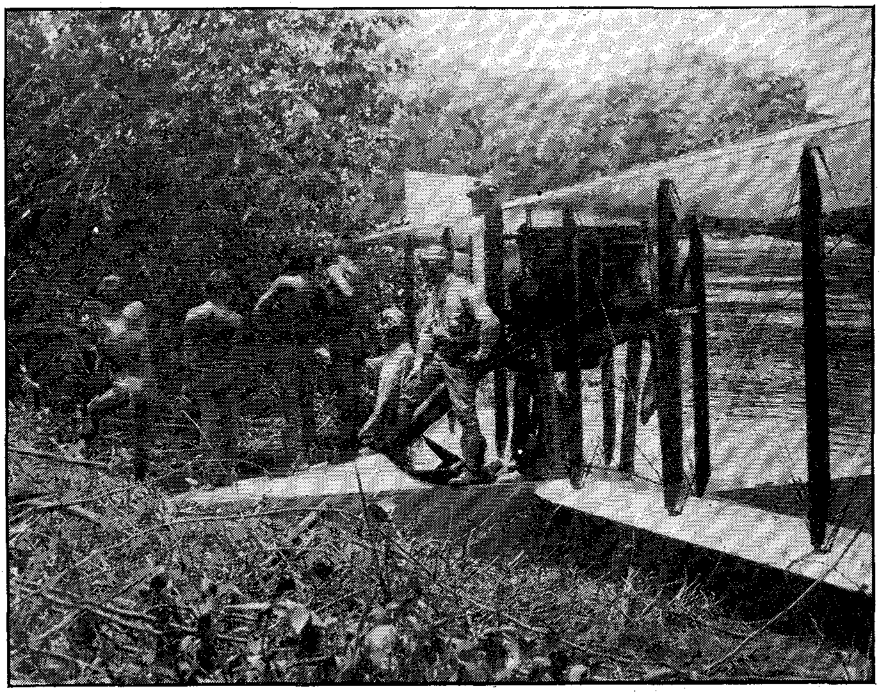
# RCA-Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOLAS

# MOTORING · AND · AVIATION

## FLYING 12,000 MILES OVER BRAZIL'S GREAT JUNGLE

THE AIRPLANE IS NOW AN INDISPENSABLE factor in the exploration of wild and inaccessible country, according to Walter Hinton, who piloted the flying-boat accompanying the expedition led by Dr. A. Hamilton Rice into the "wilderness of jungle and erratic streams that feed the Amazon in northwestern Brazil." While a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, Mr. Hinton piloted the seaplane *NC-4* on its flight across the Atlantic, and the machine is now preserved in the Smithsonian Institution as a memento of that historic event. After resigning from the Navy, he scored another aviation bull's-eye by flying from New York to Rio de Janeiro. In summarizing the results of his flying with the Rice expedition, he relates that the plane was kept out in the open for nine months, and during that time was flown some 12,000 miles "in torrential storms and blistering heat, with its hull in the water at all times except while in the air or during minor repairs." It emerged from the wilderness with countless feats to its credit, he says, "sharing with the radio the honor of having set a new mark in exploration." The principal objective of the Rice expedition, he tells us, was to locate and map the sources of the Orinoco River, and this was made possible with the aid of photography from the flying-boat. Telling the story in *The World's Work*, Mr. Hinton remarks that he can now see what such a vehicle would have meant to expeditions in American history—"to Lewis and Clark, for example, when they spent three years during the first decade of the last century opening up our great Northwest, or to Frémont, the Pathfinder, who cut through a North American wilderness which was fully as strange and unknown as the Brazilian wilderness is now." And he relates:

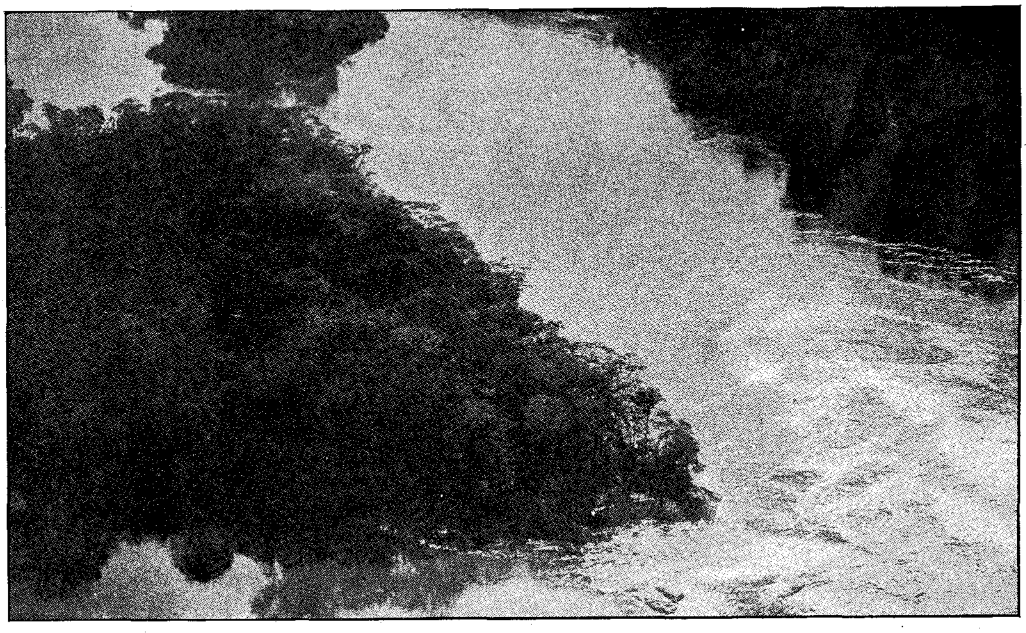


Photographs by courtesy of Walter Hinton

MOORING THE *ELEANOR III* IN A SNUG COVE

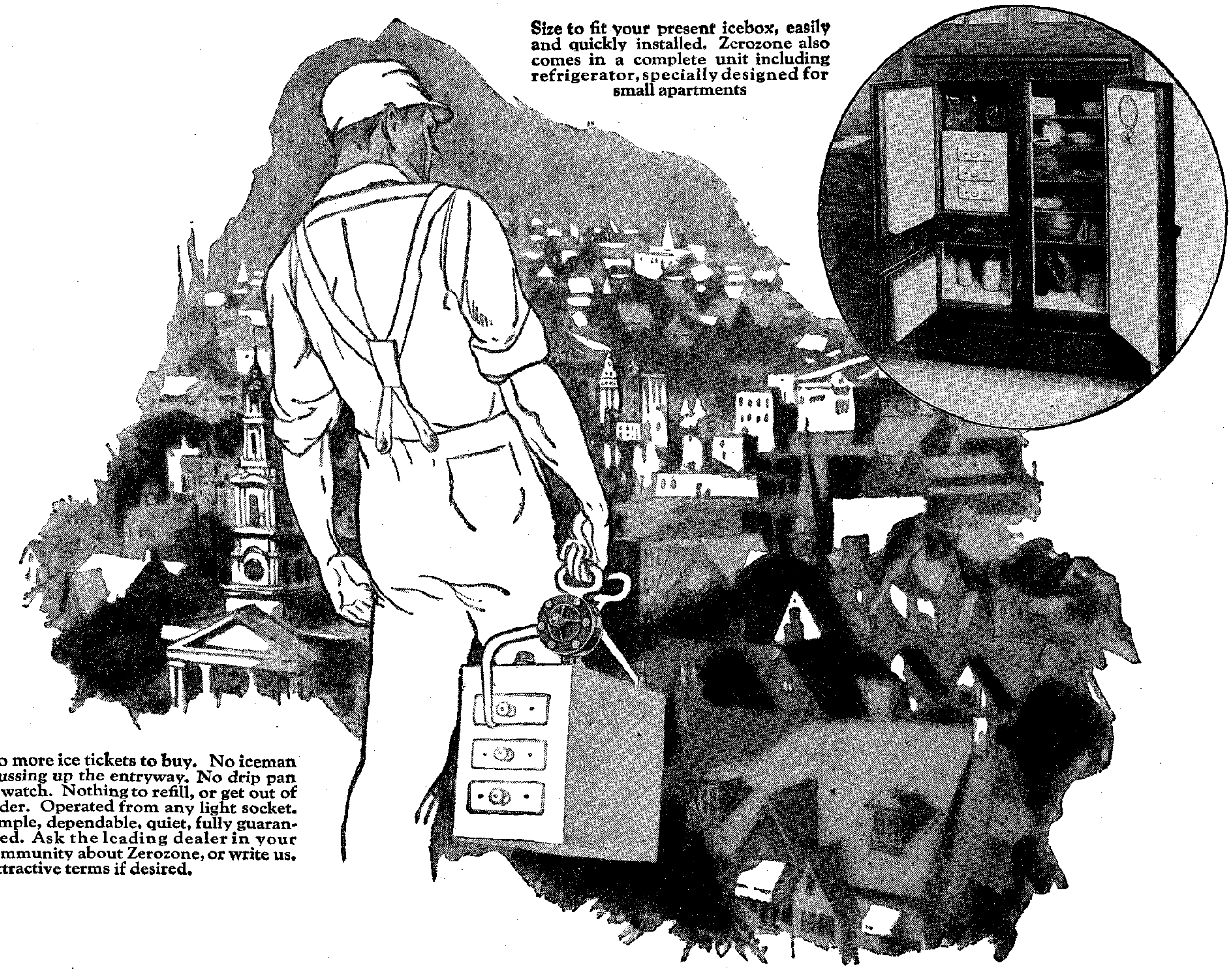
The natives had never seen a flying craft before, and altho at first they fled at its approach, they afterward became tame and inquisitive.

> We were able to maintain communication between the main base and the expedition as it moved slowly up the rivers. The mail was flown back and forth. Medical supplies were brought up and a complete liaison service operated between the main body and the advance party. It often took us over impassable stretches of river where those on the surface were losing much time hacking out roads through the jungle to transfer canoes and supplies around foaming rapids, rocks, and waterfalls.
>
> We hurdled miles of solid woods and dense undergrowth through which no human being could have made his way. There were vast areas of swamps, mountains with towering cliffs and chasms—all the extremes afforded by nature through more than a thousand miles of tropical waterways. We took them in at a speed rivaling that of the birds which sped away before *o bicho grande*, or the "big animal," as the natives, speaking Portuguese, termed our airplane. From our birds-eye view we learned what lay ahead and then told the others what they would find around each bend in the river.
>
> A most important duty was making aerial photographs of all country traversed. The pictures contributed to the surface



SKIMMING ABOVE THE RAPIDS

The Rio Uraricuera is "a wonderful sight from the air," and the observer, while taking such photographs as this, "gets a real idea of the utter impenetrability of the jungles."



**Size to fit your present icebox, easily and quickly installed. Zerozone also comes in a complete unit including refrigerator, specially designed for small apartments**

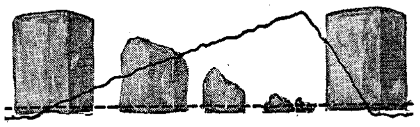
**No more ice tickets to buy. No iceman mussing up the entryway. No drip pan to watch. Nothing to refill, or get out of order. Operated from any light socket. Simple, dependable, quiet, fully guaranteed. Ask the leading dealer in your community about Zerozone, or write us. Attractive terms if desired.**

# The Last Ice *you ever need buy*

Right into the ice compartment of your present icebox goes Zerozone, and you will have colder-than-ice refrigeration every hour of the day and night, every day in the year, for years to come. For less than the cost of ice you can enjoy the wonderful convenience of automatic electric refrigeration. Nothing to worry about, or pay any attention to.

### Keeps Food Always Fresh

Zerozone eliminates needless drudgery, and simplifies housekeeping. More than that, it directly promotes the health of your family. Old-fashioned ice, besides being expensive and troublesome, is unsanitary. Authorities have proved that a certain temperature must be maintained in the refrigerator to keep food and milk in proper condition. Most iceboxes, only refilled at intervals, cannot possibly do this. Zerozone safeguards health, by automatically and continuously maintaining a temperature that keeps your food always within the zone of safety.



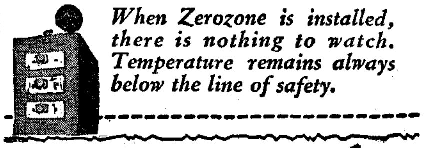
***In an ordinary ice box, as ice melts, the temperature rises above the safety line***

### Zerozone Safeguards Health

Dr. J. B. Williams, Rochester, N. Y., stated before the American Medical Association, 1925:

"A refrigerator which is not kept at refrigeration temperature is a good incubator for bacteria. It furnishes food, humidity, darkness, and still air—just the conditions required for healthy bacterial growth."

Of 243 iceboxes examined in a test, only 103 had a temperature below 50°. The others were worthless for preserving food. 45% of refrigerators in homes of the well-to-do, and nearly 70% in homes of working people, were in the danger zone.



***When Zerozone is installed, there is nothing to watch. Temperature remains always below the line of safety.***

### Indispensable to the Hostess

Zerozone is vital to the hostess with a reputation to maintain; it introduces a new era in table luxury. Delicious frozen salads and desserts, iced drinks with Zerozone cubes, tinted if you wish, surprise and delight the family and guests. These frozen delicacies can only be made by electrical (colder-than-ice) refrigeration. They are unknown in homes with old-fashioned ice cooled boxes.

### Free to You

Every good hostess wants to know all about this new vogue of iced dainties. We have prepared a very interesting booklet, "The New Art of Serving Iced Foods." Women everywhere are asking for it. It tells many secrets about new dishes, with over 31 recipes you will not find in your own cook book. We do not know how long our present supply will last. Be on the safe side, by mailing the coupon today, for your free copy.

# Zerozone
*Colder-than-Ice Refrigeration*

The New Art in Iced Foods

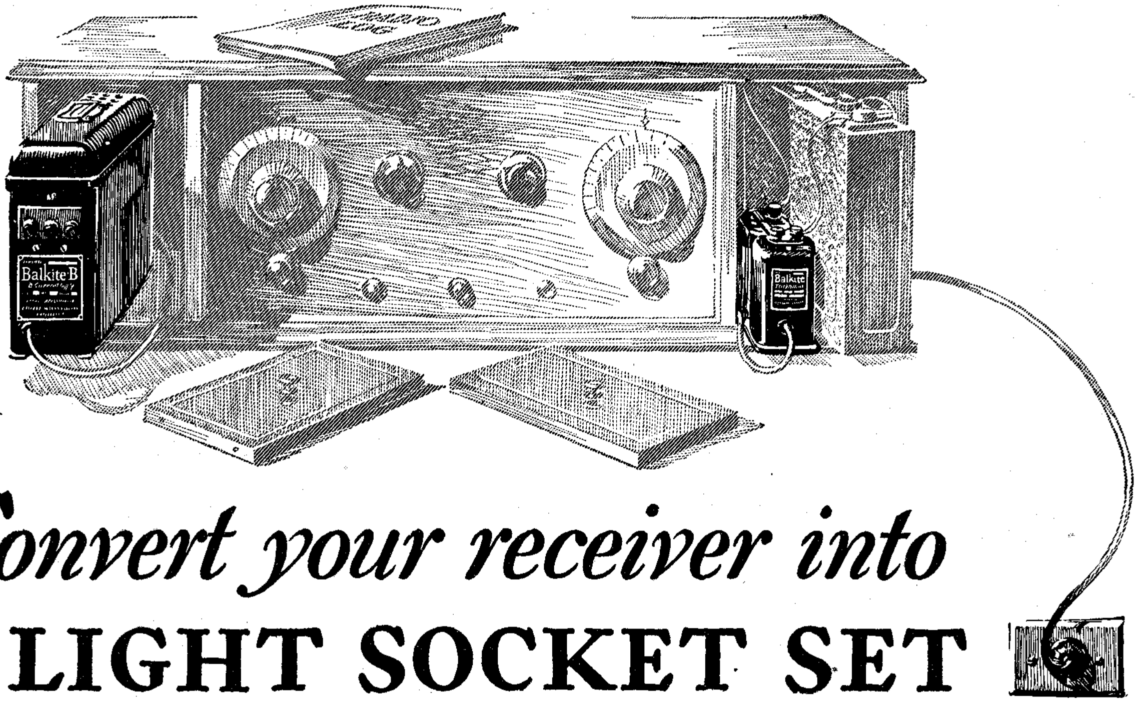
ZEROZONE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
*Mf'd by Iron Mountain Co., 939 E. 95th St., Chicago*
Please send me "The New Art in Iced Foods."

*Name*..............................................

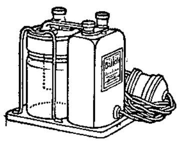
*Address*..............................................

*City*........................*State*....................

**DEALERS: Inquire if your territory is open**

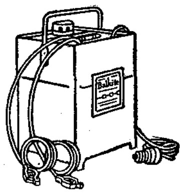


# *Convert your receiver into* A LIGHT SOCKET SET *with* Balkite Radio Power Units



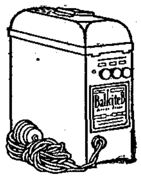
**Balkite *Trickle Charger***

Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere hours capacity or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added to cut down the charging rate. $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15.



**Balkite *Battery Charger***

The popular rapid charger for 6-volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada, $27.50.



**Balkite "B"**

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.

**Balkite "B" II**

Supplies plate current from the light socket. Will serve any standard set. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75.

Balkite Radio Power Units—the Balkite Trickle Charger and Balkite "B"—make a light socket set of your present receiver.

The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your "A" battery into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes full "A" current from the light socket. Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and furnishes "B" current from the light socket. As an added convenience you may purchase an automatic switch that cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" during operation.

This popular light socket installation is the last word in radio convenience. It is compact, extremely simple to install, economical both in initial cost and operation, and is composed entirely of units that have demonstrated their success over a long period of time.

## *Noiseless—No bulbs—Permanent*

All Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment, entirely noiseless, have no bulbs, no moving parts, nothing to break or get out of order. All operate from 110-120 volt AC current, with models for 50, 60 and other cycles. *All are tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories. . . .* At your dealer's.

*The Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is now standard equipment on over 50 leading American and Canadian Railroads*

FANSTEEL
**Balkite**
*Radio Power Units*

*Manufactured by* FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

*Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom:* Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd., Willesden, London, N. W. 10

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

survey, often supplying facts which those working below could not have procured without months of dangerous and difficult labor, if at all. It was also true of the geological data, which enabled the scientists to check up their own observations on the formation of the soil and the rock. It helped even in the biological study of the Indians, their medical requirements and need for educational facilities without which, Dr. Rice maintains, that section of Brazil can not be developed. The aerial photographs also showed settlements and clearings by which the number of inhabitants could be estimated.

Our expedition was assembled at Manaos, a city of some forty thousand population, at the juncture of the Rio Negro and the Amazon, a thousand miles back from the Atlantic. Tho Manaos is surrounded by a dense impenetrable forest, it is really a seaport of Brazil. There ocean steamers brought the tons of supplies and the members of the party, which at first numbered fourteen, including Mrs. Rice and the wife of Dr. Richard Strong, who were accompanying their husbands on the first part of the journey. Among the others were Dr. Theodore Koch-Grunberg, the German scientist who had spent much time in the Amazon basin, and who died on the trip; Dr. George Shattuck, of the Harvard School of Tropical Medicine; John W. Swanson and Thomas S. McCaleb, in charge of radio; Charles Bull, geologist; Weld Arnold, topographer; John C. Couzens, in charge of transportation; and their assistants. The seaplane division included Capt. Albert W. Stevens, the noted aerial photographer, on leave of absence from the Army Air Service, John Wilshusen, mechanic, and myself.

A river steamer had been chartered to carry the party and supplies for 400 miles up the Rio Negro and on the Branco to Vista Alegre, the end of steamer navigation. Stevens and Hinton were to operate the plane out of Manaos a spectacular performance, it seems, for—

The inhabitants had never seen a flying-machine until we assembled our Curtiss seagull, which had been named the *Eleanor III* in honor of Mrs. Rice. Everybody declared a holiday. Shops were closed. The docks were crowded and the river so cluttered with small craft that we had difficulty getting into the air.

We left Manaos August 20, 1924, flying over the little steamer with its stern-wheel churning defiantly. It carried the supplies on which we would be dependent, for the plane was a small one, holding only two or three persons at best, with bare necessities, such as fuel, tools, emergency rations, and light camping equipment. The plane had been especially outfitted for the rough work and possible forced landings. The hull was divided into four compartments with water-tight bulkheads between, and to insure further buoyancy in case of a crash on the water which would wreck the machine, a large automobile inner tube was inflated and carried in each compartment. Stevens also had two large pieces of rubber cemented together so that they formed a life preserver which he could hang around his neck. When inflated it covered his chest and stomach like a huge hot-water bottle. Canoe paddles also were carried. If the engine were damaged beyond repair, we could detach wings, tail, and motor, and use the hull as a canoe. On the deck of the steamer with the radio outfits and the tons of specially prepared food packed in water-tight cases were spare engine, wings, tail structure, wires, struts, instruments, tools, and propellers, enough to fabricate a new machine excepting the hull. There were 3,500 gallons of gasoline and oil in five-gallon tins. The deck also held five canoes and two special flat-bottomed boats. One of the boats was to be the seaplane tender at the main base, the other was to carry the field radio. Dr. Rice's launch was towed alongside. There were also outboard motors to be used on the small craft wherever practicable.

The steamer was run only during the day. At night the anchor would be dropt. Dr. Rice and Arnold, who had run a traverse of the river, would then set up a theodolite to determine by astronomical observations the latitude and longitude. The radio men would receive time signals from stations thousands of miles distant, indispensable for the accurate determination of time. The astronomer would work out his observations of the heavenly bodies, and thus the exact position of every point of interest was definitely established.

To help in that work Stevens and I flew during the day, Stevens photographing the river and its banks ahead of the steamer. He also employed his natural talent for drawing, making sketches to add to the data already secured. He brought in maps and sketches made in the air showing all islands, shoals, rocks, and, in fact, the depth of the water miles away from the course of the steamer, places the maps should show, but which could not have been approached on the surface. He had a drawing-board to which the map paper was held rigid by cords and rubber bands. His pencils and erasers were tied to strong string, so that the gale which swirled about him in flight would not whisk them away. The paper was cross-sectioned, each inch square representing four miles.

We did our best to fly at exactly 6,000 feet above the surface so that the photographs would be uniform and scale one nautical mile to each negative of 10½ inches. All distances and the time of flight were carefully noted by Stevens. At sundown we would come back and anchor near the steamer. Riding lights were attached to each wing. The cockpit, engine and propeller were covered against the rain, which was almost continuous for days. Then the canoe would come over to take us aboard the mother ship. Before climbing into his bunk for the night, Stevens checked up his data and retraced his sketches on another sheet.

They always returned to the steamer for a full meal and a rest at noon, "when the heat was terrific," and the pilot tells us:

Keeping the machine at a certain altitude requires constant attention, and in the hot sun it becomes torture. We commenced to suffer from its blaze and to prefer the downpour. Parts of our faces took on the appearance of raw beef.

We soon learned to respect the trade winds which blow steadily from the east during the afternoon and evening. One day we had swung farther off to the west than good judgment would have warranted. Turning around to come back we felt a steady insistent opposing force that cut down the speed to a few miles an hour. We were over the Rio Negro, which is

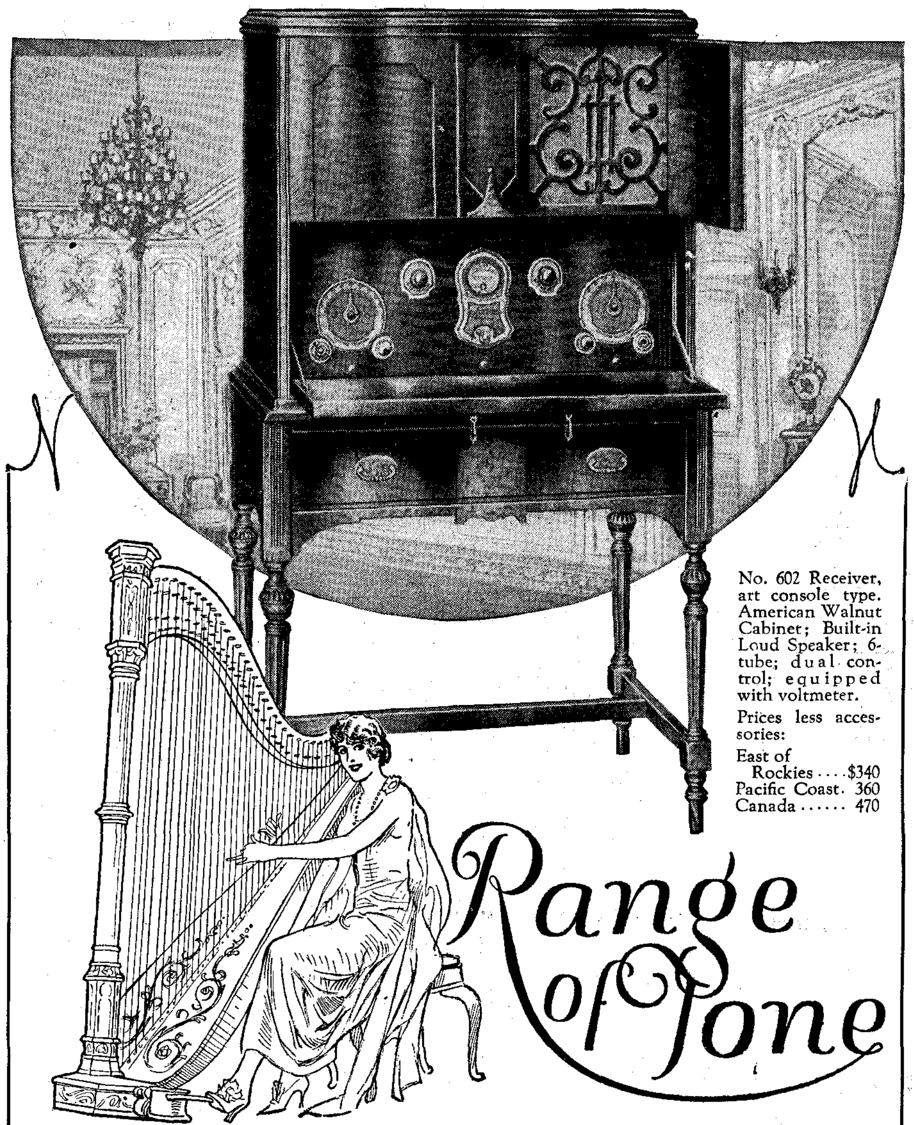
Hot or Cold-

Foods fried in Wesson Oil
are Wholesome and
Delicious

Most fried foods are served to us piping hot, and of course the way to judge a food is to find how it tastes when we are ready to eat it. But the real test of a frying fat is how the fried food tastes after it has set a while and become cold. Then's when a fat really shows its character. If you want to see how good cold fried foods can be, taste doughnuts and cold chicken which have been fried in Wesson Oil. Whether hot or cold, foods fried in Wesson Oil are wholesome and delicious.

Wesson Oil is economical, too, especially for deep frying. Most cooking fat has to be thrown away after you use it a few times, but not so Wesson Oil. Strain it to remove any crumbs, and you can use it time and time again. It will not absorb odors, not even fish or onions—and it is almost as fresh and good the last time you use it as the first.

Wesson
Oil



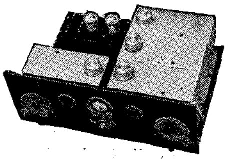
No. 602 Receiver, art console type. American Walnut Cabinet; Built-in Loud Speaker; 6-tube; dual control; equipped with voltmeter.

Prices less accessories:

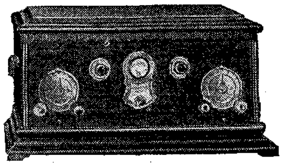
| | |
|---|---|
| East of Rockies | $340 |
| Pacific Coast | 360 |
| Canada | 470 |

Range of Tone

**Totally Shielded**



This illustration shows how the antenna circuit, at left, including coil, condenser and *tube*, is encased with a heavy, tinned copper shield. It also shows, at the right, three shields which encase the second and third radio frequency stages and the detector stage with all coils, condensers and tubes.



No. 601, treasure chest type. Same operating unit as the No. 602, less loud speaker. Solid Mahogany. Price less accessories:

| | |
|---|---|
| East of Rockies | $210 |
| Pacific Coast | 225 |
| Canada | 290 |

*"A Stromberg-Carlson never disturbs your neighbor's receiver"*

The melodious notes of the Harp, sweetest of all musical instruments, are faithfully reproduced throughout all their wide compass, by the wonderful Stromberg-Carlson Receiver.

This Receiver has a certified tone range. After being scientifically tested in the laboratory each Receiver is guaranteed to reproduce with marvelous accuracy, every note over a range of more than seven octaves.

The *Total shielding* of each radio frequency circuit is largely responsible for this naturalness of tone, which is the delight and wonder of Stromberg-Carlson users everywhere.

*Ask your dealer to demonstrate Stromberg-Carlson qualities*

**Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.**
**Rochester, N. Y.**
Chicago Kansas City Toronto

**Stromberg-Carlson**

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

fifteen miles wide at that point and treacherous. Narrow islands appeared below, dotting the surface and clinging tenaciously to the shoreline, forming channels miles long. We found ourselves repeatedly over blind leads so extensive that they appeared like smaller rivers with their ends blocked by the jungle. The steamer always hugged the bank to avoid the current. It would be out of sight for hours, hidden by the overhanging foliage. Now as we tried to find the vessel, it was nowhere in sight. Without warning the engine commenced missing. We were out of gasoline. At that instant the steamer appeared, a tiny moving speck on the edge of a limitless waste. We glided to the surface within fifty feet of it. Had we been forced down in one of the blind channels, we should never have been found.

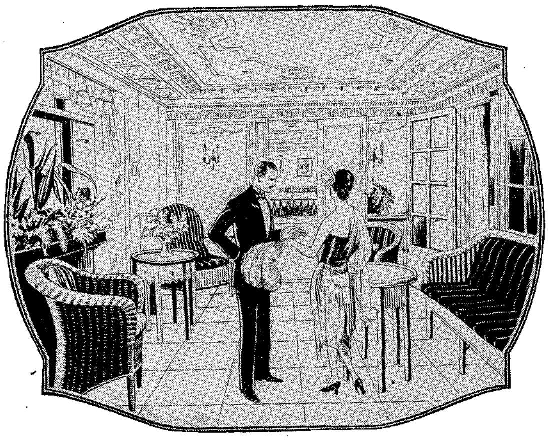
The seaplane enabled the expedition to map definitely the three mouths of the Branco where it empties into the Negro. On each flight we invariably covered so much territory that days would pass before the steamer reached a point warranting another reconnaissance. During this spare time Stevens developed the films so that the expedition usually had a fair idea of what it was coming to. Wilshusen and I would go over the plane, inspecting each part minutely. But its hull lay in the water and we could not examine that. Leaving on the last flight while operating with the steamer, we felt the boat drag. It got into the air with difficulty. There could be but one reason. The veneered bottom on the tail had pulled off. Zooming low over the steamer, we gave Wilshusen on the top deck an opportunity to gaze up and examine it closely. Then we flew on, carrying out the mapping program for that day. A village offered a clearing on the shore where we could pull up the plane, and we landed. The inhabitants were *caboclos*, mixed Portuguese and Indian. We passed around cigarets and soon had enough recruits to lift the tail out of the water.

Then they surprized us, as we had surprized them on arriving by air. On their invitation to enter the most pretentious thatched house, we accepted with due formality and found the walls covered with magazine pictures, a number featuring the New York-Rio de Janeiro flight in 1922. When I explained that I was the pilot on that trip, tho it had missed them by at least 1,200 miles, they became wildly enthusiastic. The steamer arriving at that juncture halted plans for a grand festival in our honor. Wilshusen came ashore with materials for a patch, and a few hours later we flew on to Sororoca, a larger village, where two days were spent making permanent repairs.

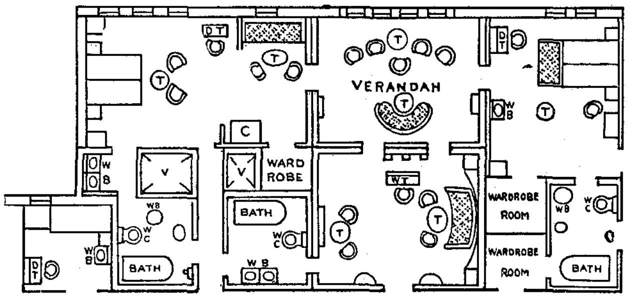
There I came down with malaria, the second of nine attacks, but we managed to fly to Vista Alegre, the end of steamer navigation. Some of the scientists who had finished their work in biological research were there. Among them was Dr. Strong, who had left a collection of specimens back in Sororoca. I was to fly him down there for them and take him out to meet the steamer carrying the returning party down-stream. By chance we found ourselves flying out to meet the vessel early in the evening, and it was not until we saw her lights that we recalled the loss of her only canoe, which had been swamped. All other craft had been left for the expedition

# ON THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP

## *Superlative Accommodations—Superlative Service*



*The sumptuous verandah of the Regal Suite. At the left are huge plate glass windows through which one has an uninterrupted view of the sea.*



*Floor plan of the Regal Suite showing verandah, drawing room, two masters' bedrooms, three baths and servants' quarters adjoining.*

THE most luxurious and most expensive accommodation on the *Majestic* is the famous Regal Suite. Yet the traveler who books even at the minimum rate of $265 enjoys the same delightful cuisine, the same charming public rooms, and all the manifestations of flawless White Star service which are at the disposal of the occupant of the Regal Suite.

The ***Majestic,*** like her Magnificent Trio associates—the ***Olympic*** and the ***Homeric,***—offers a complete steamship service. Her second cabin accommodations, priced at $147.50 up, are recognized as superlative values by congenial and cultivated travelers. Her Tourist Third Cabin accommodations at $102.50 have proved especially popular with college men and women.

Just as the ***Majestic*** is supreme among the de luxe liners, so the ***Minnekahda*** of the Atlantic Transport is supreme in Tourist Third Cabin. This splendid ship is unique in that she is devoted exclusively to Tourist Third Cabin passengers. Round trip $200.

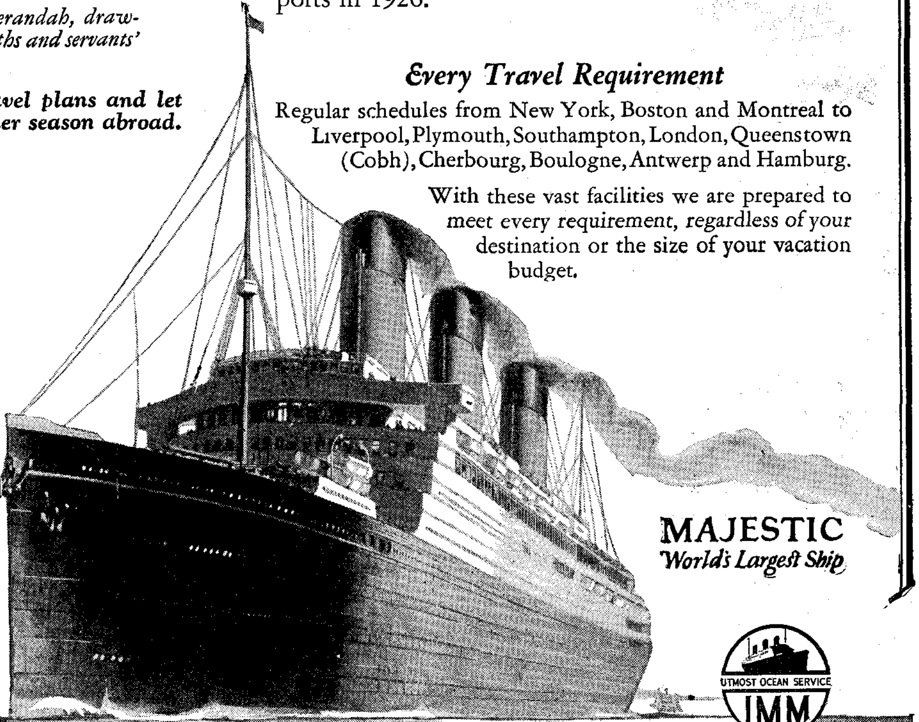
A notable feature of our fleet is a group of cabin ships carrying only Cabin Class and Third Class. Cabin accommodations $135 up. ($130 up, from Montreal).

The 105 splendid ships in our services offer a total of 226 passenger sailings to the convenient European ports in 1926.

### *Every Travel Requirement*

Regular schedules from New York, Boston and Montreal to Liverpool, Plymouth, Southampton, London, Queenstown (Cobh), Cherbourg, Boulogne, Antwerp and Hamburg.

With these vast facilities we are prepared to meet every requirement, regardless of your destination or the size of your vacation budget.



***Write our nearest office about your travel plans and let us send helpful literature on the summer season abroad.***

### Company's Offices

| | |
|---|---|
| Atlanta | Haas-Howell Bldg. |
| Baltimore | 308 North Charles Street |
| Boston | 84 State Street |
| Chicago | 127 South State Street |
| Cleveland | 1951 East 6th Street |
| Dallas | Cotton Exchange Building |
| Detroit | Majestic Building |
| Galveston | Cotton Exchange Building |
| Halifax | 126 Hollis Street |
| Houston | Cotton Exchange Building |
| Los Angeles | 510 So. Spring Street |
| Minneapolis | 121 S. Third Street |
| Mobile | 7 St. Michael Street |
| Montreal | McGill Building |
| New Orleans | 219 St. Charles Street |
| New York | No. 1 Broadway |
| Norfolk | Flatiron Building |
| Philadelphia | 15th and Locust Streets |
| Pittsburgh | Arcade Union Trust Bldg. |
| Portland, Me. | 690 Congress Street |
| Quebec | 53 Dalhousie Street |
| St. John, N. B. | 108 Prince William St. |
| St. Louis | 1019 Pine St. |
| San Francisco | 460 Market Street |
| Seattle | 619 Second Avenue |
| Toronto | 55 King Street, East |
| Vancouver | Granville and Pender Sts. |
| Washington | 1208 F. St., N.W. |
| Winnipeg | 286 Main Street |

*or any authorized steamship agent.*

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE
IMM

# WHITE STAR LINE

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE • RED STAR LINE

## INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

at Vista Alegre. How to put my passenger aboard became a puzzle. I could not stop the engine and drift alongside, for when he left me I should be alone and unable to get away.

But the others on deck had seen their difficult position, and a deck chair was hurled overboard at the end of a rope. Hinton maneuvered accordingly, and—

Taxiing past slowly gave Dr. Strong his opportunity, and he jumped out and swam for it. Reaching the chair, he was pulled aboard. This would have been a simple matter ordinarily, but the Rio Branco was now lashing itself into fury and we were in a nasty swirl. The water was full of savage fish, one species known as the paranha being a real man-eater, tho it is a small fish rarely more than fifteen inches long. Yet it is voracious, with a jaw like a circular saw, and it has been known to snap a piano wire in two.

After the farewell blast from the steamer, I was soon in the air alone, on my first night flight over the wilderness, facing about forty miles of air navigation before arriving at Vista Alegre. Near the equator the nights are black a few minutes after the sun disappears, and the chance of getting back safely would be slim indeed, if one were forced down. Shallow water, reefs, floating logs, rapids, and sandbars—any or all might lie in the path of a machine gliding to the surface in the darkness. There could be no other result than a wreck, sinking with its injured occupant.

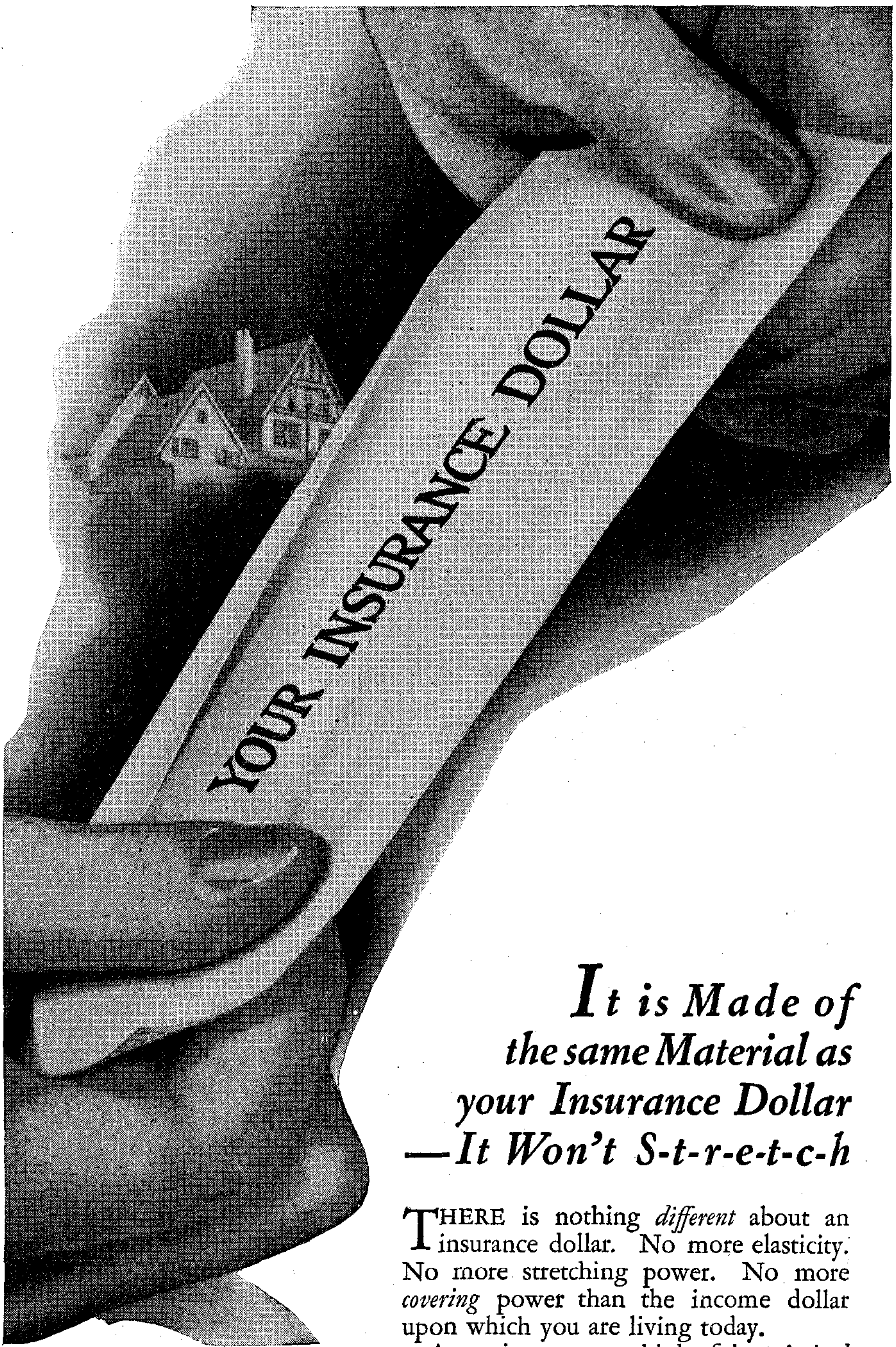
For twenty-five long minutes I strained my eyes for the lights which would show Vista Alegre, flying low to be sure of keeping an overwater course. Finally, after what seemed an interminable period, I saw a lantern in a canoe. It proved to be Wilshusen out in midstream, standing by to pick me out in case of a bad landing. The boys on shore were now waving lanterns to show the exact position of the camp, so that I was able to set the plane on clear water and taxi safely to shore. Night flying requires beacons and relief stations throughout the route, otherwise it is dangerous business in the wilderness.

The Indians were very shy, and generally fled at the approach of the flying-machine; but sometimes:

The women and girls gladly posed for pictures and climbed aboard the plane—a friendly, curious, and interested lot, once they had come out of their jungle retreats. They wanted to go up in the "big animal." Occasionally we found a woman wearing an apron of beads, about fifteen inches square, secured no doubt by trading children as lifetime servants to one of the native ranchers on the lower rivers. It is not unusual for an Indian to have several wives and a flock of children.

They were more interested in our clothes than anything else, and their eyes would shine with joy when we tossed them something they could wear—an old shirt, a torn cap, or a tattered handkerchief—anything made of cloth. Two of them sprang for a small red rag no bigger than a necktie and before the tug-of-war had ended, it was in shreds.

Not far from Boa Esperanza, relates Mr. Hinton, the Uraricuera splits and forms



*It is Made of the same Material as your Insurance Dollar —It Won't S-t-r-e-t-c-h*

THERE is nothing *different* about an insurance dollar. No more elasticity. No more stretching power. No more *covering* power than the income dollar upon which you are living today.

A man is too apt to think of the *principal* represented by his life insurance policy, rather than the *income* that will be derived from it.

The other day, for example, a $10,000 man held up an insurance policy that he thought was substantial, and said proudly, "the family's protected."

Yet the same policy, seemingly ample enough in the way its principal bulked, provided an income of only $60.00 a month! And his family had been living on $10,000 a year!

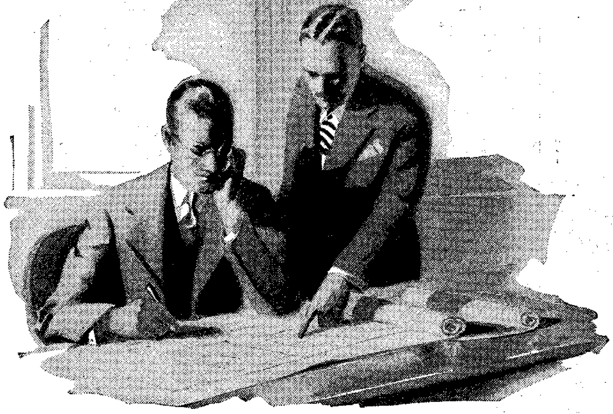
It is just possible that the most important thing *you* can do today is to call in a Provident Mutual Representative and ask his help in laying out a *program* of insurance protection for *your* family. If you do not know his address, write to the Company itself.

*Your nearest Provident Mutual Representative was selected and trained with one all-important idea in mind: to be of real service to YOU in laying your insurance plans. You can depend upon his counsel and his sincerity.*

**Provident Mutual**
**Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.**
Founded 1865

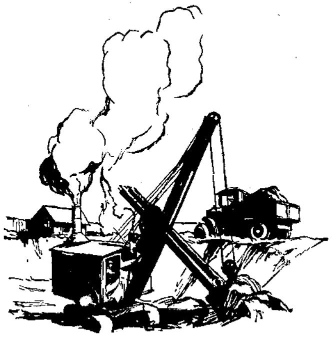
© 1926

# A challenge to any Man
## *with a building problem*



If you have a job that someone tells you is impossible—if your estimates seem beyond the bounds of reason—if your engineering problem seems insolvable—get in touch with the H. K. Ferguson Company.

Here is a national organization of men with ideas—construction ideas—that have made possible many difficult projects—ideas that have saved thousands of dollars for customers in all sections of the country.

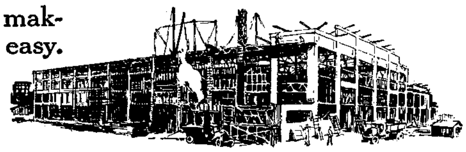


A Ferguson idea saved $20,000 at the Albany mill of the A. P. W. Paper Company by changing foundation design.

A Ferguson idea that called for a redesign of the original plans, saved $25,000 in costs and six months of construction time for Procter & Gamble, Staten Island.

A Ferguson idea showed the Erie Railroad how to install a giant locomotive-handling crane at a saving of 25% in structural steel.

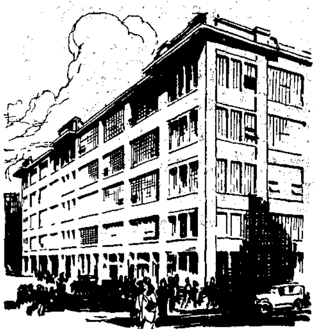
For a long list of prominent customers in many different industries Ferguson ideas are continually saving time and money—continually making difficult jobs look easy.



Ferguson engineers specialize on difficult problems. Ferguson construction men handle jobs that require keenest ingenuity. Ferguson equipment is the most modern known to the building industry.

*And because Ferguson has the ideas and all the means for putting them into effect, Ferguson prices are always reasonable.*

Any project that H. K. Ferguson and his associates undertake is backed by a binding written guarantee—not only as to the actual total cost, but also as to the correctness of design, the delivery date and your satisfaction with the completed structure.



So if you have a building project that for some reason seems blocked, get in touch with the H. K. Ferguson Company at once.

Write, wire or phone for a Ferguson executive. Or call at one of the several Ferguson offices.

A consultation will cost you nothing and you will be amazed at the way Ferguson will clarify your situation.

**THE H. K. FERGUSON CO.**
*Cleveland Office:* 4900 Euclid Building
Phone: Randolph 6854
*New York Office:* 25 W. 43rd Street
Phone: Vanderbilt 4526
*Detroit Office:* General Motors Building
Phone: Randolph 0510
*Birmingham Office:* Title Guarantee Bldg.
*Tokio, Japan Office:* Imperial Hotel

**THE H. K. FERGUSON CO.**
**Ferguson**
**GUARANTEED BUILDINGS**

The Orient

COLORFUL costumes, inscrutable faces, quaint customs, aromatic spices, crimson junk sails — The Orient, queen of beauty, romance and charm.

Now is the time to go, and the speediest and the most comfortable way is by the American Oriental Mail Line—5 luxurious 21,000 ton ships, all outside rooms with real beds instead of berths, and most with private baths; dancing, concerts, motion pictures and deck sports.

**S. S. President Jefferson**
**S. S. President Jackson**
**S. S. President Madison**
**S. S. President Grant**
**S. S. President McKinley**

Sailings from Seattle every 12 days over the Short Route via Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila.

Your local Steamship or Tourist Agent will gladly furnish full details, or write

**AMERICAN ORIENTAL MAIL LINE**
ADMIRAL ORIENTAL LINE
*Managing Operators*
32 B'way, New York 112 W. Adams St., Chicago
Fourth at University, Seattle

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

an island forty-five miles long; and he tells us:

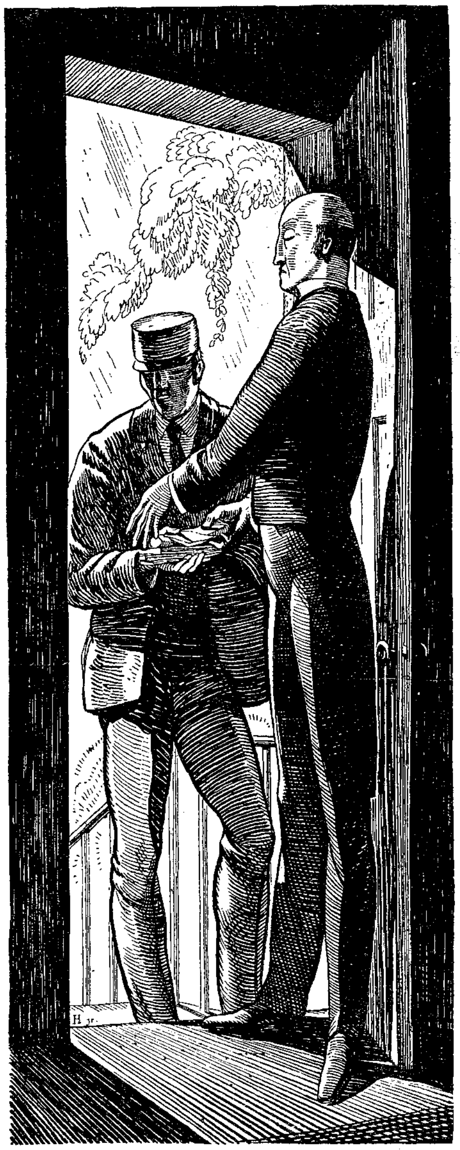
> On our first flight over that section we took the south channel and found it a series of boiling rapids, huge rocks with narrow leads and small islands—all surrounded by a great forest as varied in colors as a rag carpet and stretching endlessly as far as we could see.
>
> Here and there a blanket of mist lay over the jungle, which was dank and sodden from the rains. Again there would be spirals of smoke ascending from numerous streams ahead and steamlike clouds to puzzle us. The channel gradually narrowed. Below, the unbroken river-bed offered no chance of a landing and, fearing that we were flying into a cul-de-sac from which we could not escape if forced down, I swerved abruptly to the right and we flew over the island jungle for perhaps ten miles, striking the north branch and following it to the end where the two forks joined. Near there we found the only available camping-site. Here I had another of my numerous attacks of malaria. Stevens gassed and oiled the plane while I spent hours in my hammock, full of quinin, sometimes taking a hundred grains a day to keep going.
>
> February and March were exceptionally difficult because of the rains. The small area of sky that we were able to see from our camp might indicate clear weather, but once in the air we invariably had several rain-storms to negotiate. Passing through them we sometimes lost sight of the river for several minutes, which threatened to cause us to lose the route entirely. Needless to say our lives depended on the constancy of the engine. Stevens and I planned what we should do if it stalled. Stevens would say:
>
> "I'll wear my parachute, and jump. That will lighten the load and reduce the landing speed. No, that will not do. We would be separated."
>
> We discarded the parachute, tho this was the most dangerous flying either had experienced.
>
> If the only available clearing happened to be that surrounding a *malloca*, we would camp well apart from the natives, for obvious reasons. We would come down in the late afternoon and taxi into shore, nosing the machine hard into the heavy wall of trees, vines, and tall plants hanging close to the surface. By clinging to the roots and branches we could bring the plane to shore, step out, and commence clearing a camp-site for the night.
>
> After supper Stevens would bring up water from the river to develop the negatives made that day. His temporary laboratory would sometimes be in the root of a *pau-real* tree. These grow 200 feet high, but they can not equal our California redwoods. His pictures completed, Stevens would then pack them carefully in an empty gasoline tin or film case. Next day we would fly down river and join the main party. If rough water or rocks and shoals prevented a landing, we would fashion a parachute and send the stuff down. That data served as a guide, showing what channels to avoid, the exact location of the rapids and their strength, and, on occasion, the force of the current, gaged by the difference in altitude above sea-level at two points.
>
> We were also able to provide the advance party, under Charles Bull, with similar information, flying ahead and returning with a sketch map showing a landing for the flying-boat. There he would bring gasoline, oil, and provisions, before proceeding up river to the point where the map indicated a camp-site. Bull would be more than a hundred miles in advance of the others, at a spot we had picked for him. Our work completed on the river between the two camps, we would go on up scouting for another site. After we had given Bull time to get up there with supplies, we would repeat the mapping performance in that sector.

They had their share of alarms and misadventures. For instance:

> On the afternoon of December 23, we found that rocks would prevent a landing at an advanced site we had picked before. So we sought another landing along the shore, and from the air saw a good place for an operating base. As I brought the machine down to what I supposed was to be a perfect landing, we felt a terrific jolt on striking the water. We had hit a submerged rock, and the impact had crusht in the hull, which commenced filling. There was only one thing to do, and that quickly. We took to the air while we could still get off the surface, and hunted a sandspit on which we might beach the craft and make repairs.
>
> We flew about sixty miles down the river before we saw a sandspit, and that was on an island in midstream. We made for it, shelved the hull hard and fast on the sand, and waded ashore, thanking our stars for the policy of carrying our own supplies for just such emergencies as this. We had a *tolda*, a canvas twelve by fourteen feet, with lines attached on all sides. This, tied between tree-trunks, formed our shelter, under which the hammocks were slung.
>
> The camp well under way, we went back to inspect the plane. The sandspit on which it rested was under water. Before the repairs could be made we must wait until the river fell sufficiently to clear the sandspit and leave the bottom of the hull bare. There was no telling how long we would be held prisoner on the island—a dreary prospect for Christmas. For after fixing the plane we must again sit back and wait for another rise in the river in order to float the machine.
>
> A peculiarity of the Amazon tributaries is the uncertainty of the water-levels. There is so much rain that it is not unusual for the rivers to rise from three to ten feet within twenty-four hours, taking several days to fall again. Three or four feet would mean everything to us, providing it dropt and then rose again just when we wished.
>
> We prepared to spend Christmas in our jungle camp with a few pounds of farina, plenty of matches and fishing tackle, an ax, and two aluminum kettles in which to boil the fish we hoped to catch. We were compelled to wait four days for the water to subside about the crippled flying-boat. Meanwhile, we made ourselves very comfortable with the resources we had. During the day we carried in loads of wood on our backs, enough to keep the fire blazing all night long. It was great company, that fire, for we could hear animals prowling about in the dense undergrowth, and we carried no arms to speak of. Stevens had a .25 caliber pistol, but it would have harmed nothing. Occasionally we would spot an alligator. After the first two days, we made a business of catching fish, which were not unpalatable, tho not so sweet as those

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

# AT HOME



IN THE spring of 1923 Mrs. Bond, of Park Avenue, wore one of the first of the new tailleurs to be seen in New York. . . . In 1924 this tailored suit swept the country. But Mrs. Bond was wearing, in 1924, the new ensemble of matching frock and coat. Later it dominated the mode of 1925. . . . What is Mrs. Bond wearing now? Well, you may be sure that whatever it is, it will later be sold by millions, to millions.

For Mrs. Bond is one of the key-people of the country. She belongs to that group of about 500,000 men and women who influence, to a marked degree, the communities in which they live. They have the leisure and the means to cultivate the decorative side of life. They originate new activities. They develop new interests. And their example is noted throughout our social structure.

This is the section of the public that plays an important part in determining *today* what we shall wear, eat, play or ride in *tomorrow*. They sponsor a fashion, they find new places of amusement, and sooner or later the world follows. For fashions in clothes, styles in decoration, and accepted changes in manners or customs begin in this social stratum. New and pleasanter ways of living originate among these people, to be modified later as they are adopted by the public.

So heavy is the demand upon their time and wealth that such people are almost inaccessible. Solicitors, representatives and salesmen seldom see them.

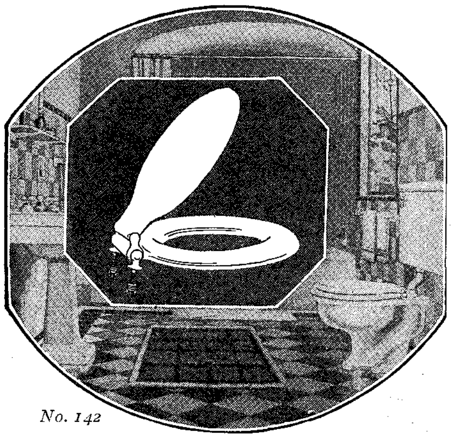
*But the daily newspaper, carefully folded, appears regularly on their library tables. And the postman with the magazines has the entree even to the greatest houses.*

The advertiser who wishes to command the tremendous influence of the wealthy class, or who has a product that meets its needs, can reach it as surely as he can reach any other section of the public. For the magic of the printed page swings the bronze doors wide. And any name or any trade-mark may enter, past the butler, into the homes, and into the lives of the people whose bare approval is a business asset.

## N. W. AYER & SON

*ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS,* PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO


No. 142

A bathroom luxury everyone can afford

IF YOU lived in one of those palatial apartments on Park Avenue, in New York City, where you have to pay $2,000.00 to $7,500.00 a year rent, you still couldn't have a better toilet seat in your bathroom than they have—the Church Sani-white Toilet Seat which you can afford to have right now.

*Adds new beauty*

THE improvement in appearance made by a spotlessly clean, all-white toilet seat is certainly surprising. Its beauty and refinement are qualities every woman wants in her bathroom—a room she can be proud to have guests use.

The Church Toilet Seat is all-white, and stays white permanently—a sanitary seat that washes as easy as porcelain. Its white surface is neither varnish, paint nor enamel, but a durable sheathing as handsome as ivory. It won't crack, splinter, chip, wear off or stain. You can install it yourself on your toilet in a few minutes and easily take it off and reinstall it if you move to another house or apartment. Obtainable at all plumbers.

*SEND FOR "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive"*

THIS is the title of an attractively illustrated little book of sixteen pages, just off the press, that tells the story of the interesting way in which one woman discovered how to make her bathroom more attractive. If you have sometimes wished that your own bathroom looked a little more attractive, this book will certainly be of value to you and it is FREE. Send for a copy, together with a free sample of Sani-white Sheathing. Tear out the coupon now and mail today. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept., G5, Holyoke, Mass.

An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive

Church Seats
sani-white

LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDER-SIDE OF SEAT

C. F. CHURCH MFG. CO.,
Dept. G5, Holyoke, Mass.
With no obligation on my part, please send a free copy of your book, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive" and a free sample of Sani-white Sheathing to:
Name........................................
Street........................................
City.................... State...............

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

in Northern waters. We fished from the tail of the flying-boat, hardly daring to wade out in the river because of the voracious *paranha* fish—a man-eater—which strikes at every living thing it sees.

Christmas night Stevens produced his harmonica and played jazz and old tunes. Then the photographer in him got busy. He rigged up his camera so that he could snap a picture of both of us beside the fire. He tossed a pinch of flashlight powder on the blaze and snapt the picture. Next day he developed it, and there we were hundreds of miles from the last outpost of civilization, in a wilderness never before penetrated by white men, even lost from the rest of our party, yet we had been able to fly in there and make a picture of ourselves inside of a few hours. Had our plane carried a radio we could have told the world about it in a few moments.

It required only a day to repair the hull after we could get to it, but ten days elapsed from the date of the accident until the plane was again floating. We celebrated the New Year on January 2d by flying out of that jungle retreat. It was the last bit of trouble with the machine. Thereafter, during the most arduous and difficult work, it performed perfectly, tho we operated over dangerous territory for flying-boats.

Of later experiences we read:

Stevens and I spent days preparing for our last flight inland, the one to which we had been looking forward since leaving Manaos eight months before. For my part all the flying coming up the Negro, Branco, and the Uraricuera was but preparatory to this final trip, the reconnaissance, over the mysterious and utterly unknown region with its legends and conflicting tales of secret mountain passes, through which the savage inhabitants roamed at will while they defended their domain against all who sought to enter.

This sort of work was new for flying-machines, and it might take us farther into the unknown than we desired to go. It was admitted that if we were forced down in the Sierra Parima, nothing could save us. If by chance we landed uninjured, which was doubtful, we could not make our way out of that wilderness. It would have been physically impossible, for one thing. Again our machine would be seen in flight and the presumably hostile natives would come upon us before we had gone far from the scene of the crash. So Stevens and I each carried a little package of opium sufficient to end our lives if the machine came down.

Taking advantage of a clear morning, they set out on March 12, 1925. They were soon climbing to about a mile over the Parima River, and:

An amazing scene unfolded before us. The mysterious Sierra Parima lay ahead as far as we could see through the mist and banks of cumulous clouds which at intervals surrounded us, soaking everything in the machine. We passed through the rain, however. The mountains looked like a huge, rolling sea, vast and limitless, with the far horizon showing no sign of smooth country in any direction.

The mouth of the river had hardly been lost to view when the terrain underneath changed. The river commenced to narrow perceptibly. We saw an obstruction across it and found that it was a native bridge made by felling two trees from opposite sides and lashing them together. A few minutes later, tho it was at least six miles farther, we passed another bridge.

A few miles more and the mountains underneath became higher, cut by deep ravines and canyons. At one side we saw a great waterfall or cascade, which was at least 400 feet in height. This tumbled over a precipice more than 600 feet above the bed of the river. Swerving off the course to scan the neighborhood thoroughly, we saw what appeared to be two thatched huts. But there was no sign of life. We thought that the natives, if there were any, might have gone into hiding, and now were peering up at us from their shelter under the trees. We had anticipated finding them. At Bull's suggestion large square pieces of scarlet cloth had been made into parachutes. To them were attached various articles which we knew would please the natives. Three of these gift packages were aboard, and as we turned back over the clearing we released one and watched it drop through the tree-tops near by.

Turning again over the river, we flew past a gorge some five miles long and filled with waterfalls and cascades. From there on the wilderness appeared more than capable of holding its secrets. There was no further sign of life anywhere during the rest of one hundred miles of flying. It was plain to be seen that no white man could ever get into that country except through the air. The river gradually became only a tiny stream tumbling over the rocks at the bottom of the gorge.

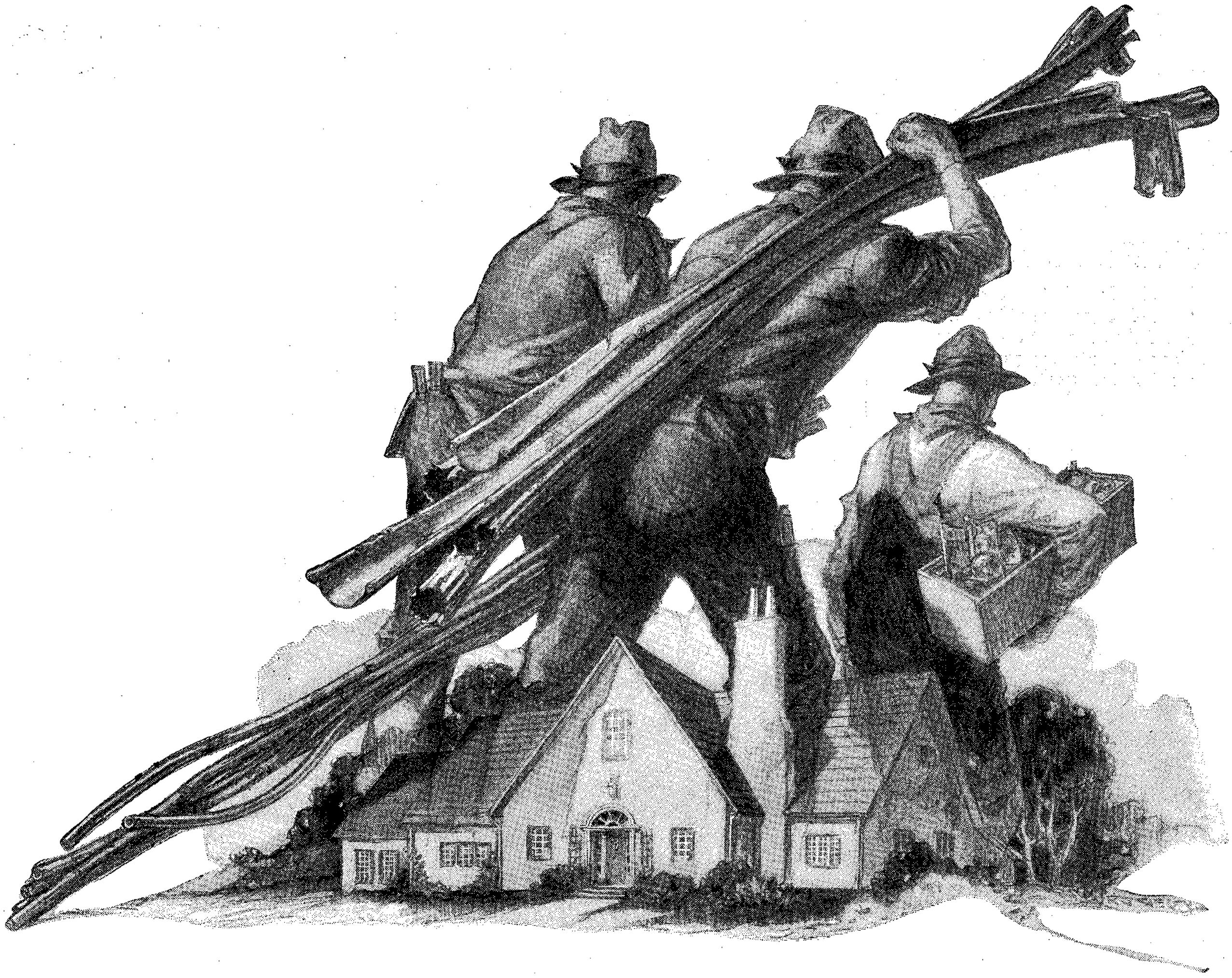
We were over the source of the Parima, having discovered no further sign of human occupation. Nor was there a pass through those mountains. The savage Guaharibos, who for centuries were believed to have a secret means of crossing from the Parima to the Orinoco, could not get through that barrier, which presented a scene of savage grandeur such as I had never gazed upon.

We kept on until the mountains seemed to have reached their greatest height, forming a natural divide, on the other side of which was the source of the Orinoco. Its secret had now been solved. Instead of a common watershed the two rivers are separated at their sources by a divide and mountains at least seventy-five miles across.

They could go no farther. The gages indicated only sufficient gasoline for the return flight, so—

Reluctantly we turned back and retraced our course to the camp at the mouth of the river, where we were able to land and spend a night with the main party.

It required two months and a half for the explorer and his party to go up the Parima to the vicinity of the waterfall, about eighty-five miles. Our flight had taken only three hours and five minutes. They camped near the source of the Parima, and encountered a group of "white Indians" who are much lighter in color than the other aborigines found in the Amazon basin, and who have been reported occasionally since Spanish colonial days. These people were conciliated. They became friendly with the party, and told Dr. Rice by means of signs that they had seen the plane flying overhead. A search was being made for the clearing that we had seen, but it was not found, nor were



# The Rust that Ravages Your House
## was brought in when the house was built

YOU would not think of permitting rust-worn gutters and downspouts to be attached to the outside of your house, nor rust-clogged water-supply pipes to be built into its walls. Yet this, in effect, is exactly what happens when you accept these vital parts made of iron or steel. For iron and steel, by their very nature, must rust when exposed to air and moisture.

Roof flashings, gutters and downspouts of Anaconda Copper will protect the outside of the house from rust; Anaconda Brass Pipe will absolutely prevent rust from forming in water pipes; screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire can never become weakened with rust, but will remain tight and strong indefinitely; and hardware of Anaconda Brass or Bronze will always be serviceable and beautiful. Anaconda Metals are the most economical that you can build into your house, for they give a lifetime of service, without any expense for paint, repairs or replacements.

ANACONDA METALS CANNOT RUST

Anaconda Copper is 99.9% pure. This accounts for its exceptional durability and that of its alloys, Brass and Bronze.

The dependability of Anaconda Metals is due to the complete co-ordinated control of all processes from mine to consumer.

Even the first cost of Anaconda Metals is moderate. With them an average eight-room house costing about $15,000 can be permanently rust-proofed—inside and out—for only $450 more than the cost of metals that rust.

For further information on this vital subject of rust prevention, address our "Building Service Department".

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES: WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities
Canadian Mill: ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LTD., New Toronto, Ont.

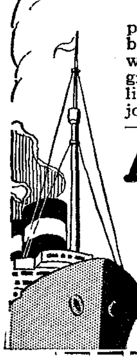
**ANACONDA COPPER**
**BRASS** ANACONDA from mine to consumer **BRONZE**

to EUROPE With the Worry Removed!

Think of a trip to Europe—to all the unique spots in the Old World—*without* any of the exasperations of matching your wits with foreign transportation or customs problems! Think of knowing before you start *exactly what your trip will cost*—including every possible accommodation!

This is not just an idle dream—it is possible here and now. And at a cost far below what the uninitiated traveler would spend in going over the same ground! Check off any of the booklets listed below and learn for yourself what joy can be yours—within your reach—and with all the worry removed!

AMERICAN EXPRESS
*Travel Department*
65 Broadway, New York
*Always Carry American Express Travelers Cheques*
Send for FREE Booklets



AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
Tours Dept. No. 4, New York, N. Y.
Please send booklet giving details of tours as checked below:
[ ]Vacation Tours $310 to $735. Tourist Third Cabin.
[ ]Special Summer Tours $830 to $1095. Cabin Steamers.
[ ]Six Weeks Vacation Tours $697. Cabin Steamers.
[ ]To Europe in 1926—Tours from $1200 to $1900. First Class.
[ ]Paris Summer School $425 up.
[ ]Special Tour for Members of Women's Clubs, $1095.

*Name*..........................................
*Address*.......................................

*"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"*

Orient
*Round the World*

Magnificent, oil-burning President Liners sail from San Francisco every Saturday for Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

From Boston and New York they sail on fortnightly schedules for the Orient and Round the World via Havana, Panama and California.

Palatial, luxurious liners, they provide a famous cuisine and a personal service. Information from any ticket or tourist agent or

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City
177 State Street, Boston, Mass.
112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.
101 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
628 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hugh Mackenzie, G. P. A.
Robert Dollar Building,
San Francisco, California

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

the huts. Yet the natives also reported having searched for some token they thought had been dropt. We do not know to this day whether they saw the parachute or believed simply that the thing appearing in the sky should have brought them a message.

The work of the flying-boat having been completed, we flew on down river. For more than one thousand miles the machine had done its part in exploring territory that was either badly charted or had not been explored at all. There were photographs and sketches of everything having the slightest interest. The party had full loads of geological and biological specimens which will require years of study.

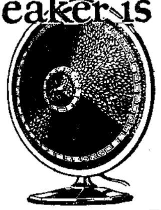
### AN ANABASIS IN A FLIVVER

ADVENTURE! Romance! They are still to be found in the Near East, and, even in a lowly lizzie, you can follow in the trail of history made by Darius, Alexander, Cyrus the Younger, and the memorable Ten Thousand, and by other generals seeking land and loot for themselves and their hungry legions. But you are as apt to hear of Babe Ruth as of the Anabasis, for in this spot where the fates have battled this hefty American makes a bigger hit with some of the younger generation than does Xenophon.

Take the road from Mosul north to the Turkish frontier, but beware of going beyond Zahko. A writer in *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) took this road and the warning. The border, he tells us, runs within the foothills of the great Kurdistan Mountains, from whose perpetual snows the Tigris and the Euphrates flow down to water the vast desert of Mesopotamia. Here is the embattled home of the Kurds, who have never been conquered. In aerie strongholds perched at the entrance to defiles, the hereditary tribal chiefs, turbulent and fierce, have lived from the dawn of history the life of robber barons, and those who resist them—well, they have their regrets. These robber barons, some of whom hold 10,000 families in vassalage, are the Karduchi of the Anabasis, who opposed the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand. Of the more modern and less dangerous journey, we read in *The Monitor:*

> We made our Anabasis in a Ford. Our "upward march" commenced at Nineveh, opposite Mosul on the Tigris. It followed the highway along which the Greeks' shields and corselets gleamed 400 years B. C. Ten miles out we came to Tel Keif. The boast of this noted Chaldean village is that almost every family has a kinsman in the United States! Scores of these ancient Assyrian-Chaldean hamlets scatter themselves among the Kurds; in the sixth century the Patriarch of the East had more spiritual subjects than the Pope of Rome.
>
> Monastery after hoary monastery plasters itself against gray crags. The first to be seen, Mar Mattai, dates from the time of Constantine the Great. Not far from

You will never know how good your radio is until your loudspeaker is a

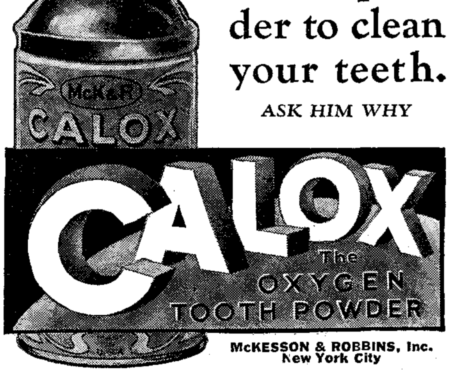


$14.75
~~CROSLEY~~
MUSICONE
Write Dept. 34 for Booklet
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Crosley Radios 1 TUBE $9.75 to 5 TUBE $75.

TOURS TO EUROPE
*Escorted Tours*
Frequent departures on one cabin steamers. 37-66 days. $540-$915. First departure sailing to Naples, May 19—$825.
*Independent Tours*
Tours to meet your individual requirements. Booklet of carefully planned itineraries on request.
*Student Tours*
Attractive itineraries 34-63 days. $370-$615.
*Also tours to Bermuda, West Indies. Steamship tickets on all lines.*
DEAN & DAWSON, LTD.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York
*At 42nd Street* *Phone Pennsylvania 4179*

Stop COUGHING!
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Use a real remedy—not a candy — *Brown's Bronchial Troches.* Quickly relieves *Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat Irritations,* and *Loss of Voice.* Singers and Public Speakers have used them for over 75 years.
At All Druggists—In 4 Size Packages
*Send 15c for sample package to*
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.
*Sole Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York Toronto London

Your dentist uses a powder to clean your teeth.
ASK HIM WHY



McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc.
New York City

# You can't save rubber by using less of it

**BY W. O'NEIL, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL
TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

In the news of the day practically every statement regarding rubber conservation supports the idea that rubber can be saved by using a few pounds less of it in a tire. This means substituting cheaper compounds, a growing practice that is not only shortsighted but extravagantly wasteful. It is as fundamentally wrong as the subterfuge of putting sand in sugar or water in milk.

Putting shoddy or reclaimed rubber in tires does not save rubber. It reduces the cost of the tire several dollars but at the same time, by diluting the quality of the entire rubber structure, it *takes out two-thirds of the wear.*

This goes deeper than the tread rubber. It affects the quality throughout in the important rubber cushions that insulate and protect the costly fabric carcass. In addition the blowing out of inner tubes must be considered. This means more trouble on the road and the buying of more tubes.

Such saving of a few pounds of rubber in making a tire gives the consumer a negligible cut in his initial tire cost but a greatly increasing running cost. Using three sets of tires and tubes to go the distance one set of the best quality will travel certainly does not save rubber.

The way to conserve rubber is to use it in whatever generous quantities are required to manufacture a tire that lowers the owner's cost per mile by giving the longest possible wear.

A policy of building more miles into a tire does more for rubber conservation than any efforts to save rubber by using less of it.

***It's the second 10,000 miles
that makes the big hit***

NOT AN OUNCE OF RECLAIMED RUBBER IN THE GENERAL TIRE CARCASS OR TREAD

**INGERSOLL**
**DOLLAR STROPPER**

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced, dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper; an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

300 Shaves From Every Blade

**The INGERSOLL Dollar Stropper**

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

There is almost magic in the speed, comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

**Ten Days' Trial**

It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment.

If you have not had the Stropper demonstrated to you and cannot get it at your dealers', mail the coupon below with $1.00 and we will send you the complete Outfit including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1.00 at once.

**DEALERS**

This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. Dealers are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

**Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.**
**Dept. 152, 476 Broadway, New York City**

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar, Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar. (*Canadian price $1.50*).

Name..........................................
Address..........................................
Make of Razor Used..........................................
☐ **I am interested in Dealers' Plan**

**When your throat tickles, you will enjoy your next smoke more after a Bunte Cough Drop. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals —the horehound soothes.**

**MENTHOL·HOREHOUND**
**Bunte COUGH DROPS**
**BUNTE BROTHERS, CHICAGO**
***Makers of World Famous Candies***

## MOTORING AND AVIATION
*Continued*

where it hangs on Jebel Maklub, we fell in with a Tel Keifi. Did we discourse learnedly of the 1,200 monks who once lived together in this celebrated convent? No, our converse was of "Babe" Ruth and baseball! The Tel Keifi had lived near New York, was visiting the "old folks." He regaled us with a tale of his small son, who, when the Tel Keif schoolmaster asked if any little boy knew what was at the center of the earth, astonished his Chaldean classmates by shouting "Yonkers!"

We lodged for the night at Semil, inhabited by devil-worshiping Yezidis. From a bed upon the earthen floor we gazed up at a ceiling of leafy boughs. And this was the room of a young American! Roger Cumberland might have been living in his father's California home. But he had cast his lot with those of his countrymen who have taught in this region for a century.

Their names are talismans. From Mosul way up into the Russian Caucasus one has only to mention such as "Ed" McDowell and the floor will be spread with waterlike native bread to dip in the bowl of honey mixed with oil of sesame and curds, and deliciously cool airan, a kind of buttermilk.

From Semil we traversed a green sea of corn, barley, wheat. This plain affords an example of how well England uses her influence for order. Not very long ago flames swept it every season. The peasants fired the ripening crops, which tempted marauding Kurds down from their robber fastnesses to forays. Only a verdant belt remained to supply each hamlet. Motor-cars have aided the British. An officer illustrated:

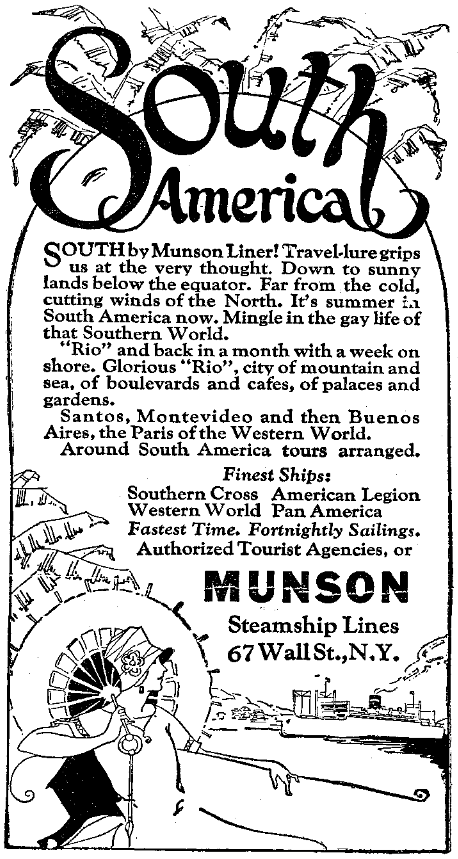
"Trouble with the Kurds threatened in ——. We went tearing up in an armored car. Looked like a topping scrap."

"And then?"

"Oh," easily, "our car had a small wireless set. We used it to get more cars up!"

"First-rate fighting chap, the Kurd!" they tell you. The hillman certainly looks ferocious. His gorgeous weapons and embroideries and rainbow-hued turban make him a barbaric figure. Garbed in red-striped trousers of enormous width, gay jacket, sleeves that sweep the ground, he wears atop his head the fantastic Kurdish turban, a tall cone of white felt, wound about with vari-colored silk scarfs, hanging behind in fringes and tassels. Into a gaudy sash he thrusts silver-mounted khanjar, or dagger, and revolver, and about him are slung rows of cartridge belts. Drooping mustaches and aquiline nose enhance his fierce aspect.

These Aryan uplanders are often fair-haired and blue-eyed, we are told. When they gallop on horseback the men's tassels and the women's distinctive Kurdish cloak—the tcharokhia, of bright red or yellow, worn over the shoulder like a Scot's plaid—float out wildly. Mohammedan and semi-savage that he is, the Kurd takes only one wife. "If he has merited condemnation by his atrocities, there is this to be said for him that he treats his womenfolk well." And he cherishes an intense pride of family. As we read:



**SOUTH by Munson Liner! Travel-lure grips us at the very thought. Down to sunny lands below the equator. Far from the cold, cutting winds of the North. It's summer in South America now. Mingle in the gay life of that Southern World.**

**"Rio" and back in a month with a week on shore. Glorious "Rio", city of mountain and sea, of boulevards and cafes, of palaces and gardens.**

**Santos, Montevideo and then Buenos Aires, the Paris of the Western World.**

**Around South America tours arranged.**

***Finest Ships:***
**Southern Cross American Legion**
**Western World Pan America**
***Fastest Time. Fortnightly Sailings.***
**Authorized Tourist Agencies, or**

**MUNSON**
**Steamship Lines**
**67 Wall St., N.Y.**

**PATENTS** BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
BEST RESULTS PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

**PRINT YOUR OWN**
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. **Print for others, big profit.** Complete outfits $8.85. Job press $12, $35. Rotary $150. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. **THE PRESS CO., U-23, Meriden, Conn.**

**Don't Suffer**
**With Itching Rashes**
**Use Cuticura**
**Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.**

***Chase Pain Away with Musterole***

**When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.**

**Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.**

**Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole works without the blister Grandma knew.**

**For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.**

***To Mothers:* Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
**Jars & Tubes**
**MUSTEROLE**
**WILL NOT BLISTER**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER**

There are Kurdish nobles who claim an ancestry running back centuries before the oldest reigning house in Europe, the House of Savoy, was founded.

Our Ford climbed up the Jebel Abiyad ("white hills") by the caravan road followed since earliest ages. On the crest we halted. In the stupendous setting that unrolled there emerged the colossal figures whose stories we, as children, appropriated as integral parts of our lives. In this pass Xenophon's brave Greeks suffered from the slingers and archers of Tissaphernes the Persian, on the adjacent heights.

Toward the west flowed the Tigris; below the Zakho hills Alexander the Great must have forded it on his way to meet Darius on the field of Arbela. On the north, before us, lay the plain of Zakho, with the Khabur, deep and swift, winding through it. Upon the far edge soared Judi Dagh. Local tradition—Christian, Moslem, Jew and Yezidi alike—declare it the mount on which Noah's Ark rested after the flood. At the summer festival of Noah every year all faiths and peoples lay aside their feuds and by thousands mingle the smoke of their offerings on its ancient high altar. Beyond, the snowy ranges go up to Ararat.

Immediately below us lay Zakho stronghold, key to the pass through all time. It is about seventy miles by road from Mosul, an easy day's journey by motor-car. Looking down, after the lapse of twenty-three centuries, like Xenophon, we "saw a palace and many villages lying round it."

An island castle, its octagonal tower and strong walls jutting boldly above the stream, set in a girdle of mountains, Zakho's isolated fortress seemed to belong not so much to the antique world as to the Middle Ages. One saw it as it might have been during the Crusades, when Saladin, the great Kurd, was carrying the splendor of his arms into Jerusalem. It was easy to picture the upper hall, whose windows look out over the river, crowded by some powerful chieftain and his men-at-arms, while minstrels intoned to their melancholy airs the ballads, handed down orally from generation to generation, that recount the stirring border story of the Kurds.

We ascended later to a housetop in Zakho to partake of refreshments. From the roof we looked off across the Zakho plain toward the Christian villages of Hasana and Nahrawan, both backgrounds for the legends of Noah. Somewhere up at the rim of the plain ran the provisional frontier between Irak and Turkey, apparently where nature designed it—where the great Kurdistan Mountains begin and the vast flatlands of Mesopotamia, which seem to include the plains of Mosul and Zakho, end.

"Why are we forbidden to go up there to the border?" we asked.

"Beyond Zakho," our host explained, "lies the fringe of No Man's Land—the country of the tribes that have never been subdued."

As he spoke we heard the throbbing of an engine and an airplane sailed over our heads. It alighted in the landing-field not far from where our flivver had been parked.

Perhaps, one reflected, Mr. Wright and Mr. Ford will succeed where all the conquerors from Tiglath Pileser down to the Turkish Sultans failed!

---

**Spilling Delicatessen.**—

CHURCH DROPS GERMAN
TONGUE IN SERVICES

—*Headlines in the Newark (N. J.) Star-Eagle.*

FREE 10-Day Tube
*Mail the Coupon*

No
"off-color" teeth
when that dingy film is removed

**Accept this remarkable dental test. You'll gain the dazzling white teeth and coral-like gums that make smiles *attractive and inviting***

MODERN dental science has made important, recent discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth.

In a few days you can work great changes in the color of your teeth: can give them dazzling whiteness, and your gums the healthy coral tint you envy.

If you seek new beauty and new charm, test this new way. Do as millions are doing on dental advice. Multiply the value of your smile. Mail the coupon. A 10-day test will be sent you.

*Beneath the film are gleaming, glorious teeth*

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain unattractive.

*New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums*

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

What you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

You are simply hiding the natural beauty of your teeth.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

*Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George Street, Toronto, Canada*

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 259, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent
*The New-Day Quality Dentifrice*
*Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities*

Name........................................

Address......................................

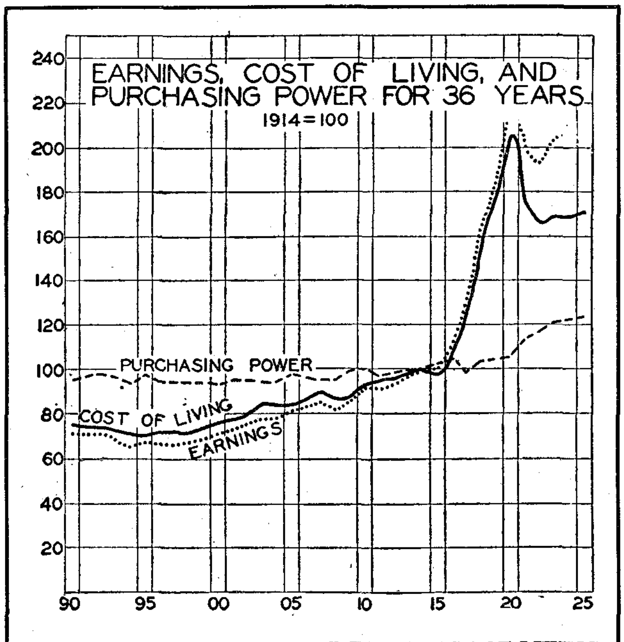
Only one tube to a family. 1950

# INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

## A RISE IN REAL WAGES

THE PRESENT PROSPERITY of the American people is attributed by the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin* to the "large national increase in the real wages of employed workers in this country during the past five years." That is, "the typical American wage-earner is better off than he has ever been before in the sense that his average earnings have increased in recent years more rapidly than the cost of living, so that a typical day's wage now buys more of the necessities of life than it ever has previously." The writer for the Cleveland bank bases his statements on data presented at recent winter meetings of the national scientific associations, and in particular in a paper by Prof. Paul S. Douglass of the University of Chicago. It is explained that:

> Economists speak of real wages when they are discussing the purchasing power of employed workers. If wages increase by 50 per cent., and the cost of living also increases by 50 per cent., there has been no advance in the worker's purchasing power, and none in his real wages. But if the dollar earnings increase by 50 per cent., and the cost of living advances by only 25 per cent., the real wage of the worker moves up in a most important way.
>
> It is probable that real wages for the average employed worker are now about 23 per cent. greater than they were just before the outbreak of war in 1914.



HOW WAGES HAVE KEPT UP WITH COST OF LIVING

A diagram is presented—and reproduced on this page—which shows the changes in purchasing power, living costs and dollar earnings during the past thirty-six years. In each case the 1914 conditions are represented by 100. To proceed:

> The dotted line represents the changes over this long term of years in the relative annual earnings of employees in a large number of firms engaged in manufacturing and transportation, as well as those of ministers, teachers, government employees, postal employees, and clerical workers in business houses.
>
> The dotted line shows that a typical wage of $65 in 1894 corresponded to one of $100 in 1914, and to one of $218 at the peak in 1920, and finally to one of about $209 in 1925.
>
> The solid line shows the relative changes in the cost of living if that of 1914 is taken as 100, and the dashed line shows the purchasing power, or the course of real wages. This last line fluctuated without much real change during the twenty years from 1890 to 1910, but during the past fifteen years it has been rising, and during the past five it has moved up rapidly.
>
> The fundamental cause for this advance is that the average output per worker has increased, and since the national production of goods has increased more rapidly than the population, and has been in the main a well-balanced production, the average worker receives more of the things he wants.
>
> What seems to have happened is that the war period increased our national efficiency, speeded up production, and left us with increased capital available for the improvement of our equipment for manufacturing, agriculture, and transportation. Then came the restriction of immigration which resulted in a country-wide movement to install and employ labor-saving machines and methods. This resulted in a most important increase in per capita production, which is still going on. It seems probable also that some part of our increased national efficiency should be credited to the general use of the automobile which conserves the time and renders more effective the efforts of millions of American workers. Perhaps also some part of the credit should be assigned to the effects of national Prohibition, altho many thoughtful persons believe that these latter increments to national efficiency have been purchased at too great a cost in terms of national morale.

And along with these forces making for a greater output, there have gone, we are told, at least two factors tending to prevent a corresponding rise in the money costs goods: "one of these is the ample, and in some cases, excessive productive capacity of our shops and factories, which has tended to check each important movement toward higher price-levels; the other is the greatly increased efficiency of our railroads, which have moved goods so promptly as to have a similar effect through checking commodity speculation." With the large purchasing power of to-day there is at the same time little unemployment, "and so prosperity is general." Fortunately, concludes the writer, "it does not seem likely that there will be any drastic change in these conditions in the near future."

## WHERE THE BUILDING DOLLAR GOES

THE COMPARATIVE COST of each item in the average building job has been worked out by the United States Department of Labor so as to show just how the building dollar is divided. The figures include both labor and material costs, labor amounting to 59.5 per cent. of the total. The New York *Times* thus reprints the Labor Department's estimates:

| *Material and Labor* | *Out of Building Dollar (in cents)* |
|---|---|
| Foundations and masonry | 36.10 |
| Carpentry | 29.10 |
| Plumbing | 10.00 |
| Heating | 8.70 |
| Hardware, metals | 7.60 |
| Paint | 6.50 |
| Electricity work and fixtures | 2.00 |
| Total | 100.00 |

In this connection the Department presents figures showing the division of the construction cost of the average five-room-and-bath stucco house, costing $8,000, with lot:

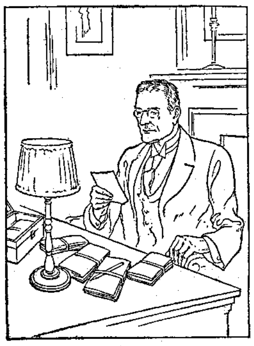
| *Work* | *Cost* | *Percentage* |
|---|---|---|
| Excavation | $ 60 | .07 |
| Masonry | 480 | 6.00 |
| Carpentry | 600 | 7.05 |
| Lumber | 848 | 10.06 |
| Hardware | 120 | 1.05 |
| Mill work | 935 | 11.67 |
| Painting | 380 | 4.17 |
| Plastering and stucco | 820 | 10.25 |
| Tile bath | 60 | .07 |
| Sidewalk | 91 | 1.14 |
| Grading and sodding | 100 | 1.25 |
| Furnace | 330 | 4.16 |
| Wiring | 107 | 1.33 |
| Fixtures | 160 | 2.00 |
| Plumbing | 600 | 7.50 |
| Papering | 135 | 1.66 |

LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY

*The average business life falls into four normal periods*

*Period of Getting Started*

*Period of Surplus Earnings*



*Period of Declining Earnings*

*Period of Retirement*

# How age affects investment

EACH one of these periods has its own investment need, which should be borne in mind when purchasing securities.

During the *first period,* safety of the fund is all important. The first few thousands saved by a young man become the foundation of his financial future. To risk them is as foolhardy as it would be for a farmer to hazard his seed corn.

During the *second period,* activity in business enterprises which involves some risk is permissible, perhaps even desirable. As an offset, a substantial part of one's surplus should be kept invested in safe, marketable bonds. When resources grow, there are more opportunities for diversification, to help insure the safety of the whole investment structure.

In the *third period,* men begin to be more concerned about conserving what they have. Personal earning power faces a decline. Recuperation becomes more difficult. Steady, assured income should be the investment objective.

The *fourth period* is one for the observance of strictest conservatism. The man who has retired with a competence has everything to lose and little to gain through speculative or risky investments.

Through all of these periods, the investor's greatest security lies in allying himself with a bond house which will view his investment problems from the standpoint of his interest rather than its own—and with an intelligent understanding of his circumstances and requirements. It will be a constant help to him, always available to supplement his judgment and experience with its own broader background.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. aims to merit such a permanent and trustful relationship with its customers that it may serve them through a lifetime with sound investment guidance.

*May we submit a list of our offerings to conform with your stated requirements?*

**HALSEY, STUART & CO.**
INCORPORATED

CHICAGO
201 South La Salle St.

NEW YORK
14 Wall St.

PHILADELPHIA
111 South 15th St.

DETROIT
601 Griswold St.

CLEVELAND
925 Euclid Ave.

ST. LOUIS
319 North 4th St.

BOSTON
85 Devonshire St.

MILWAUKEE
425 East Water St.

MINNEAPOLIS
610 Second Ave., S.

6%

**NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE BONDS**

**EVERY MORTGAGE IRREVOCABLY INSURED**

**By one of four of the largest Surety Companies in the world:**

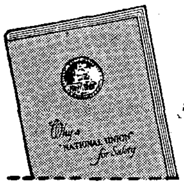
*U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore*
*National Surety Company, New York*
*Maryland Casualty Co., Baltimore*
*Fidelity & Deposit Company, Baltimore*

*REGARDLESS* of what your investment list may now contain, there is no sounder security in all the world than first mortgages on real estate. National Union Mortgage Bonds make available to the investor, opportunities in the most productive class of real estate securities—first mortgages on *city* property. Around the original security of permanent property value, have been placed the safeguards of Insurance and Guarantee of both principal and interest that provide perfect protection.

***$500 and $1000 Coupon Bonds***

**National Union Mortgage Co.**
BALTIMORE • MARYLAND

**Mackubin, Goodrich & Co.**
*Fiscal Agents*
Baltimore • Maryland
*Established 1899*



Write us today for copy of "WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY," describing in detail the unusual precautions taken to safeguard your principal and interest.

**Send Coupon**

MACKUBIN, GOODRICH & CO.,
111 E. Redwood Street • Baltimore, Md.
*Send Booklet No. 59*
*"Why a National Union for Safety"*

*Name*..................................................

*Address*..................................................

*City*..............................*State*..................

6½%

**Arnold Certificates Are Secured by First Mortgages**

If you can save $10 per month, or now have $100 or more to invest, the Arnold plan will interest you.

The Arnold plan removes doubt and worry. It is not speculative. You know definitely that you will receive 6½% interest and that your principal will not be risked or impaired.

Every Arnold 6½% First Mortgage Guaranteed Certificate is an undivided part of a trust consisting of various high-class first mortgages given by different persons, secured by various properties, and all combined in one trust held by a Trust Company.

The safety of every Arnold Certificate is further guaranteed, both as to interest and principal, by Arnold and Company with Capital and Surplus of $1,250,000.

Issued in amounts of $100, $500, and $1,000, to run two to ten years. May be pur chased direct without commission or brokerage charge. Monthly payments if desired.

*Write today for Booklet No 27*

**ARNOLD AND COMPANY**
1416 Eye Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog Free.
**T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 34 CHICAGO**

*Westcott* W
HOSIERY
*At Leading Dealers*
*for MEN & WOMEN*

## INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
*Continued*

### HOW TO KEEP OUR SOUTH AMERICAN MARKETS

DURING the war period American manufacturers and exporters were able to replace European firms to a very large extent in the South American market for manufactured goods. But we are reminded by Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce that some of our advantages must diminish with the economic improvement of Europe, and with the strong efforts being made by European exporters to regain their old markets. So the next few years, insists Dr. Klein in an address reprinted in *Commerce Reports*, will be critical years, altho he reaches the optimistic conclusion that "the sales genius and the 'staying power' of the American exporter, his determination to cut out wasteful trade practises and to carry out a carefully planned long-view policy, will enable him to hold his own in the face of stiffening European competition."

Statistically, our position is strong. In 1913, it seems, the United States supplied 24 per cent. of the total imports of the 18 more important Latin-American countries; in 1923, our share had advanced to 40 per cent., and preliminary 1925 figures indicate further improvement. Last year, "in such highly specialized manufactured goods as automobiles, motion-picture films, typewriters, electrical goods, radio apparatus, and sewing-machines, American lines dominated the more important Latin-American markets." While the development of domestic industries in Latin America, especially shoe factories, has hurt our export business, such development brings a demand for American machinery.

Evidence of the intensified competition from Europe is seen in the recent visits of European trade missions to Latin America, accompanied by floods of propaganda literature. But the economic improvement in Europe works both ways, for while it strengthens European business, the currency stabilization raises production costs nearer to the American level. Dr. Klein denies that our tariff barrier against certain Latin-American products will have any effect on our trade. One thing we must do is to continue to assist Latin America by investing our capital in the development of its resources. We have now learned, he says, to match Europe in meeting Latin-American demands for credit extensions. As far as American banking facilities or shipping services are concerned, at least "an excellent ground work already exists for their extensions." Where the volume of business justifies it our exporters should have their own distributing centers in South America, otherwise it may pay better to act through native or foreign agencies.

JOHNSON'S WAX
ELECTRIC floor POLISHER
S.C. JOHNSON & SON - RACINE

**Home Magic**

WITH all America's genius for saving time and labor, little was done for women until the universal electric motor was developed.

What a difference now! Connect a wire to any light socket or plug and housekeeping becomes a pastime. The magic of motor driven floor polishers, dish washing machines, ice making refrigerators, oil burning furnaces, etc., now gives the housewife leisure to enjoy the better things of life.

As one of the first manufacturers of Universal motors, this company has contributed greatly to this service. DUMORE Motors have been constantly improved to meet these many requirements.

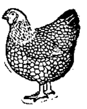
For any use requiring ¼ of a horsepower or less, at speeds up to 15,000 r.p.m. specify a DUMORE motor.

**WISCONSIN ELECTRIC COMPANY**
**50 Sixteenth St., Racine, Wis.**

**DUMORE**
***Fractional Horse Power Motors***

$395 and up
College Credits if desired

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
TOURS to **EUROPE**
**66 days**
*Address*
**TOURS DIVISION—**
**110 E. 42nd ST.** *New York City*



**Poultry** Miller's American **Guide**
—Tells all about chickens—care, feeding and raising for profit. Also describes IDEAL INCUBATORS, Hot Water and Electric—IDEAL BROODERS—Coal and Oil Burning—Baby chicks, Eggs for Hatching. Special LOW PRICES **FREE**
**J. W. MILLER CO., Box 155, Rockford, Ill.**

**YOU CAN** have a business profession of your own and earn big income in service fees. A new system of foot correc tion; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks. Easy terms for training. Openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting.
**Address Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**

**GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself** Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
**W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 38, EAST ORANGE, N. J.**

**HOW TO LIVE**

Prepared by *Professor Irving Fisher* of Yale and *Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D.*, under the auspices of the Hygiene Reference Board, Life Extension Institute.

**The Nation's Foremost Book of Health**

**18th Edition Revised and Enlarged**

This all-embracing and reliable work, which has been the road to health for untold thousands, has received the endorsement of such eminent organizations as the American Medical Association and the State Boards of Health of Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, New York, and Pennsylvania. It discusses in frank and understandable language, diseases, foods, fads, poisons, marriage, massage, good and bad habits, individual hygiene, eugenics, physical culture, etc., and gives an illustrated series of exercises. It is a book that should be in every home. 541 pages.

*12mo. Cloth. $2, net; $2.14, post-paid.*

**FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave, New York**

## CURRENT EVENTS

### FOREIGN

February 3.—A British syndicate, says a London dispatch, has procured a concession in Bolivia of 30,000,000 acres of agricultural and forest lands as well as 10,000,000 acres of oil rights and a similar area of mineral rights, with the right to build roads, railroads, ports, and factories, and have all its exports and imports duty and tax free for twenty-five years.

February 4.—The Spanish aviators, headed by Commander Franco, reach Rio de Janeiro from Pernambuco, covering the 1,264 miles to the Brazilian capital in 12 hours and 10 minutes.

February 5.—Chile and Peru appeal to President Coolidge from the election law adopted by the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission, Peru objecting to the inclusion among qualified voters of employees of the Arica-La Paz Railroad, subsidized by the Chilean Government, and Chile objecting to the disqualification of government and other employees who it is claimed are not political appointees.

February 6.—On behalf of King George, medals in recognition of the rescue of the crew of the British freighter *Antinoe* are presented to Capt. George Fried and the officers and seamen of the boat crews of the United States liner *President Roosevelt*, while the vessel is docked at Southampton, England.

In an address before the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Premier Mussolini severely criticizes the anti-Italian campaign which he says is being carried on by the Germans in the South Tyrol, and declares that "sometimes it is necessary to pay with two eyes for the loss of one and a whole set of teeth for the loss of one tooth."

February 7.—In a mixed doubles tennis match at Nice, France, Suzanne Lenglen, the French tennis star, and Baron Henri de Morpurgo defeat Helen Wills, America's star, and Charles F. Aeschlimann, 6-1, 6-2.

### DOMESTIC

February 3.—The Senate adopts the 20 per cent. maximum surtax rate recommended by the Senate Finance Committee.

The Church Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church favors the modification of the Volstead Law to permit the sale of beer and wine, asserts Dr. James Empringham, National Secretary, who bases his claim on the result of a questionnaire alleged to have been sent out during the last year to 20,000 members of the Society.

February 4.—A severe snow-storm sweeps New England and the North Atlantic coast, and in New York results in the death of five people.

President Coolidge refuses the request of the New York Democratic House delegation for a conference with him on the anthracite situation, Secretary Saunders saying that it will be impossible for the President to discuss the subject at the present time.

February 5.—By a vote of 48 to 28, the Senate declines to lay aside the tax bill temporarily to consider the resolution of Senator Copeland of New York asking the President to call a conference of hard-coal miners and operators to settle the strike.

February 6.—With the approval of President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury

Announcing—

All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence

*Chain Link Fabric and Tubular Framework All Copper-Bearing Steel!*

A rust-proof fence! For years this has been the goal of fence manufacturers. A fence that would defy the elements and last for generations.

Now this long-sought-for fence is a reality. It is made possible by adding the correct percentage of copper, the metal eternal, when producing the steel used in Cyclone Fence. And again, as in all other major improvements in fence building, this is another Cyclone achievement.

*Double Protection Against Corrosion*

Cyclone Copper-Bearing Steel, in itself the steel of greatest rust resistance known, is still further protected against corrosion by the famous "Galv-After" process. Double protection against the elements! This new all Copper-Bearing Steel Fence is the most enduring, most economical, most practical fence ever produced. It provides permanent, dependable property protection.

Fence your property with Cyclone All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence. And as the years go by have the satisfaction of knowing that you purchased the best. Don't accept a substitute.

Six factories strategically located, and branch offices in principal cities, insure prompt service wherever your property is situated.

Phone, wire or write nearest offices for new catalog and complete information on Cyclone All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
*Factories and Offices:*
Waukegan, Ill. Cleveland, Ohio
Newark, N. J. Fort Worth, Texas

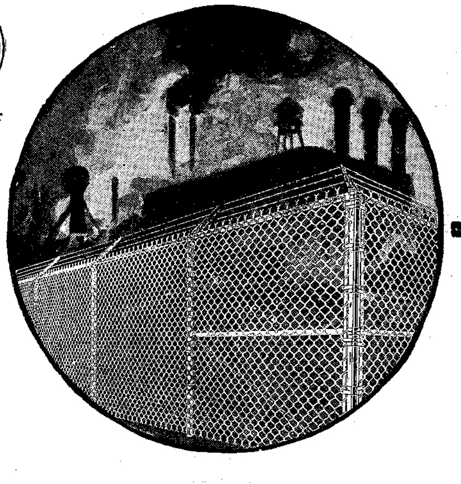
*Pacific Coast Distributors:*
Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Calif.
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.

Cyclone Fence

Cyclone "Red Tag" FENCE AND PRODUCTS

*The Mark of Quality Fence and Service*

© C. F. Co., 1926



CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

Quick with the Glyco-Thymoline

*Stop that cold before it starts*

A SNEEZE is nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack. That is where distressing catarrhal conditions develop.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline today. Use it regularly and enjoy greater freedom from colds and sore throat. Sold by druggists everywhere, in three sizes—3-ounce, 6-ounce, and 1-pound bottles. We shall be glad to send you a liberal sample of Glyco-Thymoline upon receipt of 10 cents. Address: Kress & Owen Company, 361 Pearl Street, Dept. 3-EX, New York City.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE PACKAGE

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Trade Mark

THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR

Fan into flame that spark of ambition in you to become a writer—to win the high monetary rewards of the literary field, to be quoted by the press, to occupy the enviable position which literary men and women hold in the social and intellectual worlds. Place yourself under the guidance of a man who is probably the most successful teacher, by the correspondence method, of both the written and spoken word. Let him guide you to success. This is not a correspondence course priced at fifty, seventy-five, or one hundred and fifty dollars, but a new and complete book with day-by-day lessons which you can secure for a very moderate sum.

Training for Authorship

By Grenville Kleiser

Compacted within 612 pages, this volume is a complete course in the writers' art. There is both information and inspiration awaiting you. This work will encourage and guide you to create ideas and develop them until they are ready for market—even show you where they may be sold.

Covers Every Phase of Authorship

Whatever the field you wish to enter, here is concise, straight-to-the-point instruction for you.

Short Stories
Novels
Scenarios
Biographies
History
Essays

While there is no substitute for genius, there is a great amount of necessary information regarding the technique of writing that must be learned—this book will teach you. You have but to be possessed of imagination and determination and then follow, step by step, the instruction which "Training for Authorship" gives you on—

How to Look for Ideas
Where to Find Plot Material
How to Make Phrases
The Art of Word Building
The Use of Similes
The Development of Style
How to Finish Your Work
How and Where to Sell It

If your ambition to write will induce you to devote a few minutes a day to the reading of "Training for Authorship" and to the following of its simple, straightforward and effective instructions, there is no height in the literary field that you cannot aspire to climb.

Thomas L. Masson Says:

"'Training for Authorship' contains more practical common sense and more useful information on this subject than any book I have seen."

B. M. Bower Says:

"After going over 'Training for Authorship' rather thoroughly and with much interest I presented it to my son, who is training to be an author. I know it would have been a gold mine for me had I been fortunate enough to possess a copy when I began to write. . . . Hereafter I shall be glad to recommend 'Training for Authorship' to beginners who come to me for advice."

Harold Bell Wright Says:

"I believe that your 'Training for Authorship' will be very helpful to aspiring writers."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

8vo. Cloth. 612 pages. $6.00 net; by mail, $6.18

PAY-POSTMAN COUPON

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me cloth-bound copy of Kleiser's "Training for Authorship." I will pay the postman $6 plus 18 cents postage. If I am not satisfied with the book, I will return it in five days, you will refund the $6.18 I paid, and I will owe you nothing.

D2-20-26

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

## CURRENT EVENTS
*Continued*

Mellon sends to Congress a bill to create a separate Prohibition bureau in the Treasury Department, and to take the custom laws from the Bureau of Internal Revenue and place them under new agencies under the general supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Senator Copeland's resolution asking the President to call a conference of anthracite operators and miners is again defeated in the Senate, this time by a vote of 43 to 38.

February 7.—The railroads in the United States broke all earning records in 1925, with an aggregate net operating income of $1,136,000,000, exceeding the previous high record, made in 1916, by nearly $100,000,000, according to the Bureau of Railway Economics.

In a sermon before 2,500 people in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Bishop W. T. Manning of New York indorses Prohibition, recites the indorsement of Prohibition enforcement by the House of Bishops at the General Convention at New Orleans, and says that the Church Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church "has no official authorization and no right whatsoever" to speak in the name of the Episcopal Church on Prohibition.

February 8.—The Department of Justice files suit in Baltimore to prevent the formation, through the recently organized Ward Food Products Corporation, of a combination in the baking industry with a capitalization of $2,000,000,000.

The amendment which would have re-inserted the publicity feature in the tax bill is defeated by the Senate, 49 to 32.

In stating the position of the Roman Catholic Church on Prohibition, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston says that the Church applauds voluntary total abstinence, but that "compulsory prohibition in general is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic tradition."

The Mississippi House of Representatives, by a vote of 76 to 32, passes a bill to prevent the teaching of evolution in State-supported schools.

---

**Climatic Problem.**—A clergyman once attacked Wendell Phillips for causing what he called an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part. "Why do you not go South and kick up this fuss, and leave the North in peace?" exclaimed the accuser.

Mr. Phillips was not in the least ruffled, but said smilingly, "You, sir, are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?"

"I am, sir."

"And your calling is saving souls from hell?"

"Exactly."

"Well, then, why don't you go there?"—*Boston Transcript.*

**When Father Time Walked Backward.**—The statue of Apollo, known as the Colossus of Rhodes, was built in 224 B. C. and thrown down by an earthquake in 280 B. C., after it had stood for a brief 56 years.—*From an ad in the Dearborn Independent.*

## THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

*Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.*

"H. I. S.," Kansas City, Mo.—The usual form for writing the date at the heading of a letter is: August 27, 1925. However, in Great Britain, the practise is to write the day first; the month, second; and the year, third.

"W. E. D.," Louisville, Ky.—Why should the sentence, "If we can be of any service to you, please feel free to call upon us," be challenged. "To call on or upon" is an English idiom which can be defined in simple terms as the equivalent of "to make a request of." Whether or not you use "on" or "upon" is merely a matter of choice. Both are established and in good taste.

"A. A. L.," Omaha, Nebr.—The name *Cleopatra* is pronounced in English *klee″o-pay'tra* or *klee-o-pah'tra*. In the Greek, from which the name is derived, it is spelled *Kle-o-pa'tra*, and the *a* in the penultimate syllable is pronounced as *a* in *arm*. This is the way in which the letters were pronounced in the original Greek. The English pronunciation may be attributed to the Anglicization of the name.

"A. H.," Benton Harbor, Mich.—The Dean of Westminster, at present, The Rt. Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, has the sole right to determine who shall be interred in Westminster Abbey, in accordance with the practise of the Church of England which places the cathedrals under the sole jurisdiction of their respective deans. A royal, a parliamentary, or an ecclesiastical request would be given full consideration.

"J. L.," Jersey City, N. J.—The prefix *intra-*, within, in common with almost any other prefix, may be added to a very extensive list of words. The term *intranational* is perfectly regularly formed, meaning "within the nation" or "domestic," as you have indicated.

The term *isotopic* was coined in 1904 and has had limited application. The fact that it appears as *isothopic* in German has no significance, for the omission of the silent *h* after *t* in German is a slow process and has not been exclusively accepted.

"P. W. C.," Fortress Monroe, Va.—Fernald, in his "Working Grammar of the English Language" (page 316), gives the following rule for distinguishing between *ei* and *ie*: "When *ei* or *ie* has the sound of ī (*ee* in feel), the usage may be discriminated as follows:

After *c* the combination is *ei;* as, *ceiling, perceive, receive.*

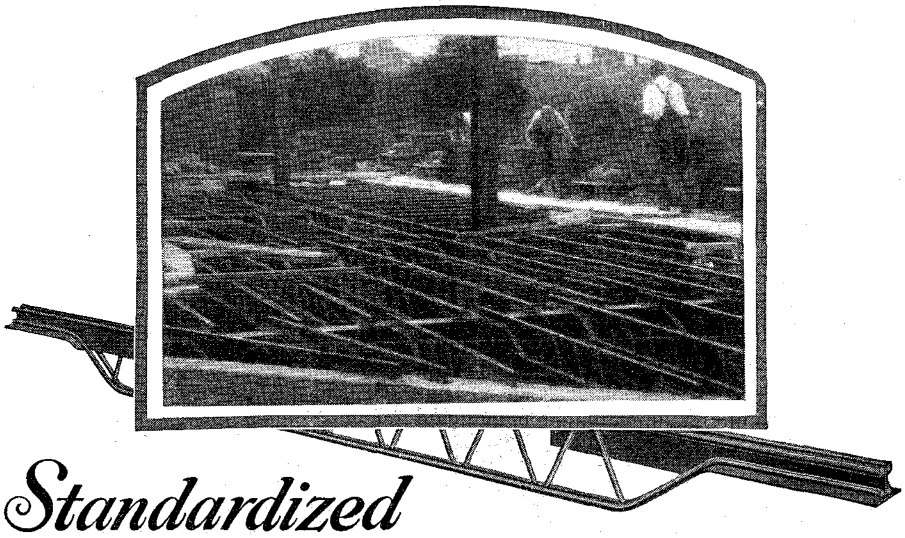
After any other letter than *c* the combination is *ie;* as, *believe, grieve, reprieve.*

*Exceptions:* In *leisure, seize,* and *neither, ei* is used, though not following *c.*

Note.—*ei* sounded as ē (-a in fate) may follow any consonant; as, *neighbor, sleigh, weigh.*

"L. H.," Chicago, Ill.—(1) The seven wonders of the world are either of two groups of seven famous buildings or works of art; variously enumerated but commonly including: (1) In *antiquity*, the *Egyptian Pyramids*, the *Hanging Gardens of Babylon*, the *Temple of Diana* at Ephesus, the *Statue of Zeus* by Phidias at Olympia, the *Mausoleum* at Halicarnassus, the *Colossus of Rhodes*, and the *Pharos or lighthouse* at Alexandria. (2) In the *middle ages*, the *Coliseum* at Rome, the *Catacombs of Alexandria*, the *Great Wall of China*, the *Druidical Temple at Stonehenge*, England, the *Leaning Tower of Pisa*, the *Porcelain tower of Anking*, and the *Mosque of St. Sophia*, at Constantinople.

(2) The term *negro* comes from Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, *negro*, "black," in which languages it means also, "gloomy," "sad," "melancholy"; it comes ultimately from Latin *niger*, "black." As applied to man the word describes a subspecies of whom the chief characteristics are a dark skin, woolly, or frizzly hair, and a dolichocephalic skull. Altho the first appearance of the *negro* in the English colonies in America was in 1619, it is recorded in Murray's Dictionary that *negro* has been in use since 1555.



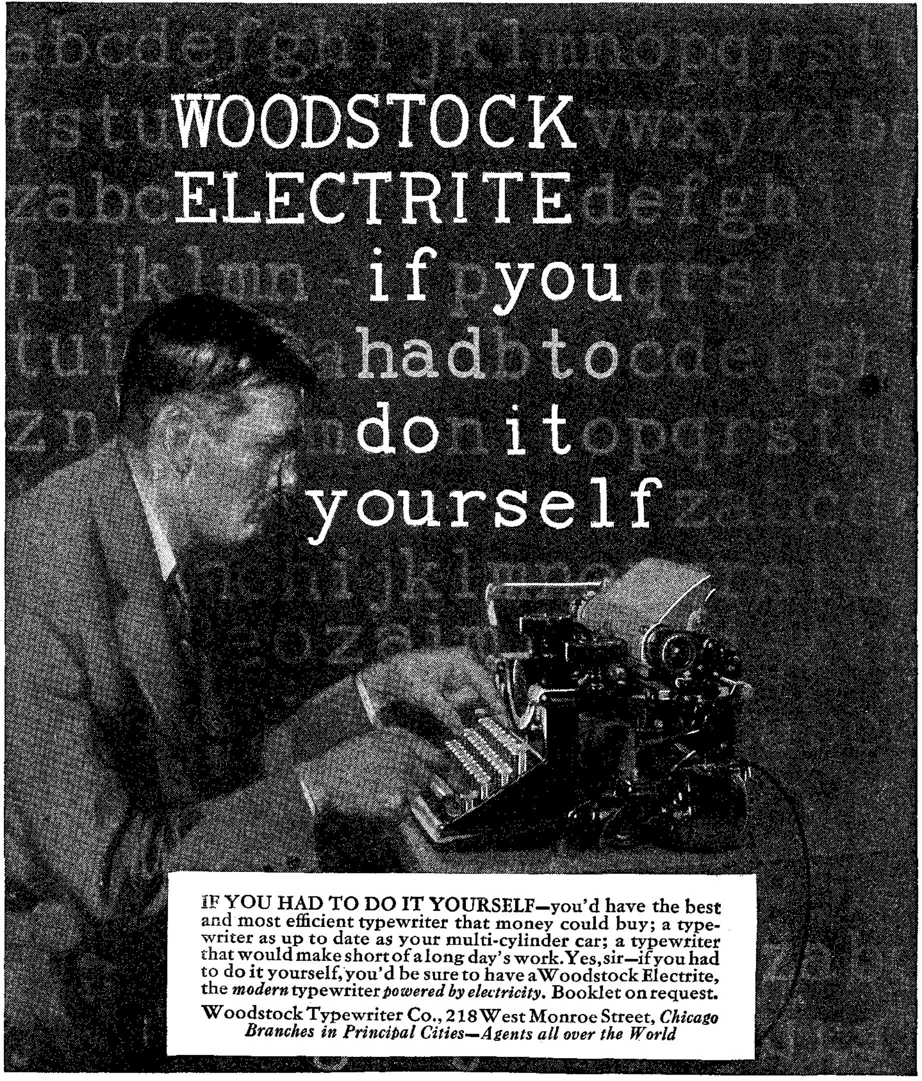
*Standardized Steel Floor Joists*

Economical fireproof floors for all types of buildings can be built easily and quickly with standardized Massillon Bar Joists. They meet all span and load requirements and facilitate piping installations. Write for booklet and discuss Massillon Bar Joists with your architect.

THE MASSILLON STEEL JOIST COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Plants at Canton and Massillon, Ohio. Sales Offices in all principal cities.
Canadian Manufacturing and Sales Agents: Sarnia Bridge Company, Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

MASSILLON
BAR PATENTS PENDING JOISTS
*Two Bars Top and Bottom* *Solid Steel Welded Joints*



IF YOU HAD TO DO IT YOURSELF—you'd have the best and most efficient typewriter that money could buy; a typewriter as up to date as your multi-cylinder car; a typewriter that would make short of a long day's work. Yes, sir—if you had to do it yourself, you'd be sure to have a Woodstock Electrite, the *modern* typewriter *powered by electricity.* Booklet on request.

Woodstock Typewriter Co., 218 West Monroe Street, *Chicago*
*Branches in Principal Cities—Agents all over the World*

# THE SPICE OF LIFE

**Eating Wool.**—"I wish you wouldn't knit at meals. I can't tell where my spaghetti leaves off and your sweater begins."—*Washington Columns.*

**The Tired Business Girl.**—
YOUNG stenographer to tend telephone and teach Charleston. Box 94, Edmonds.
—*Want ad in the Seattle times.*

**A Good Scouring.**—GIRL, colored, wishes three days cleaning; reference. M. Haynes, 1,748 Park Ave.
—*Want ad in the New York Times.*

**Two Hearts That Beat as One.**—"Have your wife and Nexdore's anything in common?"

"Yes; they are both mad at the same woman."
—*Boston Transcript.*

**Traffic Note.**—"I have a terrible rumbling on my stomach. It's like a wagon going over a bridge."

"It's most likely that truck that you ate this morning for breakfast."
—*Oregon Orange Owl.*

**Parlor Magic.** — Her dinner partner saw her swallow it, and she explained, "I couldn't eat all that rich food if I didn't help it along!" Then he smiled—and took the same little tablet from his pocket.
—*From an ad in a New York paper.*

**Bravo Chanticleer!**—9 RHODE ISLAND Red pullets and 1 cockerel; thoroughbred dark strain. All laying; reasonable. 3821 So. 10th.—*Ad in the Tacoma Sunday Ledger.*

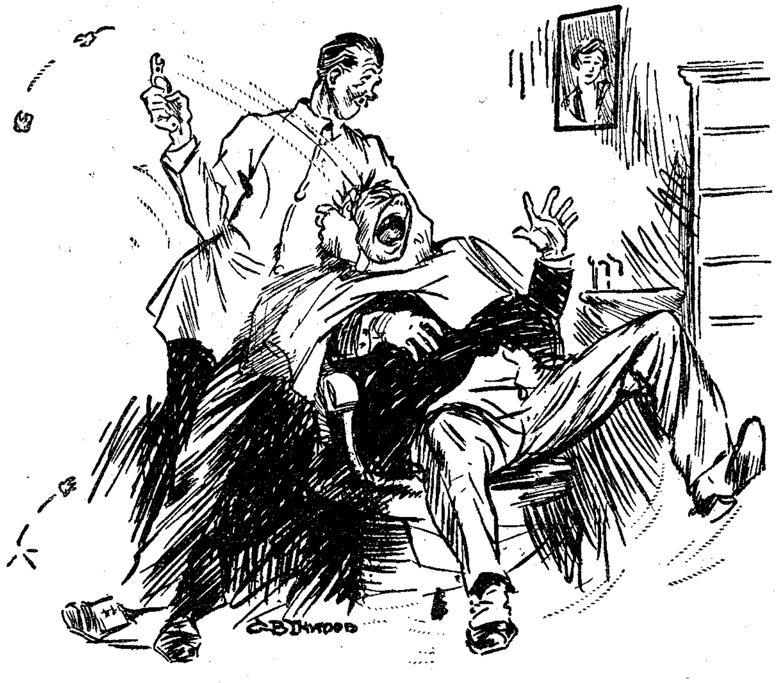
**Making the Great American Language.**—MR. LOUIS R. COHN IS NO LONGER connected with the firm of Jay Dress Company; any debts incurred by him will not be responsible by us since December 15, 1925. Jay Dress Company.—*Public Notice in a New York paper.*

**Page the Smith Brothers.**—The Irish name of the new Dublin Broadcasting station is Staisium Craoibhscaoileachain Ath Cliath. We hear that the announcer has already received many packets of throat lozenges from sympathizers in England.—*London Opinion.*

**Soap Drill.**—The kindergarten teacher asked one of her young pupils what the eyes were for, and was promptly answered, "To see with." Another was asked what the nose was for, and the answer was correctly given. Then she asked the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Watts, "What are your ears for?" The child replied, "To keep clean." She got a 100 mark.—*The Christian Register.*

**Why Not Stay in London?**—A British expedition traveled to Sumatra to observe an eclipse of the sun. It seems a waste of money.—*London Opinion.*

**Looking Backward.**—YOUNG single man wants to work. Have had 2 years' experience as clerk, also some office work. Am 22 years of age and have a good Christian character. Would like to get a job with a future behind it. M. 2764.—*Classified ad in a Tennessee paper.*



LOVESICK DENTIST: "She loves me, she loves me not, she—"
—*Judge.*

**Regardless of Expense.**—A Philadelphian who swallowed a collar button has had three operations, all of which failed to locate it. If this sort of thing keeps up he will undoubtedly have to buy a new one.—*Judge.*

**For Good Digestions.**—
GOOD THINGS TO EAT
STEAM BOILER—One 18 or 20 H. P.; very good condition. And one Hero pipeless furnace, model 554. Price reasonable.—*Ad in a New Haven newspaper.*

**Suffering Trains.**—
SNOW STORMS
STOP TRAINS
Three Escape Freezing to
Death Between Chadron
and Alliance
—*Headlines in a Nebraska paper.*

**My Dear Alphonse!**—We think the prize for courteous repartee was won by Thackeray, as related by Brander Matthews in an article in *The Century.* "When he was standing for Parliament, he happened to meet his opponent one day, who, after chatting amicably, left the great novelist with the remark, 'May the best man win!' To which Thackeray returned instantly, 'Oh, I hope not.' "—*The Christian Register.*

**Chronological Phenomenon.**—He was born in Norfolk, England, in 1883, and came to this country in 1841.—*From a news item in an Albany paper.*

**No Wonder!**—
UNLISTED STOCKS
BECOME LISTLESS
—*Headlines in the New York Sun.*

**Her Long Suit.**—You can't blame a spinster for being particular; if she hadn't been particular she wouldn't be one.—*Birmingham Press.*

**Use no Hooks.**—"Harold says that all he wants is a chance to express himself."

"Fine! Where to?"
—*Judge.*

**A Sporting Chance.**—
MOTHER—"Where has Owen gone?"

FATHER—"Well, if the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he has gone skating—if not, he has gone swimming!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

**What About Realtors?**—Florida is the chin whiskers of the United States. It is six hundred miles long, two hundred miles wide and three feet high. It is bounded on the north by the eighteenth amendment and on the other three sides by the three-mile limit.

Florida is inhabited by Indians, Americans, white men and feed-bag tourists, sometimes called tin-canners. The reds live on the Everglades, the blacks live on the whites, and the whites live on the tourists, and the tin-canners on the municipal camping grounds.

Florida's principal sources of income are hotels, fruits, alligator skins, tourists and the vest-pocket press agents of California. But the one big outstanding feature of Florida is its fruit: Orange raising coming first, of course. Raising oranges in Florida is a cinch; all that is required is enough money to live on while raising them.

The next Florida fruit is the grapefruit. A grapefruit is a cross between a lemon, a dose of quinin and a pumpkin. It has the color and disposition of a blonde ticket seller at a movie-picture show. It is usually eaten at breakfast, thus combining the advantages of a meal and a morning shower-bath at the same time.

The tangerine is a distant cousin of the orange. It wears a loose and careless Mother Hubbard style of wrapper and is much easier to disrobe than the orange, but it has a more dry, withered and disappointed disposition when undrest.

The kumquat is the only thing in Florida that lives up to its name. It looks and acts just the way it sounds.—*Sparta (Mich.) Sentinel.*